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THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XVIII

JANUARY—JUNE, 1914

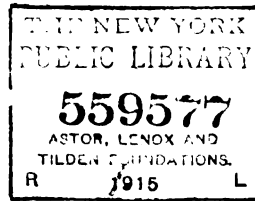
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1914



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WE TAKE pleasure in offering our subscribers this interesting reproduction of the flag of Fort McHenry, the famous flag about which they wrote our National Anthem.

The celebration at Baltimore promises to be a memorable event, and the newspaper extracts we quote are timely.

"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" AS OUR ANTHEM

A joint resolution offered in the House by Representative J. Washington Logue of Philadelphia would have Congress recognize "The Star-Spangled Banner" as our national anthem; and the action is taken at this time in view of the celebration of Key's authorship of the song which takes place in Baltimore in the second week of September.

On the whole, "The Star-Spangled Banner" seems to have a just claim to the honor of official adoption proposed for it. "America," like Mrs. Howe's famous composition, is a hymn rather than a song. "Hail Columbia" is not of equal merit, either from the literary or the musical point of view. "Yankee Doodle" is too frivolous. Other innumerable claimants hardly deserve consideration.

One drawback to the use of Key's song in general assemblages is the very high note to which it soars midway, which is fatal to the success of its performance if a thoughtless precentor has pitched it too high at the outset. There are few untrained voices capable of doing justice to the wide vocal range. In the original form, when it was the melody to the merry ballad "To Anacreon in Heaven," the tune was divided piecemeal among responsive voices after the manner of the choral antiphonies familiar to church worshippers. In spite of the severe demands upon the singers, it was an air popular among the soldiers at the time Key seized upon it, and Charles Hagner in the American Historical Record relates that volunteers from Philadelphia, commanded by General John Cadwalader, were fond of singing it round their evening camp-fire.

Despite the lapses of the text into occasional florid rhetorical exaggeration, and the intervals formidable for popular assemblies to compass, the song has many obvious good points to recommend it. It breathes the unquestionable fervor of patriotism. The melody upon a brass band—especially within containing walls—is inspiring, and serves most acceptably as a marching tune. It has vigorous animation and dramatic accent. It has stood the test of the vicissitudes of popular fancy. Many competitions that have been held with flattering inducements to versifiers have not produced a poem superior to that which Francis Scott Key threw off in the white heat of indignation. Literature is created by great occasions—witness the oft-cited example of "The Twenty-Line Address." As no more respectable claimant offers itself, let "The Star-Spangled Banner" by all means receive the accolade of the national approval.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger

IT IS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

What music more majestic, more inspiring to a great throng than the Star Spangled Banner played by reed and brass and drum? Upon any great patriotic occasion, with its background of soldiers and fluttering flags, what more appropriate than the Star Spangled Banner directing in most persuasive manner patriotic thought and sentiment to the flag symbolizing the history, hope and aspiration of the American people? It is the national anthem by acceptance; the public assembled in celebration expects its martial and soul-stirring strains. It needs only congressional action to make it the national anthem in fact as well as by usage, for which reason there should be no opposition to the resolution introduced formally declaring the ode written by Francis Scott Key to be the national anthem.

The Baltimore American



George Washington, Robert Morris and Colonel Ross, the committee appointed by Congress "to designate a suitable flag for the nation" met Mistress Betsy Ross in the little house still standing at 239 Arch St., Philadelphia, and the flag suggested by them was adopted by the following act of Congress, June 14, 1777: "Resolved, that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."



**A PORTION OF THE VERY STAR SPANGLED BANNER
THAT INSPIRED THAT SONG**

A photographic reproduction of portions of the original Fort McHenry flag now in the possession of the Ridgway Library, Philadelphia. The red and white sections are stitched together, but the blue portion is from the field of the flag and has been placed in this way in order to show each color.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FORT McHENRY FLAG
(See section on opposite page)

The background will give an idea of the great size of the flag. After exposure to shot and shell and scissors the remnant in 1873, as here shown, was about thirty feet square—each of its fifteen stripes was about two feet broad and each of its fifteen stars two feet from point to point. It was originally forty feet in length.

The flag was made by the wife of Col. Henry S. Pickersgill of Baltimore for use on Fort McHenry. When she came to put it together Mrs. Pickersgill found her house too small and a large room in a brewery nearby was used for the purpose.

After the bombardment of September 14, 1814, Major George Armistead, the Commandant, retained it as a memento. At his death it passed into the possession of his widow, and later of his daughter, who was born in the fort. She died in 1887 and left the flag to her son.

The flag was frequently used at celebrations of the Bombardment. September 14, 1824, it waved over General Washington's war tent on the occasion of the reception to General LaFayette. It was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, and at the Old South Church, Boston, June 14, 1877, on the centennial anniversary of the adoption by Congress of the stars and stripes as the flag of the United States. In 1880 at Baltimore it formed a striking feature of the celebration of the battle of Fort McHenry, and had as a guard of honor two hundred descendants of those who fought under it at that time.



“Still there!”

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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JANUARY, 1914

No. I

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Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1905, at the Post Office at Poughkeepsie,
N. Y. Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

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No. I

A BRITISH OFFICER IN BOSTON IN 1775*

From an original diary in the possession of a member of the family of R. H. Dana, Jr. The writer's name nowhere appears in the diary, but from careful research it points to two subaltern officers of the 4th (King's Own) regiment, Lieutenant Thorne, or Lieutenant Hamilton.

The diary begins not long after the arrival of that regiment in Boston in the early summer of 1774, and ends soon after the evacuation by the British army, March 17, 1776. It is believed to be the only journal by a British officer during the siege of Boston known to be in existence. It is such a journal as a young officer who was full of prejudice against the people, of whom he knew nothing, would jot down without any suspicion it would ever possess historic interest.

The "King's Own," and other regiments, were encamped on the Common for some months until November 15, 1774, when they went into winter quarters at the "Lines," which were south of the old fortifications at the Neck, and crossed it between the present Dedham and Canton Streets. H. W. K.

EXTRACTS from the Diary:—"At length is concluded the glorious campaign of Boston Common; why could I be so stupid as not to keep a Journal of those five months, which will in future fill so respectable a place in the Annals of Britain, and would have furnished so noble a field for satire? Yesterday in compliance with the request of the selectmen, General Gage ordered that no soldier in future should appear in the streets with his side-arms. Query:—Is this not encouraging the inhabitants in their licentious and riotous disposition? Also, orders are issued for the guards to seize all military men found engaged in any disturbance, whether aggressors or not, and to secure them till the matter is enquired into. By whom? By villains that would not censure one of their own vagrants, even if he attempted the life of a soldier; whereas if a soldier errs in the least who is more ready to accuse than Tommy?† His negligence on the other hand has been

* For this interesting and heretofore unpublished diary, we are indebted to Mr. Herbert W. Kimball, Secretary of the Mass. Society S. A. R. (*Ed.*)

† Meaning Gage

too conspicuous in the affair of Col. Maginis to require further comment; November 15th: This day I mounted the first Line Guard with Lieut. Col. Smith of the 10th.* The place was not fit to receive a Guard. He complained it was half finished, dirty and disagreeable, but at night they got a stove fixed and were pretty comfortable the rest of the time.†

Is it not astounishing that the daily opposition of the people should tend to make him more earnestly attentive to them?

Monday, 21st. Frost not so severe as yesterday. Capt. Canet of the 43rd appointed Town Major. The Commander-in-chief issued orders for the several regiments to exercise every fine day, and to fire with ball in all directions. In case of fire the regiments to parade in their own barracks, and then wait for the General's orders. Went this evening to the concert and heard the most miserable of all female singers; however, she has the poor consolation to reflect that she was once young and pretty, and a tolerable performer on the Edinburgh stage twelve or thirteen years ago.

Monday, 28th. Reported that Lord Percy is to take command of the Grenadiers and Light Infantry, and make an excursion up the country.

Friday, 16th. Dec. 1774. The regiments marched into the country to give the men a little exercise. As they marched with knapsacks and colors, the people of the country were alarmed the first day, thinking those troops were sent out to seize some of the disaffected people; finding that is not the case they are since grown very insolent.

Sunday, 18th. Very fine day. We have the use of a church for our men, but are obliged to go at half-past eight in the morning that we may not interfere with the inhabitants. We this day heard from

* The same man who had command of the expedition to Concord.

† He complains because Tommy feels no affection for his army, on account of his economy both in public and private, and is very sarcastic because Gage gave protection to secure the brick-kilns from laborers who had not been paid for their work, and after such protection when the General offered to buy the bricks received for answer that they were for other purposes than accommodating the King's troops.

‡ It was by Dr. Benjamin Church's letter to this Cane, or Kane, that Church's treachery was discovered and proof obtained of his being in the pay of the British government.

Portsmouth, N. H., that the Rebels had risen there and taken a fort* which was defended by a captain and four or five men; they took away a great many guns and 97 barrels of powder with fifteen hundred stands of small arms, all of which they conveyed up the country.

Monday, 19th. Frost broke up, rained most of the day. The *Somerset* came into the harbor, all well; the Yankees exceedingly disappointed at seeing her, as they hoped she was lost. The harbor now cuts a formidable figure, having four sail of the Line, besides frigates and sloops and a great number of transports. Upon the news yesterday from Portsmouth, a schooner and the *Scarborough* immediately sailed there. We shall see whether the General will do anything or not.

Friday, 23rd. Snow all day; one of our men deserted; heard of some robberies committed in the country, most probably by some of the deserters, who will do more harm than good as none but rascals go off. Serve the Yankees right for enticing them away.

Saturday, 24th. A soldier of the 10th shot for desertion; the only thing done in remembrance of Christmas Day. Although General Gage never pardons deserters, I don't think his manner of executing them sufficient examples, as he has only piquets of the army out instead of the whole, which would strike a greater terror in (to) the men.

Sunday, 25th. Gov. Wentworth of New Hampshire and his Council have been ordered to quit that Province, The people of that Province seem to be worse than any other; it is to be hoped they will get a greater share of punishment.

Thursday, 29th. Orders issued to clear the grand parade and the road to the magazine.†

Friday, 30th. Orders issued: alarm guns to be posted at the artillery barracks, at the Common and at the Lines. On an alarm being given the 5th regiment to be stationed at the Liberty Tree ;‡ the "King's Own" to reinforce the magazine guard, and the balance at Barton's Point.§ The 47th on Hanover Street, securing the bridges

* This was Sullivan's capture of Fort William and Mary.

† It stood near the foot of Pinckney Street.

‡ Corner Washington and Essex Streets.

§ Foot of Leverett Street, at East Cambridge bridge.

over Mill Creek.* Other regiments were to draw up at the General's house.†

Those orders are given because ice was forming threatening to join the town with the continent, and as an extra precautionary measure.

January 1st, 1755. Nothing very remarkable but the drunkenness of the soldiers, which is now got to a very great pitch, owing to the cheapness of the liquor; a man may get drunk for a copper or two.

January 8th. General orders: if any officers of the different regiments are capable of taking sketches of a country they will send their names to the Deputy Adjt. Gen. An extraordinary method of wording the order; it might at least have been in a more genteel way; at present it looks as if he doubted whether there were any such.‡

January 12th. A subscription ball was proposed by Mrs. General Gage and carried into execution by her favorites, by which she enjoyed a dance and an opportunity of seeing her friends at no expense.

January 21st. Last night there was a riot in King Street, in consequence of an officer having been insulted by the watchmen, which has frequently happened, as those people suppose from their employment that they may do it with impunity; the contrary, however they experienced last night. Watchmen brandished their hooks and other weapons, several officers drew their swords and wounds were given on both sides.§

* It ran east of Canal Street, through Blackstone and along North Street into the town dock.

† The Province House about opposite the Old South Meeting house. The residences of some of the other principal officers were:—Hugh, Earl Percy, corner Winter and Tremont Streets. Brigadier Pigott in a house just above Liberty Tree. Major-General Haldimand corner Tremont and Beacon Streets opposite King's Chapel. Admiral Graves corner Pearl and High Streets.

‡ The result of this general order was that Captain Brown and Ensign De Bernière examined the country and sketched the roads from Boston to Worcester as given in DeBernière's "Narrative."

§ The American account is from a different point of view. A number of drunken officers attacked the townhouse watch between eleven and twelve o'clock and a general battle ensued; a party from the main guard, with their Captain, and another party from the Governor's guard were brought up. The Captain of the main guard was under the influence of liquor, and had it not been for the presence of two officers that were sober the Captain of the Main Guard would have ordered the guard to fire on the watchmen, and probably a second 5th of March tragedy occur.

January 23rd. Capt. Balfour* of the 4th and his command embarked on two vessels for Marshfield in consequence of about two hundred people there having declared for Government, for which the people of Plymouth have threatened to attack them and force them to their measures, so they sent for protection. We shall now see whether the scoundrels will dare put their threats into execution, but I dare say not. Mr. Thomas, who lives there, has fitted up his house for barracks and they will have a very pleasant time.

January 31st. Yesterday a ship arrived at Marblehead bringing the King's speech; the Whigs look very black upon it, but pretend to say it is the very thing they wished.

February 1st. Lieut. Thomas Hawkshaw of the 5th arrested for having been concerned in a riot yesterday evening, in which an inhabitant was wounded.

February 8th. A few days ago the Congress at Cambridge had the assurance to vote Admiral Graves a traitor to his country, and voted also to petition the King that he be dismissed from the service. The Admiral wants to burn their town, and it is with difficulty the General can prevent him; they certainly deserve it for their insolence.

The anniversary of the Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770, was commemorated by an oration by Dr. Joseph Warren delivered in the Old South meeting house. He calls him a notorious Whig and his oration a most seditious inflammatory harangue, and says John Hancock stood up and made a short speech in the same strain, at the end of which some officers cried out fie! fie! which being mistaken for a cry of fire, threw the house into confusion until quieted by William Cooper (the Town Clerk). The diary adds:—

It was imagined that there would have been a riot, which if there had been would in all probability proved fatal to Hancock, Adams, Warren, and the rest of those villains, as they were all up in the pulpit together, and the meeting was crowded with officers and seamen in such a manner that they could not have escaped; however, it luckily did not turn out so; it would indeed have been a pity for them to escape, as I hope we shall have the pleasure before long of seeing them do it by the hands of the hangman.

The same evening the General stopped the Selectmen from having a procession, which the General had prepared for by ordering all the regiments to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning.

Court martials to try officers for fighting and duelling were of frequent occurrence.

*Afterwards wounded at Bunker Hill and the executioner of Isaac Hayne at Charleston.

March 30th. The first Brigade marched into the country at six o'clock in the morning alarming the people a good deal. Expresses were sent to every town near. At Watertown they got two pieces of cannon to the bridge and loaded them, but nobody would stay to fire them. At Cambridge they pulled up the bridge. However, they were quit of their fears, for after marching about the country for five hours we returned peaceably home.

April 6th. By way of burlesque several officers have formed a Congress that they call the Grand Congress of Control; three officers from each regiment and one from the Navy have been chosen for it.

Of the expedition to Concord, April 19, 1775, he gives an account somewhat different from our history. He says:

About 5 o'clock we arrived at Lexington and saw, (he believed,) between two and three hundred people on a Common intending to oppose us; we still continued to advance, keeping prepared against an attack, though without intending to attack them, but on our coming nearer they fired one or two shots, upon which our men without any orders rushed in upon them, fired and put them to flight. Several of them were killed, because they got behind walls and into the woods. We had one man wounded, nobody else hurt.

Proceeding on their march to Concord, meeting with no interruption till within a mile or two of the town, when the country people had occupied a hill which commanded the road. He then describes the assignments of the companies to different positions:

One company at the bridge, another on a hill some distance from it, and another on a hill one quarter of a mile from that; the other three companies went forward two or three miles to seek for some cannon. Seeing the gathering of the people as if to cut off the communication with the bridge, two companies joined and went to support the company there. The three companies drew up in the road the far side of the bridge and the Rebels on the hill above covered by a wall; there they remained near an hour, the three companies expecting to be attacked by the Rebels who were about one thousand strong; in the mean time the Rebels marched into the road and were coming down upon us when Captain Lawrie of the 43rd made his men retire to this side of the bridge; the three companies got one behind the other, so that only the front rank could fire; the Rebels when they got near the bridge halted and fronted, filling the road from the top to the bottom.

The fire soon began from a dropping shot on our side, when they and the front company fired almost at the same instant, there being nobody to support the front company. The others not firing the whole were forced to quit the bridge and return towards Concord; some of the Grenadiers met them in the road and then advanced to meet the Rebels who had got this side the bridge, but seeing the manoeuvre they thought proper to retire again over the bridge. The whole then went into Concord and waited about an hour for the three companies that had gone on to seize the cannon to arrive; four officers, of eight who were at the bridge, were wounded; three men killed; one sergeant and several men wounded; after getting as good conveniences for the wounded as we could, and having done the business we were sent upon, we set out upon our return; before the whole had quitted the town, we were fired upon from houses and behind trees and before we had gone half a mile we were fired on from all sides, but mostly from the rear where people had hid themselves till we had passed and then they fired; the country was an amazing strong one, full of hills, woods, and stone-walls, which the Rebels did not fail to take advantage of, for they were all lined with people who kept an incessant fire upon us, as we did too upon them, but not with the same advantage, for they were so concealed there was hardly any seeing them. In this way we marched nine to ten miles, their numbers increasing from all parts, while ours was reduced by deaths, wounds and fatigue, our ammunition was likewise, near expended. In this critical situation the First brigade under Lord Percy came to our assistance. As soon as the Rebels saw this reinforcement and tasted the field-pieces, they retired, and we formed on a rising ground and rested a little while: in about half an hour we marched again, and some of the brigade taking the flanking parties we marched pretty quiet for about two miles, they then began to pepper us again from the same sort of places. We were now obliged to force every house in the road, for the Rebels had taken possession of them and galled us exceedingly; but they suffered for their temerity, for all that were found were put to death. When we got to Menotomy* there was a very heavy fire; after that we took the short cut into Charlestown without any great interruption, where we arrived between seven and eight o'clock at night and took possession of the hill; the Rebels did not choose to follow us, as they must have fought on open ground and that they did

*Now Arlington

not like. The Picquets and two hundred men of the 64th were sent over from Boston to keep that ground, and we embarked in the boats and got home very late at night. Thus ended this expedition, which from beginning to end was as ill-planned and ill-executed as it was possible to be. Thus for a few trifling stores the Grenadiers and Light Infantry had a march of about fifty miles (going and returning) through an enemy's country, and in all human probability most every man would have been cut off if the brigade had not fortunately come to their assistance, for when the brigade joined us, there were very few men had any ammunition left, and so fatigued that we must have surrendered.

April 24th. The Rebels the day after the action took possession of Roxbury and still continued there, keeping the town blocked up; there numbers there and at Cambridge are it is said ten or twelve thousand; there has been no communication with the country since, the General not allowing anybody to come in or go out; the men-of-war have taken all the boats and the Lines are shut up; they are kept constantly in readiness for an attack which the Rebels threaten, but I dare say will not put in execution; they are now in such a good state of defence that it would be no easy matter to force them.

Our soldiers the other day, (19th) though they showed no want of courage, yet were so wild and irregular that there was no keeping them in any order; by their eagerness and inattention they killed many of our own people, and the plundering was shameful; many hardly thought of anything else; what was worse they were encouraged by some officers.

The Townspeople having given up their arms to the Selectmen were permitted by Gen. Gage to quit the town, as many as pleased. The besieged army since the 19th were in constant alarm; they could get no fresh provisions and had to live on an allowance of salt meat. With the hope that Gen. Howe with reinforcements would soon arrive they expected some alteration in affairs.

May 1st. The Rebels have erected the standard at Cambridge; they call themselves the King's troops and us the Parliament's. Pretty burlesque! We want to get out of this cooped-up situation. We could do it now, I suppose, but the General does not seem to want to. Time will show, the worst of it is we are ill off for fresh provisions, none to be bought except now and then a little pork. Our mess has luckily

got a sheep from a friend of Capt. Farrier's on board the *Asia*, laying down the harbor.

Capt. Farrier was of the "King's Own" and it is from allusions like these that a clew is obtained to the writer's regiment.

A few days after the affair of the 19th the detachment from Marshfield arrived; they quit in good time, for the Rebels sent four or five thousand men there to cut them off, which they must have done if the vessels for our people had not arrived as they did.

A most shocking piece of villainy was discovered; it was a scheme of the Rebels to cut off all the officers of the garrison on the 24th, the day we were to keep St. George's day. The Rebels were to make a feint attack in the night; men were to be stationed at the officers' lodgings, and upon the alarm guns firing they were to put the officers to death as they came out to go to their barracks. What a set of villains must they be to think of such a thing! but there is nothing, be it ever so bad, that those people will stick at to gain their end. Upon the General finding this out he ordered all officers to their barracks, where those who are not encamped still continue.

May 4th. We have now almost finished a battery for ten twenty-four pounders at the Blockhouse; it is fronting Dorchester Hill* where the General is afraid the rebels will erect batteries against us.

May 9th. We are still in the same situation; the people every day quitting the town with their effects and those Government people of the country coming in; of them indeed there are but few; the rebels still keep us blocked up; not allowing any provisions to be brought into town; it is imagined there are about twelve thousand people here; a few days since at Headquarters, Cambridge, they mustered seven thousand four hundred; at Roxbury two to three thousand, and about the same at Charlestown. Upon the hill where the church is at Roxbury they have four guns; they have plenty other guns, but I don't find they have any batteries.

When the New Yorkers heard of the affair of the 19th of April they seized the town-arms, and were going to destroy a transport at a wharf, but Capt. Montagu, who commands a ship of war, towed the transport under his ship's stern. The 18th regiment are obliged to keep close in their barracks. The people say they may go to England, but that they

*South Boston

won't allow them to come to New York. Most of the friends of Government, finding things so bad there have gone off to England. When this vessel came away the town was in utmost confusion; everybody arming in defence of their liberty, as they call it, which is the liberty of smuggling and breaking the laws as they please.

May 18th. A fire broke out in the barracks of the 65th regiment on a wharf near Faneuil Hall market, and destroyed the barracks together with forty-one stores, among them John Hancock's.* A chest of bullets was found in Hancock's store. Col. Abercrombie, Adjt. Gen. lately arrived from England, going up Cambridge river this morning in a man-of-war's boat, was fired upon by rebels from the banks; several balls went through the boat, but nobody was hurt; they made the best of their way back and I don't hear that he has been as fond of reconnoitring since.

19th. Several shots fired at the *Glasgow*; it's what the fools frequently do but without any harm, from the great distance.

May 20th. A detachment was sent to Grape Island (near Hingham) to bring up hay.† As soon as they landed they were fired upon from the opposite shore,‡ but without receiving any harm, the distance being so great; the fire was not returned and they continued carrying hay to their boats. The rebels in great numbers got into vessels and went for the island; the party embarked and sailed off with the hay, but as they went along shore they were fired upon when Lieut. Innis of the 43rd, who commanded, was at last forced to return the fire and a few of the rebels were killed without any loss on our side.

Mrs. Abigail Adams, wife of President John Adams, thus gives her version of the expedition to Grape Island for Levett's hay: "The report of the British landing on the island flew like lightning, and men from all parts came flocking down to the shore, but the sight of so many persons, and the firing at them, prevented their getting more than three tons of hay. At last a lighter was mustered, and a sloop from Hingham, which had six port-holes. Our men eagerly jumped on board, and put off for the island. As soon as they perceived it, they decamped. Our people landed upon the island and burnt the barn and about eighty tons of hay."

*At the head of what is now South Market St. Gen. Gage had taken the fire engines under guard, because of a report that the liberty party intended to fire the town.

† From Levett's barn.

‡ Crow Point.

(The writer calls it the most ridiculous expedition that ever was planned). "The sloop which carried the party had twelve guns which were taken out to make room for the hay, whereas if one or two had been left it would have effectually kept off the rebels; not above seven or eight tons of hay was brought off, and about seventy tons left which the rebels burnt."

May 27th. About forty of the rebels came to Noddle's Island,* expecting to destroy hay; they set two houses on fire and began killing the cows and horses, which the Admiral seeing despatched the marines from the men of war to drive the rebels away, and at the same time sent some boats and an armed schooner round the island to intercept them; as soon as the rebels saw them they scoured off as fast as they could and escaped by wading up to their necks; one was killed in the flight; after this there was a constant firing at each other from the opposite sides of the water, but I believe without any mischief; there was also firing at and from the schooner and boats, which continued all night. I fancy we are the greatest sufferers, for sometime in the night the schooner ran aground within sixty yards of the shore and after a cannonade on both sides, having no chance to save the schooner as the tide was going out, they were obliged to set her on fire and quit her without being able to save a single article; she was quite new and mounted four guns and ten swivels. A reinforcement of one hundred marines with two three pounders were sent over and cannonaded them during the night, and to-day two twelve pounder field pieces were sent over with artillery men and played on the rebels, but without doing much harm the distance being so great; about two o'clock they left the Island and came home. I hear we have two killed and two wounded with sailors and marines.†

May 29th. The rebels again went to the island and drove off all the cattle and sheep and set fire to four houses; they also burnt a house on Hog Island, very near the other.

All the light infantry companies were immediately ordered to parade, but after two hours were dismissed and the rebels were left to do their business quietly.

* East Boston.

† The gallantry of the Americans and bravery of Gen. Putnam elected great praise and Putnam was chosen Maj.-Gen.

The writer consoles himself by remarking that "it was hardly worth while running the risk of losing their lives to save such property of little value, and the rebels only burnt the outhouses and barns to insult us and that we have not the power to resent for though we have new Generals come out, yet they brought no more authority than we had before, which was none at all."

May 30th. The rebels this morning set fire to a dwelling house on the same island, close to the shore within reach of the Admiral's guns and he has been playing upon the island every now and then, whether because any men were seen or only just to frighten them, I don't know; a schooner was also sent to fire along shore; they had better take care not to run aground and get burnt by the Yankees like the last.

June 1st. Last night a ball passed over our camp fired from town. Some of the idle fools frequently fire small arms at the *Glasgow*, and at our camp; us they never reach, but sometimes they stick a ball in the ship, which never returns it though she has it in her power to drive them to the devil.

8th. At 4 this morning two captains, eight subalterns, and two hundred light infantry were sent over to Noddle's Island for hay, which they brought off without resistance. The Rebels indeed fired at them from the opposite shore, but without doing any harm. Three officers were upset from a sailboat and swam for the *Glasgow*, and were rescued from a boat sent out from the ship. The villains ashore kept all the time popping at them, but luckily did not hit either; they also fired at the boat and the *Glasgow* fired a cannon at them, which made the rascals run and hide themselves. The next day the same detachment again went to the island for hay, which they obtained without any loss. Though fired at frequently by the rebels from the opposite shore they did not return the fire.

The battle at Bunker Hill receives only a brief notice. He criticizes the use of the gondolas (large flatboats, sides raised and musket-proof) at the battle and says:

Had those boats been with us in Mystic river on the 17th at the time of the attack they could have been of great use as they would have taken a part of the rebel entrenchment in flank and in their retreat would have cut off numbers; instead of that they were on the other side and of no manner of use.

June 24th. An expedition to attack Dorchester Heights was planned to take place to-day and all the troops were paraded, but it was put

off because the General heard that the rebels had reinforced that place with four thousand men.

Several shells were fired from the Lines into Roxbury to set it on fire, but proved ineffective. Two rebels approached Brown's house,* fired and ran away but were shot when a sergeant and a party went to meet them.

August 26th. The rebels are throwing up entrenchments on Ploughed Hill about twelve or thirteen hundred yards from our works on Bunker's Hill. We got four twelves to the lines and fired on them, but without preventing them from continuing their work; they also made a battery near the water at a mill on Mr. Temple's farm, from which they fired several shots at the gondolas, but without doing any harm. The next day we got two 10 inch mortars from Boston and we continued throwing shells at the rebel works for several days.

October 10th. Gen. Gage embarked for England. Gen. Howe left in command here. A soldier of the 4th, or King's Own, had his leg shot off as the relief was going to the Lines; this is the first man killed by the rebel cannon. Capt. Pawlett† of the 59th had his leg shot off as he was sitting at breakfast at the Lines.

17th. Last night the rebels brought down Cambridge river two gondolas, with a gun in each of them; they fired several shots at the encampment on the Common, without doing any harm until at last one of the guns burst and killed and wounded several of them.‡

28th. Several deserters from the rebel army lately came in; all say it is very tired; ill-off for clothing and most things. They are not paid what they are promised and most want to go home.

November 9th. A party of about two hundred and fifty light infantry embarked on flatbottomed boats and landed at Phipps' Farm, Lechmere Point.§ All but one of the rebel guard made their escape;

*This house was just outside the Lines on the Neck, near Franklin Square, and served as an outpost for the British to annoy the Americans.

† Probably Paulet

‡ Mrs. Adams said we drove them all out of the Common and threw them into the utmost distress.

§ Now East Cambridge.

we brought off twelve or fourteen head of cattle. Another account said they carried off a cow. After the party had re-embarked a very large body of rebels waded to the point and fired on our men, but without doing any execution; at the same time we firing cannon at them from the side and some gondolas. While our people were on the ground they did not dare to pass; there was some firing between them and our advanced guard without loss of a man on our side and I think must mortify them a good deal; braving them in a manner right under their noses and under their cannon, which indeed they seemed to manage but badly, taking an amazing time to load.*

December 2nd. The first play was acted; it was "Zara." Gen. Burgoyne staid, I believe, on purpose for it, as the ship has been ready for sometime.†

Dec. 18th. The rebels began to throw up work sat Phipps' farm,‡ upon which the *Scarborough* began to fire on them; the rebels in return fired upon her from Cobble hill and though at great distance struck her twice out of six shots. The *Scarborough* moved lower down the harbor, the rebels gave three cheers as she passed; shots were exchanged from Barton's Point battery; two or three rebel shots went into the town, notwithstanding all our shelling the rebels continued working.

March 2nd, 1776. At 11 o'clock at night the rebels began to bombard the town of Boston from Phipps' farm, Cobble Hill and Roxbury heights and continued throwing in shot and shells till day break; the same was returned them from the Lines and Barton's Point our shells very bad, most of them bursting in the air, or not at all.

*The American account says that the provincial troops behaved with great spirit, lost but 1 man killed and 1 wounded and taken prisoner, and were praised by Washington in the general orders next day, and the affair was viewed with exultation by the colonies.

Of the affair at Lechmere Point, November 9th, Mrs. Adams wrote:-The British landed unperceived by the sentinels, who were asleep. As soon as they were discovered they were cannonaded from Prospect Hill, and one of their boats sunken. The tide being high, covering the fordable place on the Point, there was delay in giving the alarm, which was responded to by Colonel Thompson with his rifle-men, who waded waist high in water, and after a short engagement, drove off the Regulars, who, without waiting to get off their cattle, made the best of their way to the opposite shore.

†This refers to one of a series of theatrical entertainments given under the direction of Burgoyne at Faneuil Hall.

‡Phipps' farm, now East Cambridge, Cobble hill, Somerville, formerly the site of McLean Asylum.

March 3rd. At 10 this night the rebels began again and a warmer fire was kept up on both sides. Very remarkable, no hurt was done as most of their shot and shell fell in the town.

March 4th. This morning rebel works were perceived to be thrown up on Dorchester Heights, very strong ones though only the labor of one night. Five regiments embarked and fell down to Castle William.* In the night they were to have made an attack on that side, while the Grenadiers, Light Infantry and some more regiments were to attack on the side next the town; the men were not to load but to fix bayonets. In the night it came on to blow such a gale that no boat could possibly land which stopped the expedition.

6th. It was determined by a council of war to quit the town; orders issued to get ready with all expedition and to take as little baggage as possible. Transports allotted for the troops; the Townspeople had liberty to go or to stay; artillery, ammunition, stores, etc., getting on board.

9th. The rebels discovered making a battery at Foster's hill† the nearest of any to Boston. At 8 o'clock in the evening our batteries at the Blockhouse, the Neck and the Wharf began to play upon them, and kept it up all night so as to prevent their working; they likewise fired at the town from their different batteries at Roxbury.

March 17th. At 4 o'clock in the morning the troops got under arms, at 5 they began to move and by 8 or 9 were all embarked, the rear being covered by the Grenadiers and Light Infantry. The rebels did not think proper to molest us. We quitted Boston with a fair wind and sailed down to Kings Road,‡ which is just below Castle William. We were again firing last night at Foster's hill, but the rebels in spite of that erected their works. After blowing up Castle William, March 20, the fleet fell down the harbor to Nantasket where it was detained by head winds; the rebels brought their guns and fired at the *Centurion* without effect. In the afternoon of the 21st set sail with a fine wind and after a pleasant voyage arrived at Halifax with the greater part of the fleet.

*Now Fort Independence.

†Also known as Nook's hill, South Boston.

‡Now President's Road.

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COL. GEORGE S. BANGS AND THE "FAST MAIL."

GEORGE S. BANGS, General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service under President Grant, and founder of the *Fast Mail* was born in Akron, Ohio, Feb. 20, 1823.

He was the only son of the three children of Samuel and Electra (Adams) Bangs. Of the two daughters, Laura married — Hinckley and Sarah married — Story, who resided in Janesville, Wisconsin, where the parents lived and spent their last days.

George S. Bangs was a direct descendant of sturdy New England stock, and traced back in an unbroken line, seven generations to Edward Bangs, through Samuel C. (James,⁶ James,⁵ James,⁴ Jonathan,³ Jonathan,² Edward.¹)

Edward Bangs, presumably the common progenitor of all who bear the name of "Bangs" in America, was an English Puritan settled at Plymouth in 1623. He was a passenger on the ship *Ann*, the second ship after the *Mayflower*. What reasons impelled him to cast aside home ties to found a new domicile in a strange land we do not know, unless it was that great and main one, freedom to worship God after the dictates of his own conscience.

Edward Bangs married, soon after his arrival, Lydia, a daughter of Robert Hicks, who came in the *Fortune* in 1621. She did not long stand the rigors of a cold climate, and he married Rebecca, possibly the daughter of Stephen and Triphesa Tracy. By the two marriages ten children were born, three sons and seven daughters; but only one of the sons left descendants.

His daughters intermarried with the first families of the colony, and many of the most prominent men in public and private life have been proud to boast of their Bangs descent.

Edward Bangs died at Eastham in 1678, at the age of eighty-seven. He was one of the last of the early Puritan colonists, by whom he was highly respected.

The name was common on Cape Cod up to the time of the close of the French and Indian War, when conditions having become more settled and life more secure, we find them following the trend of emigration to the westward, to the new and fertile prairies. Among those to thus seek better advantages was James Bangs, the great-grandfather of our subject. He located at Williamsburg, in Western Massachusetts in 1773.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he strongly espoused the cause of the colonists, and his name appears on the muster roll of the local military company, which responded to the Lexington Alarm, as an officer of Captain Abel Thayer's Company. He subsequently fought in Colonel John Fellows' regiment.

James Bangs raised a large family of whom seven sons grew to maturity and had families. About 1800 there was another emigration, this time to Vermont. In 1804-5 they had crossed the line into Canada and settled in Stanstead, Province of Quebec. Here James Bangs died in 1811.

His third son James, known as Captain James, from having been a captain of militia, had married in 1794, Martha Nash. He was a man of some prominence at Stanstead. In 1816 he moved with his family to Sandusky, Ohio, where he died in 1853, at the age of eighty-five.

Among his sons was Samuel C. the father of Colonel George S. Samuel C. was a native of Williamsburg, Mass., came to Ohio as a young man, and settled at Akron. He married Electra Adams. Of her parentage or ancestry I have been unable to get any definite information.

George S. Bangs was born at Akron, and there spent his boyhood. His educational advantages were such as the common schools of that region afforded. They were not great but he made the best of his opportunities.

Upon coming to the age when it was necessary for him to act for himself, he was apprenticed to the printer's trade and worked on the Akron *Beacon*.

As a young man he went to Milwaukee, and later to Janesville, where he was in the boot and shoe business. Having time to interest

himself in other matters, he joined the order of Odd Fellows, and rose to the position of second highest office in the state.

Through the rascality of his partner he lost all he had in the shoe business; soon after he came to Kane County, Illinois. Spending one winter there he formed a lasting friendship with Lewis Steward, prominent in the harvester business, and later Democratic candidate for Governor.

In 1851, Mr. Bangs removed to Aurora, Illinois. Here he spent the next eighteen years, and worked first on the *Beacon* for Hall Bros. Then he engaged in farming, and went into the business of raising strawberries on a large scale, in which he was successful.

In the fall of 1858, with the assistance of Mr. Steward, he bought the Aurora *Republican*, and made arrangements with Mr. Knickerbocker, the owner of the *Beacon*, to consolidate the two, retaining the name *Beacon*, Mr. Bangs assuming the active work as editor and dictating the policy of the paper. He soon made it one of the leading papers of the state, and its influence in Republican party was by no means small.

The noted Lincoln-Douglas debates had just stirred the state, and to some extent the nation. He saw clearly the trend of events which were to plunge the country into civil war, and he saw what few men then realized, the future of Abraham Lincoln as a National figure. He was the first man and first editor in Illinois, if not in the nation, to suggest Lincoln's name for President, and to carry his name at the head of the *Beacon* columns, as the Republican Presidential candidate.

He wrote many strong and convincing articles advocating his nomination, and did much toward the result in Illinois, which resulted in placing Lincoln in the White House.

He retained an active and controlling interest in the *Beacon* till March, 1866. He never gave up journalistic work entirely, for some years later he organized the *Railway Age*, in Chicago, and was its first editor and president of the corporation.

Mr. Bangs was an active man of affairs in Aurora, and was identified with all that was going on in politics and town advancement. At the outbreak of the civil war, he stood strongly for preservation of the

Union, and assisted in the organization of the 36th Illinois Volunteers of which Albert Jenks was chosen Colonel.

He worked indefatigably with Governor Yates, during the dark and trying times of the war, and was appointed Colonel on his staff.

On the election of Lincoln, in view of his great contribution to that result, Mr. Bangs was appointed postmaster at Aurora, March 23, 1861. This was one of President Lincoln's first appointments. He received a second appointment March 1, 1865, and served till April 5, 1869. It was here that Mr. Bangs brought into action his great talents, which were to be of invaluable help to him in the future. He familiarized himself with all the details of postal matters with enthusiasm.

In connection with this work he formed an acquaintance with George B. Armstrong, of Chicago, who was the real founder of the Mail Service and they became fast friends.

When Mr. Armstrong became its General Superintendent at Washington, he esteemed Mr. Bangs' ability so highly that he made him Assistant Superintendent at Chicago, April 4, 1869.

When Mr. Armstrong retired May 3, 1871, President Grant called Mr. Bangs to Washington, and offered him the place, which he accepted.

As Armstrong had created a vast system and put it in working order, so it remained for his successor, to bring it to its highest efficiency.

He inaugurated and brought into being the principles of civil service reform, at a time when it required the courage of the highest order to even suggest such a step, for the spoils system was the order of the day. He was sagacious enough, however, to know that an entire acceptance of his views could not then be expected, and that a middle ground was the only safe one, or Congress would refuse the appropriations necessary to the good of the service. His strength of character was invincible, and instead of Senators and Congressmen dominating him, they were always glad to get his suggestions, and did not hesitate to act on them.

He so organized the system so as to easily locate the responsibility for delays in transmission of mail, by a system of checks, and he held the various division superintendents responsible for the efficiency of the service in their jurisdiction.

The most important step in his administration was the *Fast Mail*, his most daring achievement, and the one which attracted national attention. This was in 1875.

Previous to this time there had been no unity in transmission of the mails; there had been fast service on separate lines, but the value was discounted by delays at terminal points; this disjointed condition of affairs was corrected not by increasing the speed of any particular train, but by connecting the scattered links.

Mr. Bangs in his annual report for 1874, discussed the advisability of establishing a fast and exclusive mail train between New York and Chicago. In consequence of these recommendations, and after negotiations were concluded between the various railroads, arrangements were made for a fast train between these cities.

The epoch-making train left New York City at 4 o'clock A. M. September 16, 1875, over the New York Central and Hudson River, and arrived at the Lake Shore Station, Chicago, on the following morning at 6 o'clock, making the trip, (of over 900 miles) in the unprecedented time of twenty-six hours.

Among the invited guests on this trip, including those who joined on the way at various points were,—Vice President Wilson, Carl Schurz, with representatives of the great newspapers, and high Post Office officials, making in all about one hundred persons.

Thus to George S. Bangs must the credit be given bringing into life the fast mail system.

He resigned from the service in 1876, receiving a cordial letter from the Postmaster General, thanking him for his satisfactory administration of the service.

Shortly after this a vacancy happening in the Cabinet, President Grant offered the place of Postmaster General to Col. Bangs who, however, declined as Grant's term was drawing to a close.

He was very prominently mentioned as a probable member of the cabinet of President-elect Hayes.

Many of the leading Republicans of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio endorsed him as the most logical man for the place and as the best

informed man in the country on postal affairs, and if the new administration was to take a step in line of civil service reform, they felt no better proof could be given than in the appointment of Colonel Bangs.

It is not known that he made any personal efforts to obtain the place, however, and the President evidently thought that a party politician was wanted, and not a practical man of affairs. Thus was a good man sacrificed on the altar of political expediency.

He was appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Chicago and served from March 1, 1876, to Aug. 2, 1877.

He died at Washington Nov. 17, 1877, while he was serving as General Agent of the Merchants' Union Express.

The funeral was held from Christ Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago, Nov. 20, 1877. Men of high prominence in public life came from distant points to do honor to his memory. The post office was closed for the funeral, and six hundred postal clerks marched in the procession. All mail trains entering Chicago were draped in mourning.

In Rose-Hill Cemetery, Chicago, now stands a unique and handsome monument to his memory, the cost of which was defrayed by the voluntary subscriptions of the postal clerks and officials throughout the United States.

It shows an oak tree shattered, as if by lightning, and by the side of it a mail train, going through a tunnel: the whole typifying the man and his work.

On the tree is the inscription, "George S. Bangs, died Nov. 17, 1877, aged 54 years, 8 months, 27 days. His crowning effort, The Fast Mail."

Colonel Bangs married Sophronia Wetmore, the widow of Mr. — Wetmore, who was an uncle of George Peabody Wetmore, once Governor of Rhode Island. Their married life is said to have been ideal. Mrs. Bangs was somewhat older than her husband, but she survived him several years, dying in 1888. She had an only daughter who was the wife of Colonel Albert Jenks of the 36th Illinois.

Colonel Bangs was a man of commanding presence, and one who would attract attention anywhere. He was over middle height,

broad shouldered and deep chested. His eyes were black and flashed with earnestness.

He was not a great talker, but what he said was to the point. He was forceful, energetic, determined and courageous, and at the same time frank and open-hearted. He possessed to a remarkable degree that rarest of human qualities, high executive ability.

He had a great knowledge of men. It is said that of the many hundreds of men under his control, there was hardly one he could not call by name. His disposition was most lovable and he was almost worshipped by his subordinates.

His public and private life was singularly without blemish. Of spotless honesty, even his political enemies respected him. His friends were legion; prominent among them were the immortal Lincoln, President Grant and General John A. Logan.

George S. Bangs was a man whom the nation should not soon forget.

The postal service of the United States has grown to great proportions since he passed away; in fact, some men are still alive who worked with him, and by them his memory is deeply revered.

CHICAGO.

GEORGE E. BANGS.

(The writer is under obligations to Col. Clark E. Carr, Ill., for use of his book, *History of the R. M. S.*, to the Superintendent of the R. M. S., Washington, to Mr. Stevens, editor of the *Aurora Beacon*, Mr. L. G. Bangs of Carroll, Iowa, and Mr. Chas. Sonntag, San Francisco, for their kindly aid.

This article is presented to the Bangs Society, with all its imperfections, but the writer feels that at least some justice has been done in honor of this great man who was a true and worthy son of our Pilgrim Father, Edward Bangs, of Plymouth.)

FRONTIER LIFE IN IOWA IN THE FORTIES

THE history of the Claims Club of Fort Des Moines is, in the main, the history of a general movement of pioneer settlers in the Territory and State of Iowa to maintain by combination, and if necessary by force, their right to the land upon which they had settled and which by hard labor they had brought under cultivation.

A law passed by Congress in 1807 prohibited any and all persons from occupying lands ceded to the United States. Later, the law was measurably neutralized by the granting of special preëmption privileges to settlers who had made improvements upon public lands. In 1833 the law of 1807 was revived, but the principle involved in the special privileges granted had been so generally accepted that it became impossible to enforce the law without great hardship and loss of life.

The Claims Club of Fort Des Moines included in its membership a large number of the most substantial citizens of the Des Moines valley, many of whom subsequently bore useful and honorable part in the making of a great commonwealth.

Fortunately, a local historian, in 1857, rescued from oblivion the minutes of this club, the original copy of which has gone the way of so much valuable first-hand historical material. From this source we learn that on the 8th day of April, 1848, the citizens of Polk county convened at Fort Des Moines "to adopt measures for the security and protection of the citizens of said (Polk) county, in their claims, against speculators, and all persons who may be disposed wrongfully to deprive settlers of their claims, by preemption or otherwise."

The conference unanimously adopted these resolutions:

1st. *Resolved*, That we will protect all persons who do, or may hold claims, against the interference of any person or persons, who shall attempt to deprive such claim-holders of their claims, by preëmption or otherwise.

2nd. *Resolved*, That we will in all cases discountenance the speculator, or other person, who shall thus attempt any innovation upon

the homes of the rightful settlers; that we will not hold any fellowship with such person, and that he be regarded as a nuisance in the community.

3d. *Resolved*, That no person shall be allowed to pre-empt or purchase in any form from government, any land which shall be held as a claim, unless he shall first obtain the consent of the claimant.

4th. *Resolved*, That the filing of an intention to pre-empt, contrary to the rights of the settler, be regarded as an attempt wrongfully to deprive the citizen of his home and his claim.

5th. *Resolved*, That a committee of five be appointed; and that it shall be their duty to inquire into and adjust all difficulties, and contentions, in cases where claims are in dispute.

6th. *Resolved*, That it shall be the duty of said committee to notify any person who shall pre-empt, or attempt to do so, by filing his intentions to pre-empt, the claim of any other person, to leave the vicinity and the country; and that they have authority to enforce a compliance with said notice.

7th. *Resolved*, That we will sustain and uphold such committee, in their decisions, and in the discharge of all their duties as defined in the foregoing resolutions.

8th. *Resolved*, That all persons be invited to sign the foregoing resolutions, and that the signers pledge themselves to be governed by, and to aid in sustaining the same.

There was no uncertain ring to these resolutions. The pioneer settlers of Polk county, Iowa, purposed to protect their respective claims, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. That was no small and insignificant gathering. There were gathered from all portions of a sparsely settled region,—a county containing two-thirds the land area of the State of Rhode Island,—a hundred stalwart farmers, home-builders and commonwealth-makers, who were determined that when the land they had reduced to cultivation should be offered for sale, at the nominal price of \$1.25 an acre, no one but themselves should be allowed to bid it in.

These men, far from being border-ruffians, were emigrant-farmers from New England, from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia,

and the Carolinas, also from the then middle-western States, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana and Illinois. They were the "embattled farmers" of the West from whom have sprung the progressive men, of all political parties, who are peacefully revolutionizing political methods and the social life of the country.

After due consideration, they selected one Robert L. Tidrick as their representative and agent, at the approaching land sale at Iowa City, and a corps of armed and determined men to act as Tidrick's body-guard.

The show of strength and determination had its moral effect. Speculators were deterred from attempting to get legal title to the land occupied by the settlers, and no opposition was offered to the purchases listed in Tidrick's name. The militants returned to Fort Des Moines in triumph.

Three stirring incidents occurred soon afterward which proved the wisdom of their course, in organizing for mutual protection.

The land office had been removed from Iowa City to Fort Des Moines, and the settlers were one day aroused by the appearance of certain strangers suspected of being land speculators.

The land sale which had attracted the strangers opened early and a Walnut township claim was put up. One of the strangers, Bates by name, evinced an interest in the property. Several stalwarts quietly surrounded Bates. They laid two rails upon the ground near him, and, exhibiting a formidable array of pistols and shot-guns, they politely invited him to take a walk with them. He reluctantly accepted the invitation. He was escorted to the river bank and invited to sit down and visit with his new-found friends. The water was cold. Night was approaching. The logic of the situation finally had its effect. Before nightfall Bates voluntarily pledged himself to take no part in the land sale, and to quit the country. The Walnut township claim was unmolested. The interest manifested in Bates had its due effect on other would-be speculators in claims. The subsequent bidding was confined to original settlers.

In this connection the story of the so called "Perkins and Fleming war" should be told as a sequel.

It was the spring of '49. Asa Fleming had established a claim a few miles down the river from Fort Des Moines. A neighbor named Perkins tried to preëempt Fleming's claim, filing his intention so to do. The story of Perkins' course went the rounds of the neighborhood and the excitement became intense. Both Perkins and Fleming were charter members of the Claims Club, and the offender was well acquainted with the spirit, purpose, rules and regulations of the organization. There was, therefore, no excuse or palliation for his course. To permit this outrage was to invite a general upsetting of claims.

Perkins appeared at the sale. To his apparent surprise he found his indignant neighbors armed and organized to defend Fleming in his rights. He became alarmed and, mounting his horse, took to the woods. The "Committee" fired several shots at Perkins as he galloped away. The "solitary horseman" arrived at the ferry on the south side of the Raccoon and, frantically calling and gesticulating, induced the ferryman to row him across to Fort Des Moines where, under government protection, he felt he would be safe.

A few days later, recovering from his fright, and scorning the advice of his friends, Perkins swore out a warrant against Fleming, charging him with assault with intent to kill. Fleming was arrested and brought to the Fort. In the course of his examination before a local justice of the peace, the defendant's sympathisers surrounded the Court—held in a log house near the Fort—carried off the prisoner and escorted him to his home. Fleming was promptly re-arrested and brought to town. His neighbors, about eighty in number, re-assembled and marched to the river. Drawn up in battle array they commanded the ferryman to convey them to the north side. The local coroner assumed authority to proclaim martial law. The few business men in the little town were commanded to close their stores, arm themselves and hold themselves ready to defend the majesty of the law. The ferryman refused to carry the men across, so long as they retained their arms. After much parleying and many threats the eighty stacked their arms and the Charon of the 'Coon ferried them across in installments.

Re-assembled on the other side, the militants marched in a body to the Court. They filled the little log cabin, and those who couldn't squeeze in swarmed on the outside.

Fleming was re-examined and was compelled to give bond for his future appearance. The Grand Jury refused to indict him and he returned home.

Finding his neighbors arrayed against him, Perkins yielded to the demands of the Fleming-ites. He even went so far as to sign a bond stipulating that he would execute a warranty deed for the claim in dispute as soon as he could obtain a patent, Fleming to pay him the regulation price of \$1.25 per acre. The execution of this bond ended the Perkins-Fleming War.

A sequel to this incident occurred soon afterwards. One Holland, a land speculator, suspected of operating with Perkins, was given "absent treatment." The members of the Claims Club convicted Holland "on general principles," pronouncing him an undesirable citizen and threatening to turn him over to "Judge Lynch" if found remaining in the neighborhood after due notification of his exile. Holland was defiant. Abouty thirty men surrounded Holland's abode and their spokesman invited him to come out and take what was coming to him. Holland boldly appeared and expressed himself willing to submit to their will and pleasure; but requested the privilege of stating his case. Some said no, but the majority said yes. Mounting a box, and calmly facing his audience, he began. Our pioneer historian, who was never accused of spoiling a story for truth's sake, dilates on the magic eloquence of this far-western Mark Antony, which soon converted some thirty bloodthirsty foes into good fellows, who, after begging and receiving the innocent man's pardon, adjourned to the nearest grocery where, on Holland's "treat," they drowned in whisky all remembrance of the late unpleasantness!

The writer of this sketch begs the reader to regard the Holland sequel as only "founded upon fact," and if not true, certainly "good enough to be true."

Is the reader of our story of the Claims Club of Fort Des Moines inclined to condemn the socialistic policy of the club as altogether bad and wholly without warrant in law or justification in morals? Let us see.

Professor Jesse Macy, author of many valuable works on political science, in his "Institutional Beginnings in a Western State" (1883), de-

clares that "the real local institutions of the early settlers of Iowa are not recorded in any statute books." In these are included the early laws relating to schools, roads, bridges, ferries, timber claims, home stead rights, etc.

Chief Justice Mason, of Iowa, in "Hill vs. Smith" thus covers the case in question:

"It is notorious that when this territory was organized, not one foot of its soil had ever been sold by the United States, and but a small portion of it (the half-breed tract) was individual property. Were we a community of trespassers, or were we to be regarded rather as occupying and improving the lands of the government by the invitation and for the benefit of the owner? Were we organized as a colony of malefactors, or shall we not rather absolve the federal government from the charge of such stupendous folly and wanton wickedness?

" . . . For doing these acts which have redounded so much to the national advantage,—done too, in accordance with the almost express invitation of the national legislature, and when encouragements to western immigration had become a part of our settled national policy, these individuals, where they had every reason to expect reward—nay, while on the one hand they are actually receiving such rewards, feel themselves on the other condemned to severe and even ignominious punishment."

Referring to the hanging of those "supple instruments of the tyranny of Henry VII," Judges Empson and Dudley, for executing too rigidly certain obsolete and forgotten laws, Justice Mason continues: "Fortified by this authority we pronounce it contrary to the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon liberty, which we inherit, to revive without notice, an obsolete statute."

DES MOINES

JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

SOME OLD ALMANACKS

DO you know, gentle reader, what an interesting, valuable, and useful book an "Almanack" once was? You are gorged with books, and newspapers lie about thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Do you ever buy an Almanac for five cents? I trow not. Therefore you do not know how much careful calculation, skill, and knowledge are to be had for that small piece of money.

Therefore you cannot sit down in the evening and pore over its mystic signs. Indeed, I fear you do not know what a zodiac is, or what the meaning of "Cancer the Crab" and "Gemini the Twins" may be. It is more than likely you will reply, "Oh, yes; if the Crab had a Cancer, he would cry Gemini to the Twins"—and in that light and flippant way you will try to hide your brutal ignorance, if a male, your shallow understanding, if a female.

Now I have just had a sort of musty satisfaction in looking over some old Almanacs, which date as far back as 1727. They seem to have been the property of somebody whose letters were W. S. His almanacs were so prized that he had interleaved them, and then he recorded his profound observations. He thus had learned, what I fear you have not, that the moon had many mysterious influences besides making the tides rise and fall, if it does. It seems, if we can believe "A Native of New England," who made B. Greene's Almanack for 1731, that the "Moon has dominion over man's body," and that when she gets into "Cancer the Crab" you must expect every sort of bedevilment in your breast and stomach. When she gets into "Gemini," the same in your arms and shoulders. When she is in "Scorpio" your bowels and belly are in danger, and so on all through your body; so that we might well enough wish the moon were wholly abolished; for the little wishy-washy light she gives to lovers and thieves is not at all a balance for such fearful threatenings.

Who was the "Native of New England" is a secret, and well it is, for in 1727 he graced his title-page with this poem:

—Man—that Noble Creature,
Scanted of time, and stinted by Weak Nature,
That in foretimes saw jubilees of years,
As by our Ancient History appears;
Nay, which is more, even Silly Women then,
Liv'd longer time than our grave Graybeard Men.

"Graced," did I say? May we not put a *dis* before it? "Silly Women!" "Noble Creature!" Did the Native mean that woman then was silly and man then noble? Well for him is it that our "Mrs. Ward Howes" and "Mrs. Lillie Blakes" cannot make rhymes upon *his* name; well for him that he went his way holding his mantle before his face.

But he himself did not hold himself lightly. He knew all about Apogé and Perigé (we now spell them Apogee and Perigee). But does the Radical Club itself know anything at all about Apogee and Perigee? He knew when some "fine moderate weather" would come, when "winds enough for several" would blow, when "bad weather for hoop petticoats" would be; and that was on the 29th and 30th of January, 1727. Fearful weather, we may believe; but he, the *Native*, knew. But alas for us! On the 2d, he puts it down as "sloppy and raw cold." Now it so chances that W. S. has kept his MS. notes against this day, and he has it "*Very fine and pleasant*," and the next day, "*Dry and dusty*." Lamentable indeed for the Native! But he is not to be shaken for all that; he prognosticates through all the year just as if all was to come exactly right. One would like to know what W. S. thought of his prognosticator, and if he kept on studying and believing just the same as if all had come right. *I* do not doubt he did.

And now we come to some positive statements about Eclipses, and learn what we may depend on in that quarter.

The Native goes on to say, "As to the effects, they chiefly affect those Men that live by their Ingenuity; I mean Painters, Poets, Mercurialists, &c." What is a mercurialist? Does he mean the worshippers of Mercury, thieves, and that sort? "But"—and mark the cautious tone here—"but whether it forbodes good or ill to them I shall not now determine; only advise them to prepare for the worst!" Pretty good advice in all times of eclipse; and in these days even when there is no eclipse. Mark his modesty: "I do not pretend to Infallibility in my Conjectures, yet (as I said last year) they many times come out too True to make a jest of." Then he goes on: "I have read of a story which *Thaurus* is said to relate of *Andreas Vesalius*, a great Astrologer who lived in the reign of *Henry the VIII.*; to wit, that he told *Maximilian* the Day and Hour of his Death, who, giving credit thereto, ordered a great feast to be made, inviting his Friends, sat and Eat (ate?)

with them; and afterwards, having distributed his Treasures among them, took leave of them and Dyed at the time predicted." Most kind of this Maximilian, for it must have secured a good patronage to the astrologers.

"Yet it does not from hence follow that a certain rule may be laid down"—a very fine astrologer, you perceive, may fail—"whereby exactly to discover the Divine appointments. But there are many concurring Causes of Mundane Accidents of which Humanity must be content to remain Ignorant, and (as a wise Author affirms) No Index can be found or formed whereby to give us any certain Diary or Destiny saving that of our dear-bought Experience." But how can we learn about our own dying by experience—which is what we die to know about? He continues: "And here I cannot but take notice of our *Negro-mancers*, who, under pretence of knowledge in the Motions of the *Heavens*, take upon them to Fore tell the Appointments of Fate with respect to particular Persons, and thereby betray the Ignorant part of the World Inevitably into the Worship of the Devil. But if the Wholesome Laws of the Province were duly executed on such *Negro-mancers*, I could venture to Fore tell what would soon be their Fortune; You may Read it at large in this Province, New Law Book, page 117.

"*Marblehead*, Sept. 28, 1726.

N. BOWEN."

Ah, friend Bowen was too alarmingly near the Salem witch times when Minister Parris and Judge Hawthorne had come so nigh putting the Devil to rout by hanging an old woman or two and squeezing poor Giles Corey to death. He knew what the Law could do to those wicked negro-mancers if they went about predicting things in a wicked way. And what a bore it might become to have a negro-mancer foretelling in a rash and miscellaneous way one's death and bringing it to pass too some fine and inconvenient day! Who would not hang a negro-mancer likethat?

But suppose they should go on and squeeze the life out of such mild negro-mancers as N. Bowen, Esq., too. What then?

In 1729 we get an Almanac made by a student *with* a name—Nathaniel Ames, junior, *student in Physick and Astronomy*. He does

not apply his intellect to such great speculations as Bowen grappled with, but runs easily into poetry of the true Homeric stamp. Listen:

January—

The Earth is white like Neptune's foamy face,
When his proud Waves the hardy Rocks embrace.

February—

Boreas's chilly breath attacks our Nature,
And turns the Presbyterian to a Quaker.

What wicked waggery is here hidden, who can tell? One thing is sure, that Februarys ought to be abolished by the General Court if such is true; for a Quaker then was an abominable thing.

March—

Phoebus and Mars conjoined do both agree,
This month shall Warm (nay, more than usual) be.

We pray that our Almanac makers will conjoin Phoebus and Mars in all our Marches hereafter, so that we too may "Warm (more than usual) be." How melodious that line!

April gives a sweet strain, possibly premature—

The Birds, like Orphans, now all things invite
To come and have Melodious, sweet delight.

Like Orphans! Why? Should *Orpheus* come in there, or are orphans children of Orpheus? We are perplexed. The words sound alike.

May—

May like a Virgin quickly yields her Charms,
To the Embrace of Winter's Icy Arms.

It is not easy to see how that can be. Does he mean that winter had come back and given May a late frost? And then Virgins do not, so far as I know, yield to the Embrace of Winter's Icy Arms. Do they? I ask persons of experience.

June comes upon us heavily—

Sol's scorching Ray puts Blood in Fermentation,
And is stark raught to acts of Procreation.

That has a terrible sound. What does he mean?

July—

The Moon (this Month), that pale-faced Queen of Night,
Will be disrobed of all her borrowed light.

No month for lover's madness, this. Not a lover can steal forth
by the light of the moon, or do any foolish thing this month, thanks be
to God!

August—

The Earth and Sky Resound with Thunder Loud,
And Oblique streams flash from the dusky Cloud.

That first line demands many capital letters, and what a fine word
Oblique is in the second.

September says—

The burthened earth abounds with various fruit,
Which doth the Epicurean's Palate Suit.

It is to be hoped these wicked Epicureans got no more than their
share, and that church members were not converted to the heathen
philosophy by such baits.

October—

The Tyrant Mars old Saturn now opposes,
Which stirs up Feuds and may make bloody Noses.

October then was the fighter's month. This begins nobly, but
ends waggishly.

November—

Now what remains to Comfort up our Lives,
But Cordial Liquor and kind, loving Wives?

"Comfort up," that is good. But the Cordial Liquor is doubt-
ful; and then are there no girls in the sweet bloom of maidenhood left
to Comfort up our lives? Sad indeed!

December closes up—

The Chrystal streams, congealed to Icy Glass,
Become fit roads for Travellers to pass.

Excellent for the travellers.

But now in the column of "Mutations of Weather," we find this:

"Christmas is nigh;
The bare name of it
to Rich or Poor
will be no profit."

We are startled. Does he mean to speak ill of Christmas—to stab it? We look again. No—it is that Christmas without roast Turkeys and Mince pies will be very bad. The "*bare name*"—that is what he will none of. But on the contrary the real thing he will have, with Roasts and bakes, and—possibly—Cordial Liquor to "Comfort up" the day. What a good word that "Comfort up" is. We thank Nathaniel for it.

Now in the volume for 1730 are other interesting items, and the seer and poet seems to be our old friend, Nathan Bowen. He inclines somewhat to poetry also, for he thus sings:

"Saturn in Thirty Years his Ring Compleats,
Which Swiftest Jupiter in Twelve repeats;
Mars Three and Twenty Months revolving spends,
The Earth in Twelve her Annual Journey Ends.
Venus thy Race in twice Four Months is run,
For his Mercurius Three demands. The Moon
Her Revolution finishes in One.
If all at Once are Mov'd, and by one Spring,
Why so Unequal in their Annual Ring?"

Here again the sensitive soul, anxiously pondering, asks, Are students of astronomy prone to infidelity, and does this last question mean to convey the faintest shadow of a doubt? If not, why that "Why"?

We gladly pass on to another topic, hoping that Nathan was not damned for skepticism.

"N. B.—The paper Mill mentioned in last year's almanack (at Milton) has begun to go. Any person that will bring Rags to D. Henchman & T. Hancock, shall have from 2 d to 6 d a pound according to their goodness."

"Begun to go." I like that word. "Commenced operations," "started in business": how new and poor those great three-syllabled words seem! "Begun to go"—that is good.

In 1731 he tell us:

"Ready money is now
the best of Wares."

"Some gain & some loose."

Dear, dear, how bad! Almost, not quite so miserable as to-day—all lose now.

Then he informs us officially what salutes are to be fired at Castle William, as follows:

March	1	Queen's Berthday	21	guns
May	29	Restoration of K. Ch.		
		II.	17	"
June	11	K. George II. accession	21	"
Oct.	11	K. G. II. coronation	33	"
Oct.	30	K. G. II. Berthday	27	"
Nov.	5	Powder Plot	17	"
Jan.	19	Prince of W. Berthday	21	"

In 1732 the Native of New England (if it be Nathan Bowen of Marblehead) takes hold again and breaks into song:

Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For not to live at Ease is not to live.
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live while thou livest, for Death shall make us all
A Name of Nothing, but an Old Wife's Tale.
Speak: wilt thou AVORICE OR PLEASURE Chuse
To be thy Lord? Take One & One Refuse—*Persous*.

We begin to fear indeed that Nathan is little better than one of those wicked Epicureans himself. *Avorice* or *Pleasure*. Take one? Must we indeed? *Pleasure*? It looks as if Nathan was a very naughty man.

Things have evidently not gone quite smoothly with N. Bowen this last year, for, in his "Kind Reader" of 1733, he says: "Having last year finished Twelve of my Annual Papers (he means Almanacks), I

proposed to lay down my pen and leave the Drudgery of Calculation to those who have more leisure and a Clearer Brain than I can pretend to. Indeed, the Contempt with which a writer of Almanacks is looked on and the Danger he is in of being accounted a Conjurer"—a negromancer—"should seem sufficient to deter a man from publishing anything of this kind. But when I consider that all this is the effect of Ignorance, and, therefore, not worth my Notice or Resentment, and that the most judicious and learned part of the World have always highly valued and esteemed such Undertakings as what are not only great and noble in themselves; but as they are of absolute necessity in the Business and Affairs of Life, I am induced to appear again in the World, and hope this will meet with the same kind acceptance with my former."

With me he meets with the same kind acceptance, for I believe in the Nobility of the Almanac; and it is certain that every man should believe in the Nobility of his work whatever it is—then he is sure of *one* ardent Admirer. It is sad to think that some carping critic had been riling the sweet soul of Nathan in the year 1732. It is all over now. Let us hope he is not damned for his Epicureanism, but is reaping his crop of praise in a better climate than Marblehead. He gives us more poetry in 1733, and a clear account of why Leap years are necessary, which I do not repeat here, the popular belief being that they were invented in order that maidens might if they wished make love to swains, which belief I would do nothing to shake.

In the next year we have quite a learned discourse about the Julian Æra, Epochs, Olympiads, etc., from which I can only venture to take the following concise and valuable and accurate statement of this astronomer:

"JESUS CHRIST the SAVIOUR of the World was Incarnate in the 4,713 year of the Julian Period; the 3,949 of the Creation, the 4th of the 194th Olympiad, and the 753 Currant Year of the Roman Foundation."

Persons having any doubts as to the time of our blessed Saviour's appearance had better cut this out and keep it carefully for future reference and for the confusion of "skepticks."

Let us not leave these interesting vestiges of an earlier creation without a few words as to W. S. He, as I have said, was the purchaser

and owner of these sacred books. His almanacs were carefully interleaved and evidently were intended to be not only a record of the wisdom of the "Students in Physick and Astronomy," but also of events in the lives of devout owners. We find W. S. begins with fervor and fidelity to record daily interesting facts such as, in February:

"Fine, somewhat cold.

"Very pleasant.

"A storm of snow.

"More snow, but clears away windy.

"A very fine day.

"*Idem*, but windy."

Aha! here, then, we have a man who knew *Latin* in the Year of our Lord 1727. "*Idem*"—that is such a good word that he uses it often, and it has a good sound, too. Through January, February, March he attends daily to this high duty, and tells us how it was:

"A bright morning, but a dull day.

"Windy.

"Cool."

On the 27th, "Much rain, a violent storm, snow'd up."

In April things change. His interest flags. He does not write down his record every day. Has W. S. grown lazy? Is it too warm for assiduous tasks, or has a new element come into his life? Let us see. He begins April:

"1. A clearer day.

"2. Set my clock forward 20 m.

"3. Lethfield arrived from London."

The clock—that, I believe, was the great event, and that it came from London. What may it have been? Clearly one of those tall, stately pieces with the moon and the sun showing their faces on the silver dial, the fine mahogany case worthy to uphold all. Where is that clock now? Who can tell? From this time forth this was the object of interest, for in nearly all the months we have this record, "Set my clock." He grows terribly indifferent to the weather. A clock then was a wonderful thing, and it is a wonderful thing now. Think of it. How these little wheels and springs are so contrived that

they tick the seconds and the minutes and the hours day and night, so that Father Time might himself set his watch by some of them. But then it was a rarer and more interesting thing than now. We can easily fancy the neighbors gathering to see the fine clock standing in its place in the hall, telling its monotonous tale all the nights and days.

But another interesting record now comes in. This, too, is an event—in May:

“17. I bottled cyder.”

And then in October again:

“20. Cyder come.”

Cyder is not a thing to be despised even by a man who knows Latin. But is not cyder an important thing to everybody? They had neither tea nor coffee then, and man likes to drink. We may know, too, that in those days every good woman made a few bottles of currant wine, made also her rose cakes to sweeten her drawers, gathered and dried lavender to make lavender-water, also sage and hoarhound, “good for sickness.” Alas! that people might be sick even in those “Good old Times,” we know, and we find that in January, 1727, W. S. puts down carefully this:

A Recipe for y^e cure of Sciatica pains—viz:

“Take 2 ounces of flowered brimstone, four ounces of Molasses. Mix y^m together, and take a spoonfull morning and evening, and if y^t do not effect a cure, take another spoonfull at noon also.”

Why endure sciatica pains after this? We make no charge for this valuable knowledge.

You continue until you get well, or—something!

But in June we find it put down:

“Mr. Davenport Chosen Tutor
And confirmed by y^e overseers.”

Here we have a clue to the Latin.

And in August is another entry:

“Governor Burnett, upon an invitation, came to visit y^e Coll: besides— y^e Civil Officers in Cambridge wth some others, together with y^e Masters of Art in College, were invited to dine wth him. There

was an Oration in y^e hall by Sir Clark, some of y^e neighboring Clergie were present, & about sixty persons in all had a handsome dinner in y^e Library."

Here *was* an event to be recorded. But was W. S. present? We remain in the dark.

Entries now become more and more uncommon. We learn little more of the clock or of the cyder; and we are at a loss to explain the reason why. But lo! we have it! In November there is but one entry on the

"21. *I was married.*"

There is the gospel, without note or comment. To whom? We ask in vain. "I was married," and that is all. But is not that enough? No more records about clocks and cyder! What need of those things? Very few entries are made in this year, and these are records of the thermometer. Evidently a new one had come from London. But in October is a short and significant record:

"19. Bille was born at 5 a clock morning."

It was inevitable—cause and effect—a striking example—most philosophic? Had he black eyes or blue? Was he like his father or his mother? Was he little or big? Did he weigh eight pounds or ten? Did he live to be a man? None of these things are recorded, and we shall never know. After this supreme event few entries appear in the diary through the years. Life has become engrossing, important. Let us hope it was sufficing and not full of failure and trouble; let us enjoy the pleasure of believing so, as we well may. The clock, the cyder, the thermometer, the little Bille: what more important matters had he or have we to record? We part with the three, the four faint shadows, Nathaniel, Nathan, W. S., and little Bille, with a mild regret, hoping we may meet them, and especially "little Bille," on the other side. Till then farewell.

CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

5

THE HENLEY FAMILIES OF MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

HANDLEY, HANLEY, HANLY, HENDLY, HENLEY, HENLY and HENLE are the variations of this surname which have been found in the Colonial records of New England.

I. ELIAS¹ HENLEY, b. about 1639, appeared in Boston, Massachusetts and there m. Nov. 4, 1657, Sarah Thompson. He removed to Marblehead and there purchased a dwelling house and lot of Timothy Allen of Lynn on Sept. 28, 1660. Prior to 1684 the inhabitants of Marblehead attended church in Salem. Sarah Henly, undoubtedly the wife of Elias Henly, was baptized at the First Church of Salem, 19 Aug. 1666. "Goody Hanly" was among the church members living at Marblehead who "desire to become a church by themselves," 13 Aug. 1684. Elias Henly, d. at Marblehead, Sept. 10, 1699, aged 70 years and his widow Sarah died soon after in 1699. His will is on file at Salem. In it he mentions his wife Sarah, his daughter Sarah then unmarried, his eldest son Elias who was to have his homestead; his daughter Mary Ingalls, his son-in-law Eleazer Ingalls, his sons John and Benjamin and his grandson Joseph Henly, son of his son Joseph Henly, deceased. The will was made Aug. 1, 1699.

Children all bapt. at the First Church of Salem:

- I. Mary² Henly, bp. 26 Sept. 1666, m. Eleazer Ingalls of Marblehead and was living there as his widow, Feb. 27, 1727.
2. II. Elias Henly, "eldest son," bp. 26 Sept. 1666.
- III. Joan Henly, bp. 26 Sept. 1666; d. at Marblehead, 29 March, 1690, aged 26 years.
3. IV. Joseph Henly, bp. — Aug. 1670.
4. V. John Henly, bp. 20 Feb. 1670/1.
5. VI. Benjamin Henly, bp. 8 Aug. 1672.
- VII. Sarah Henly, bp. 1 July 1676; m. at Marblehead, Oct. 1, 1702, William Batchelor and was living there as his widow, Feb. 27, 1727.
- VIII. George Henly, bp. 16 Sept. 1678; not mentioned in his father's will, Aug. 1, 1699.

—This is the only genealogy published of any Henley family in the U. S.

2. ELIAS² HENLEY, Jr. (Elias¹) bapt. at the First Church of Salem, 26 Sept. 1666; "eldest son," b. probably about 1661; m. at Marblehead, July 21, 1686, Margaret Greenfield. He and his wife were summoned to Court as witch-craft witnesses, 14 Sept. 1692, but he "being at sea" did not appear. He d. between Feb. 27, 1713, and July 2, 1713, upon which latter day his widow Margaret Henly and his "eldest son" Elias Henly were appointed administrators. On April 6, 1716, the Judge of Probate ordered his estate divided into seven equal parts—which under the English law of inheritance shows that he had surviving six children. What were the names of those children?

His widow Margaret Henly m. (2) at Marblehead, 16 Oct. 1713, John Girdler, a fisherman, who lived in Marblehead from 1707 to 1723 or later. He appears in several deeds as grantor or grantee in each of which he is described as a "fisherman" or "mariner" of Marblehead. He mortgaged his property to his brother Robert Girdler of Marblehead, a "shoreman," 13 March 1721/2, and this was released unto his heirs 8 June 1734.

Elias Hendly, Senr. of Marblehead, mariner, with the consent of his wife Margaret for £40 deeded his son Elias Hendly, Jr. of Marblehead, fisherman, a dwelling house, barn and land they stand upon adjacent to my own land, 27 Feb. 1712/3. (Essex Deeds. 25:175).

A partial list of Margaret Greenfield's children have been identified as follows:

- I. Elias ³Henly, "eldest son" b. about 1687; m. at Marblehead, 5 Dec. 1710, Hannah Stadden.
- II. Benjamin Henly, "upward of 14 years" June 15, 1715. He was selectman of Marblehead, 1733, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1742, 1743, 1744, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1750 and 1751; deacon of the First Church of Marblehead from 1749 till his death.
- III. ———Henly, living Apr. 6, 1716.
- IV. ———Henly, alive April 6, 1716.
- V. ———Henly, living April 6, 1716.
- VI. ———Henly, alive April 6, 1716.
- VII. Hannah Girdler, bp. at First Church of Marblehead, June 5, 1720.
- VIII. Robert Girdler, bp. at the same, Oct. 13, 1723.

From the fact that only two sons were mentioned in settling the estate of Elias Henley, it is inferred that the other children were daughters and that their portions were conveyed by unrecorded papers which were kept in the family. Sarah Girdler, a widow, was appointed administratrix of the estate of her husband John Girdler, late of Marblehead, dec'd, 24 Aug. 1752, but whether he was identical with John Girdler who married the widow Margaret Henly I know not.

3. JOSEPH² HENLEY (Elias¹) bp. at the First Church of Salem, Aug. —, 1670. He m. at Marblehead, June 9, 1692, Sarah Hanniford, daughter of Richard and Miriam Hanniford of Marblehead. She was born at Marblehead, Nov. 13, 1671, and was called Sarah Henly, "Jr." when she was admitted to the First Church of Marblehead in 1693. He died before Aug. 1, 1699, and his widow Sarah Henly, m. (2) at Marblehead, Nov. 20, 1701, Philip Ashton of Marblehead. On 9 Aug. 1709, Richard "Hannafer" of Marblehead, fisherman, "being very sick and weak in body" made his will, bequeathing "to his daughter Sarah Ashton the house rent since she lived in my house and while she may live before my decease." His will was proved, 29 Dec. 1709. (Essex Probate Records, 310:174). Sarah (Hendly) Ashton d. at Marblehead, Jan. —, 1744, and Philip Ashton, d. there before 5 Aug. 1746, when administration was granted on his estate. Children of Sarah (Hendly) Ashton:

- I. Joseph³ Henly, Jr. b. March 3, 1693; bp. there Sept. 17, 1693; legatee under his grandfather's will, Aug. 1, 1699. He m. at Marblehead, Dec. 23, 1714, Mary Homan. He and his wife Mary joined the First Church there in 1722. His grandfather called him the "only Child of my son Joseph dec'd" in his will, Aug. 1, 1699.
- II. Philip Ashton, b. Aug. 12, 1702; bp. 18 April 1703; fisherman; m. (1) at Marblehead, 8 Dec. 1726, Jane Gallison who d. there 10 Dec. 1727. He m. (2) at Marblehead, 15 July, 1729, Sarah Bartlett of Marblehead.
- III. William Ashton, b. April 12, 170—; bp. 11 July 1708.

4. JOHN² HENLY (Elias¹) bapt. at the First Church of Salem, 20 Feb. 1670/1; legatee of his father's will Aug. 1, 1699. In a deed of his brothers and sisters executed 28 Aug. 1702, he is described as "being in England." (Essex Deeds, 15:247). In an indenture made at

Marblehead, 27 Feb. 1727, by the "children and grand children of Elias Henley, Senr. of Marblehead, deceased" two John Henlys are described, viz. "John Henly son of John Henly decd" and "John Henly son of Benj.^a Henly decd," both "of Marblehead." Neitherh is marriage, the birth of his son, the date nor the place of his death, has been discovered.

Child:

- I. John⁸ Henly, Jr. admitted to the First Church of Marblehead, 1720; living in Marblehead, 27 Feb. 1727. He, or his cousin of the same name, m. at Marblehead, 7 Sept. 1724, Deliverance Dodd. He, or his cousin, d. there April —, 1731. Deliverance Hendley, probably either his widow, or his daughter, was admitted to the First Church of Marblehead in 1746.

5. BENJAMIN² HENLEY (Elias¹) bapt. at the First Church of Salem, 8 Aug. 1672. He m. at Marblehead, 12 April 1694, Miriam Pederick, the widow of Samuel Walderne. He d. at Marblehead; 8 Dec. 1691, aged 34 years. Miriam Waldron was admitted to the First Church of Marblehead in 1692. "Mariam Henly." widow, was appointed administratrix of the estate of Benjamin Henly, mariner, late of Marblehead, deceased, 14 Sept. 1704. She m. (3) at Marblehead, 29 Sept. 1704, Abraham Lashere (Lasher).

Samuel Waldron of Marblehead "being sick" made his will, 28 Nov. 1691, bequeathing "to my father John Waldein whatever debts may be due"; to my sister "Rebecka" Stevens £6 and the remainder to "my wife Miriam for the maintenance of her self and the child she now goes wth." The inventory was taken, 15 Jan. 1691/2, amounting to £206:14, and presented by Miriam Waldron, widow, and executrix. (Essex Probate Records, 303:67, 68).

Miriam Pederick was the daughter of John Pederick of Marblehead who made his will, 22 Nov. 1699. It was proved, 28 Nov. 1706, but the division of the real estate of John Pederick, Senr. was not made until, 19 Feb. 1723/4, when "Merriam Lasher" received a full share.

Abraham "Lashear" of Marblehead, fisherman, conveyed unto Samuel Stacy of Marblehead, "shore man" "all my right in y^e estate of

John Pederick late of Marblehead, deceased, that is all my right to y^e estate by virtue of marriage," 2 Oct. 1718, to which Abraham "Lashear" and Miriam "Lachear," both signed. (Essex Deeds, 36:56). No other record in probate or deeds to the name has been found but the following children of Miriam:

- I. Samuel Waldron, bp. April 24, 1692.
- II. John^s Henly, bp. March 10, 1694/5; living in Marblehead, 27 Feb. 1727. (Essex Deeds, 15:247). He may be the John Henly who married at Marblehead, 7 Sept. 1724, Deliverance Dodd but of this there is uncertainty.
- III. Miriam Henly, bp. March 21, 1696/7; m. at Marblehead, 2 Oct. 1712, John "Pedrick," a fisherman, upon whose estate his widow Miriam Pedrick administered, 5 March 1717/8. (Essex Probate Records, 312:196). In her account she was allowed for "bringing up three young children" and "lying inn," £15. She married (2) at Marblehead, 16 Nov. 1719, John Hill, son of Roger and Elizabeth Hill of Beverly, (Essex Deeds, 39:94) of Marblehead, Beverly and Manchester, Mass. where they were living as late as 10 June, 1736 (Essex Deeds, 72:70). Her three Pederick children bapt. at Marblehead were:
 - I. Mary⁴ Pederick, bp. March 21, 1713-4.
 - II. Miriam Pederick, bp. Jan. 22, 1715/6; d. —, 1717.
 - III. John Pederick, bp. Sept. 8, 1717.
- IV. Elizabeth^s "Lasher," bp. 25 Aug. 1706. As the wife of Benjamin Henly had a daughter by her second husband named Elizabeth Lasher it is not probably that she had a daughter by her first husband named Elizabeth Henly.

THOMAS¹ HENLY of Marblehead from 1687-1695, m. there 15. July 1687, Sarah Curtis whose parentage has not been ascertained. She was admitted to the First Church of Marblehead in 1701. No probate, or deeds, of this man has been found in Essex County. Sarah Henly, probably his widow, m. at Marblehead, 5 Jan. 1703/4, Richard Sedgemore whose name has not elsewhere been found in the Essex County records.

Children of record at Marblehead:

- I. ———² Henly, a daughter, b. 22 May 1690.
- II. John Henly, bp. March 25, 1694.
- III. Sarah Henly, bp. March 25, 1694.
- IV. Thomas Henly, bp. March 25, 1694.
- V. Samuel Henly, b. 24 June 1695.

This title to land in Nova Scotia recorded in Essex County
Massachusetts in 1735.

Elizabeth Homan of Marblehead, Mass. widow, for £20 deeded Joseph Hendly of Marblehead, fisherman, and quitclaimed to him, "my part of an Island formerly called Somerset's Island and since known by y^e name of Gould's Island" and tracts "of main land at Masconesey and Broad Bay in the Province of Nova Scotia," "formerly the lands of my Grandfather John Brown and since of my Father Alexander Gould, dec'd, and all rights by virtue of being an heiress to my grandfather John Brown or my father Alexander Gould or by virtue of a bill of sale to me made by John Browne of Biddeford, county of York, husbandman, bearing date, 10 Sept. 1729. Elizabeth Homan signed by her mark in the presence of John Fullford and Will Crabb, 10 Jan. 1735; recorded in county of Essex, Massachusetts, 17 Jan. 1735 Essex Co. Deeds, 68:268).

MALDEN, MASS.

GEO. WALTER CHAMBERLAIN.

ADDENDA TO HENLEY.

Sarah Henley, m. at Marblehead, Jan. 5, 1703/4, Richard Sedgemoor. Sarah Segemoor, probably the same person, m. at Marblehead, March 2, 1718/9, Peter King, who d. at Marblehead, July 30, 1726, aged 70 years. The death of Sarah King is not on record at Marblehead. (Vital Records of Marblehead.)

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DUNGEON TENANT

MAX GREYSLAER the tenant of a dungeon and placed there, too, as the murderer of Walter Bradshawe? It was but too true! The fatality was a strange one; yet there are turns in human destiny far more singular.

Had Greyslaer been recognised in the moment that, covered with dust and gore, he rose breathless from the embrace of the dying Valtmeyer and was seized by the party of Whig soldiery, the charges that were that very night preferred against him by the Tory friends of Bradshawe, in order to conceal their share in the escape of that partisan, had never been listened to; nor could their successful attempt at criminalizing him have made the head it did. But now, before the Whig officer could call upon a single friend to identify his character, the suspicion of murder had been fixed upon him, and by the time his name and rank became known, his enemies were prepared with evidence which made that name a still farther proof of his guilt.

The disaffected family to whose care Bradshawe was intrusted, deposed to the fact of a muffled stranger having passed into his quarters at midnight. The head of the household averred that it was a man of Greyslaer's height and general appearance. He had heard his step in the entry, unlocked his door, and looked out to see who it might be; but the stranger having already reached the staircase and begun ascending, his face was averted from deponent, who could see only the general outline of the stranger's figure. The deponent did not call upon the stranger to stop, nor address him in any way; for he took it for granted that the stranger had been challenged by the sentinel, and must therefore be provided with a permit or pass to visit the prisoner at that unusual hour. He had himself already retired for the night. The deponent had subsequently heard a tumult, as of men struggling together, in the room above. He leaped from his bed, and hastening to ascend the stairs, stumbled over the sentinel, who lay stretched at their

foot as if struck down and stunned a moment before. As he stopped a moment to raise the man, he heard a noise, as of a heavy body falling, in the room above. He hurried onward to the room, but its occupant had already disappeared. There was blood upon the floor; a broken chair, and other signs of desperate conflict. A window that looked into the garden stood open, and there was fresh blood upon the window-sill.

Other members of this deponent's family here supplied the next link in the testimony, by stating that they had heard the window above them thrown open with violence, and the feet of men trampling rapidly over the shed beneath it, as if one were in ferocious pursuit of the other.

As for the sentinel, he seemed ready to swear to anything that would get himself out of peril. He could not account for the stranger making his way into the house unnoticed by himself, save by the suspicion that his evening draught must have been drugged by somebody. He certainly was not sleeping upon his post, but his perceptions were so dulled that he was not aware of the presence of an intruder until he felt himself suddenly struck from behind and cast nearly senseless upon the ground. But he too, when raised to his feet by the first witness, had followed him to the chamber already described, of whose appearance at the time the former deponent had given a true description.

The testimony of the night patrol—less willingly given—proved the condition in which Greyslaer was found, with dress disordered and bloodstained, as if fresh from some deadly encounter. The marks of blood, too, were found spotted over the timbers of the pier, while the footprints leading down to the water's edge; the steps dashed here and there in the blood-besprinkled dust; the light soil beaten down and flattened in one place, and scattered in others, as if some heavy body had been drawn across it—all marked the spot as the scene of some terrible struggle, whose catastrophe the black-rolling waves at hand might best reveal.

There was but one circumstance which suggested another agency than that of Greyslaer in the doings of this eventful night, and that was the attack on Mr. Taylor's premises, which had first alarmed the town. But this, again, took place at the opposite side of the city, and could have had no connection with Bradshawe; for Mr. Taylor's people had seen the ruffians flying off in a contrary direction from that where Bradshawe resided.

But, then, what motive could have hurried on a man of Greyslaer's habits and condition of life to a deed so foul as that of murder?

His habits, his condition? Why! was not the supposed murderer no other than the wild enthusiast, who, in some besotted hour of passion, had betrothed himself to the abandoned offcast of an Indian profligate? And had not Bradshawe been compelled, by the venomous assaults which had been made upon his own character, to rip up that hideous story, and publish to the world the infamy of Greyslaer's mistress? Was it not, too, through the very instrumentality of this unhappy person that Bradshawe's life had, under color of law, been previously endangered; that the felon charge of acting as a spy had been got up and enforced against the much-injured royalist? a charge which, even after sentence of death had been pronounced upon the Tory partisan, the staunchest of the opposite faction hesitated to acknowledge was sufficiently sustained to warrant his execution. No, the murderer of Bradshawe could be no other than the betrothed lover of Alida! Such was the testimony and such the arguments which had lost Greyslaer his personal liberty, and which now threatened him with a felon's fate upon the scaffold!

And where now was that unhappy girl, whose sorrows had so strangely reacted upon her dearest friend? whose blighted name carried with it a power to blast even the life of her lover?

It was the dead hour of midnight, and she has stolen out from the house of the relative who had given her shelter and privacy, to visit the lonely prisoner in his dungeon. The prisoner starts from his pallet, as the door grates on its hinges, and that pale form now stands before him.

Let the first moments of their meeting be sacred from all human record. It were profane to picture the hallowed endearments of two true hearts thus tried, thus trusting each other till the last.

"Oh Max," murmured Alida, when the first moments of the meeting were over, "oh, how little did I dream when I wrote that you should see me no more, that love and duty again might lead me to you; that God's providence would place you where no woman's doubt could prevent me from—"

"Yes, yes, it is the providence of God, Alida; you call it rightly," interrupted Max, with bitter feeling. "'Twas Heaven alone which, in its justice, has plunged me in this dreadful—Alida, Alida, know you not that, in the eye of Heaven, I am this moment the thing that men would make me out to be?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she shrieked, starting back with features which, for a single instant convulsed with horror, were changed to more than woman's tenderness as again she caught the hands of Max in both hers, "you are not, you cannot be a—a—no, Greyslaer, no, you cannot be a—murderer. You fought with him, you met him singly—sinfully, in the eye of Heaven, but not with brutal intent of murder—you did—in single combat—'twas in a duel he fell.

"Hear me, hear me, my loved one: it was"—

"No, no, I will not hear; I know 'twas so; and I—I was the one whose guilty dream of vengeance first quickened such intention into being, and sharpened your sword against his life."

"Alas! Alida, why torture yourself by recalling the memory of that wild hallucination of your early years? The shadowy intention of avenging your own wrongs was but the darkly romantic dream of an undisciplined mind preyed upon and perverted by disease and sorrow; and many a prayerful hour has since atoned to Heaven for those sinful fancies. But my conscience is loaded far more heavily, and with a burden that none can share; a burden," he added, smiling with strange meaning on his lip, "that mayhap it hardly wishes to shake off."

"You slew him not at vantage; he fell not an unresisting victim to your vengeful passions," gasped Alida.

"The man that I slew yesternight fell in fair and open fight, Alida. There is no stain upon my soldier's sword for aught that happened then." The words had not passed the lips of her lover ere Alida was on her knees. "Nay," cried Max, catching her clasped hands in his, "blend not my name in your prayer of thankfulness to heaven; 'twill weigh it down and keep it from ascending; for, surely as thou kneelest there, I am in heart a murderer. 'Twas Bradshawe's life at which I aimed; 'twas Bradshawe's death, his *murder* that I sought, when Valtmeyer crossed my path and fairly met the punishment of his crimes. A

mysterious Providence made me the instrument of its justice in exacting retribution from him; and the same Providence now punishes in me the foul intention which placed me there to do its bidding."

If there were something of bitterness in the tone in which Max spoke these words, which gave a double character to what he said, Alida did not notice it, as passionately she cried:

"Kneel, then, Greyslaer, kneel here with me; kneel in gratitude to the Power that preserved thee from the perpetration of this wickedness, and so mysteriously foiled the contrivings of thy heart; kneel in thankfulness to the chastening hand that hath so soon sent this painful trial to punish this lapse from virtue—to purge thy heart from its guilty imaginings; kneel in prayer that this cloud which we have brought upon ourselves may in Heaven's own time pass away; or, if not, its will be done!"

"I may not, I cannot kneel, Alida," said Max, in gloomy reply to her impetuous appeal. "No! though I own the chastening hand which is even now stretched out above me, my heart still refuses to cast out the design that brought me hither. I will not, I must not kneel in mockery to heaven!"

"And thou—thou wouldst still—*murder* him!" shrieked Alida.

"Leave me, distract me not thus," cried her agonized lover, leaning against the wall as if to steady himself, and covering his face with his hands to shut out the earnest gaze she fixed upon him.

"Speak to me, look at me, Max," implored Alida, in tones of wild anguish, as she sprang forward and caught his arm. "Thou wouldst—thou wouldst!"

A cold shiver seemed to tremble through the frame of her lover; but his voice, though low and husky, had an almost unearthly calmness in it, as, dropping his hands and fixing his looks full upon her, he said,

"I would, though hell itself were gaping there to swallow both of us! Hear me, Alida; it is the hand of Fate—it is some iron destiny—that works within my heart—that knots together and stiffens the damned contrivances it will not forego. Why should I deceive you when I cannot deceive myself? Why insult Heaven with this vain lip-wor-

ship, when no holy thought can inhabit there?—here,” he repeated, striking his hand upon his bosom, “here, where one horrid craving rages to consume me—the lust of that man’s blood!”

“Oh God! this is too horrible!” gasped Alida, as, shuddering, she sank upon the prisoner’s pallet and buried her face in her hands.

Max made no movement to raise her, but his was the mournful gaze of the doom-stricken, as, standing aloof, his lips moved with some half-uttered words, which could scarcely have reached the ears of Alida.

“Weep on,” he said, “weep on, my love—my first, last, my only love. Those bursting tears do well become her, a child of sorrow from her earliest youth. Those tears! Mine is not the hand to stay them, mine the heart to mingle with them in sympathetic flow; for I—I can weep no more!”

“Alida, sweet Alida,” said he, advancing at last toward her; “Alida, my best, my loveliest—she hears me not; she will not listen to me. Oh God! why shudder you so, and withdraw your hand from my touch?”

But Alida has sprung to her feet, has dashed the tears from her eyes, and her clear voice thrills in the ears of her lover as thus she speaks him:

“Hear me, Greyslaer: ’twas I first infused these fell thoughts into your bosom; ’twas I, in the besotted season of youth, and folly, and girlish fantasy—I that taught you this impious lesson of murderous retribution. It is *my* wrongs, my individual and personal injuries, whose recent aggravation has revived the mad intent, and stamped it with a character of blackness such as before you never dreamed of. Now, by the God whom I first learned to worship in full, heart-yielded reverence, from you, Max Greyslaer—by Him I swear, that, if you persist in this, I—I myself, woman as I am—will be the first to tread the path of crime to which you point the way, and forestall you in perdition of your soul. I am free to move where I list, and work my will as best I may; *your* will is but that of a dungeon prisoner, and Bradshawe’s life, if it depend upon the murderous deed of either, shall expire at my hand before you pass these doors.”

The fire of her first youth flashed in the eyes of Alida as she spoke, and there was a determination seated on her brow, such as even in her haughtiest mood of that arrogant season it had never worn. But the next moment all this had passed away entirely, and it was only the broken-hearted, the still loving, the imploring Christian woman that kneeled at the feet of Greyslaer.

"Max—Max—dearest Max," she said, while sobs half suffocated her utterance, "it is Alida, your own, your once fondly-loved Alida, that pleads to you, that kneels here imploring you to rend this wickedness from your breast, and ask Heaven for its pardon. It is she who has no friend, no relative, no resting-place in any heart on earth save that from which you would drive her to make room for images so dreadful. Surely you did love me once; surely you have pity for my sorrows; you will not, you cannot persist in thus trebling their burden. Ah! now you weep; it is Heaven, not I, dearest Max, that softens your heart toward your own Alida. Blessed be those tears, and—nay, raise me not yet—not till you have knelt beside me."

* * * * *

The cell is narrow, the walls are thick.. There is no sound of human voice, no shred of vital air can pass through the vaulted ceiling which shuts in those kneeling lovers! Can then the subtle spirit of prayer pierce the flinty rock, mount into the liberal air, and, spreading as it goes, fill the wide ear of Heaven with the appeal of those two lonely human sufferers?

The future may unfold.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

(*To be Continued.*)

BOOK REVIEWS

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: A Philosophical Interpretation of American History: by Roland Greene Usher, Ph.D. Author of "Pan-Germanism," "The Reconstruction of the English Church," "The Rise and Fall of the High Commission," Etc. New York, The Century Company. 1914. 8vo. 413 pages. Price \$2.00 net, postage extra.

The author gives a lucid account of results and does not bother with processes. He explains briefly the meaning of the facts of national development, and does not make it his business to chronicle the mere sequence of events—for, from his point of view, the founding of colonies, the granting of charters, the battles, debates, and constitutions and campaigns are not in themselves history, but simply the material out of which history must be made. The author concedes it not to be his business to describe the pieces of the puzzle-picture, nor to tell the reader their number nor their relationship, but to give him some point of view where the pieces cease to be pieces and blend together into a picture. He also believes that the essential and elementary "facts" in history are not the actual events but the more complex conclusions which are to be deduced from a series of such events.

Within the last twenty years the specialists in American Historical research have been so industrious that the achievement of our nationality has become another story, and Dr. Usher tells it in this brilliant little book. He gives the reader a very vigorous account of results, and explains the meaning of facts of our national development, the place of the United States in universal history, our place in European history, exactly how we won the

Revolution despite the fact that we suffered a series of defeats, how the principle of state sovereignty failed to justify itself while the principle of union triumphed,—how at last our nationality was born of the Civil War.

The book concludes with a valuable study of the economic and industrial problems that now beset our ultimate national development. It can well be said of it, here is the life story of the American nation, the epic of American Nationality.

THE LIFE OF THADDEUS STEVENS

A study in American Political History. Especially in the period of the Civil War and Reconstruction. By James Albert Woodburn, Ph.D., LL. D. Professor of American History and Politics in Indiana University. Author of *The American Republic and its Government*, *Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States*, etc. Indianapolis: 620 pages. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Publishers. Price \$2.50 net.

The period of the Civil War and the reconstruction of the Union has been the subject of more historical inquiry and production within recent years than has any other in American history. The books, essays, magazine articles, monographs and reminiscences that have been devoted to this period indicate the prevalent interest which the epoch holds for many men of many minds.

As the period recedes in time and other events of moment come and go, there may be a recession in this interest, but it is not likely permanently to decline. As the history of modern Europe still centers around the French Revolution, so will the tremendous upheaval of the Civil War continue to occupy the cen-

ter of the stage in the history of the nineteenth century in America. The Supreme Court of the United States called it the "greatest Civil War known in the history of the human race." Thaddeus Stevens was the dominant figure in the American Congress during this notable period.

This is a thoughtful, attractive and interesting history of the life of Stevens, the great Commoner, but it is also a careful and authentic review of the ten great legislative years during which he was the parliamentary leader. His birth, education and beginnings are briefly indicated, but primarily this volume is a vindication of Stevens. It is however, not partisan in any sense.

His work in directing the financial policy of the Civil War and in dealing with the money stringency; the rapid unprecedented increase in the national debt; the various schemes of relief, and the final issue of Greenbacks, is detailed in an accurate and just manner. By full quotations from speeches and the intelligent use of newspaper files, private correspondence and Congressional records, the author makes a strong case in favor of the wisdom, the patriotism, the far-sightedness and the humanity of this great, detested and adored Congressional leader.

ANCIENT HISTORY; by Hutton Webster, Ph.D., Professor in the University of Nebraska. Cloth. 219 Illustrations. 53 maps and plans. pp. xxviii. 665. Introductory price \$1.50. D. C. Heath and Co., Boston.

Here we have a new and original treatment of ancient history by Dr. Webster. He takes the right point of view, that is, human life. He gives the aspects of history that throw light on modern thought a special emphasis. A fine feature of this book is the many character sketches of important personages that are given, which is a very attractive feature to say the least. We cannot help but recognize the great history-making force of strong charac-

ters. Too many volumes on this great important phase of history do not go into details enough to make ancient history human. Not so with this history.

This history meets the requirements of the Committee of Seven and the Committee of Five, as well as of the College Entrance Examination Board. At the same time the author in his choice and treatment of topics, has been guided by his appreciation of the needs of students, consequently Dr. Webster has given us a rather extended presentation of prehistoric and primitive culture, as providing an indispensable basis for all historical studies. Dr. Webster has preceded each chapter with references to sources, modern authorities, and illustrative material and literature. He makes a splendid effort here to indicate supplementary reading adapted to the wants of the learner and also the learned. The studies following each chapter are not a memory test, but they are the best material to stimulate discussion. Open discussion goes a long way toward taking the dryness out of history.

An excellent index gives the pronunciation of all proper names, in the diacritical marks the New International Dictionary is followed. History is the narrative of what civilized man has done. It deals with those social groups called states and nations. Just as a biography describes the life of individuals, so history relates the rise, progress, and decline of human societies. In this respect we find the book a success, for he does not leave human society for a moment.

FARMERS OF FORTY CENTURIES, or, PERMANENT AGRICULTURE IN CHINA, KOREA AND JAPAN by F. H. King, D. Sc. Formerly Professor of Agricultural Physics in the University of Wisconsin and Chief of Division of Soil Management, U. S. Department of Agriculture. Author of "The Soil;" "Irrigation and Drainage;" "Physics of

Agriculture" and "Ventilation for Dwellings, Rural Schools and Stables." Madison, Wis. Mrs. F. H. King 1911. Cloth 8 vo., 450 pages, 246 illustrations; price \$2.50.

Up to the present time the world has produced but very few agricultural travellers. There have been still fewer books that describe the real and significant rural conditions. Of natural history travel we have had quite a lot and of accounts of sights and events we have perhaps had too many books. There are to be sure, famous books of study and travel in rural regions, and some of them, as Arthur Young's "Travels in France," have touched social and political history; but for the most part, books on agricultural travel remain yet to be written. The spirit of scientific inquiry must be taken into this field, and all earth-conquest must be compared and the results must be given to the people who do real work.

The farmer is the real worker. He is the man who supplies the bread, meat, wool and other necessities of life. To be most efficient the farmer should know most about his profession. He should know how it is conducted in all parts of the earth. This book without a doubt will have a good effect in establishing understanding between the West and the East. If the people would interchange ideas as Professor King suggests much good and benefit would be derived by all peoples on both sides of the earth, and the results would be of incalculable benefit. The illustrations alone make this book very valuable, for they cover the entire field of Eastern Agriculture. The first condition of farming is to maintain fertility. This condition the oriental peoples have met, and they have solved it in their own way. We may not adopt their methods, but, we can profit by their experience.

A KNIGHT IN GREY. A historical novel. By Marie E. Richard, Philadelphia. The Castle Press, 1913. By the Lutheran Publication Society. pp. 359.

This story was written by Marie Richard in order to interest young people of the Lutheran Church in History.

The localities in which the scenes of the book are laid have been thoroughly studied on the ground, hence a more realistic view is given to the reader of this story. Besides many authorities in German History, the author has had access to a number of old German documents and biographies which have given her quite full details concerning the life of the time, and a very intimate knowledge of the characters portrayed.

The romance deals with the time of 1520, when the tale begins, and the political movements of that period are shown as they would affect the average person.

The author challenges the reader to discover what liberties she has taken with historical personages in order to develop the romance. She contends that should the reader seek and find the flaw the knowledge of Reformation history gained would vindicate the purpose of the book.

The book is divided into twenty-four chapters, each deals with some interesting matters. One gives a lot of inside scenery as found in the City of Worms, and an idea is conveyed of how a trial for heresy was conducted in that ancient town. The style of language is distinctly that of the fifteenth century; e. g.:

" 'Tis a villainous procedure 'tis, a mongrel justice. 'Tis such as is often hatched at Rome; but it doth not thrive in the strong air of the North."

The story has some exciting movements in it, and there is some bloodshed.

LUTHER'S CORRESPONDENCE AND OTHER CONTEMPORARY LETTERS translated and edited by Preserved Smith, Ph. D. Fellow of Amherst College. Volume I. 1507-1521. Philadelphia, Pa. The Lutheran Publication Society. 1913. pp. 583.

History is now being read more than ever before from the original sources. Contemporary documents give both the most vivid, and in the deepest sense, the truest narrative. Even when the sources are mistaken in point of fact, or intentionally falsified, as we sometimes find them to be, they reveal important truths, showing just what the author believed, or what he wished to believe.

This volume sets before the public the history, as told by the participants and eye-witnesses themselves in all unreserve of private correspondence, of a great crisis in the annals of Europe.

The author, in order to present all sides fairly not only gives here the letters of Luther, but the letters of famous contemporaries are also given. Among them are letters from Popes Leo X and Adrian VI, the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V, and many of the princes, spiritual and temporal of Germany.

The dominating personality in this work is Martin Luther. To many the greatest thing in this book will be the wonderful portrayal and revelation of his innermost life. Here his early spiritual struggles are fully shown, the things by which he profited and grew to strength, his faith, his devotion to conscience and to truth as he saw it.

These letters are all interesting, showing what a tumult Luther raised when he began the Reformation. For example here is a little extract from one dated Wittenberg, March 21, 1518 to John Lang. He shows that they were "thundering against me in wonderful style from the pulpit, and as they cannot think of enough monsters with which to compare me, they add threats, and one man prom-

ises the people that I shall certainly be burned within a fortnight and another within a month. They publish Theses against me, so that I fear that some day they will burst with the greatness of their wrath."

REMINISCENCES OF AN ARMY NURSE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Adelaide W. Smith, Independent Volunteer. Greaves Publishing Company, New York. Cloth. 263 pages. Forty-five half tone illustrations. Price \$1.50.

This is a book well worth reading. It gives another side to the wars of every nation, the work done by the good Army Nurses can never be measured. In speaking of this work she says: "it has been a labor of love and pleasure to review the old scenes, replete though they were with suffering and death, for the thought of the comfort we were able to give to the Boys and the remembrance of their gratitude remain. In no other benevolent work of my life was the reward so immediate and so inspiring as in this ministration. I have given real names and literal words as nearly as possible, except in cases where there was something unpleasant to relate; and I may truly add that, even to be young again, I would not have missed those years of incessant care and anxiety, given in the hope of saving brave soldiers for their country and their homes." A good view of the situation is given in the first chapter. There are thirty-one chapters, the last one dealing with the subject of transportation home.

PHILOSOPHY AS A SCIENCE. A synopsis of the writings of Dr. Paul Carus, containing an introduction written by himself, summaries of his books, and a list of articles to date, Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company, 213 pages.

Dr. Carus says that the aim of all his writings centers in the endeavor to build up a

sound tenable philosophy, one that would be as objective as any branch of the natural sciences. He further says, that he does not wish to propound a new philosophy of his own, but to merely help in working out philosophy itself. After many years of labor in this field he has come to the conclusion that philosophy is a science, he has come to the conclusion that it is not only possible, but also that such a conception of the world is actually preparing itself in the minds of men. This volume is an epitome of the philosophy with which Dr. Carus has identified his life work. It contains an introduction written by himself, summaries of his books (48), and editorial articles (959) published in the *Monist* and *The Open Court*; and a subject index of 25 pp.

INTRODUCTORY AMERICAN HISTORY by Henry Eldridge Bourne and Elbert Jay Benton, Professors of History in Western Reserve University. 270 pages. 60 cents. D. C. Heath and Company, New York.

This is a very neat volume, and makes possible the more intelligent and satisfactory course in history recommended for sixth grade classes by the American Historical Association.

This history contains, in form and manner of presentation suited to the needs of young people, a vast amount of information regarding the history that preceded the discovery of America,—a knowledge of which is essential if the learner is to have the proper foundation, and perspective for his later study.

The maps and all the illustrations, as well as the interesting questions and summaries, show that the authors have very intimate acquaintance with the problems of the Sixth Grade teacher.

The story of the American discovery and exploration in the plan of the Committee of Eight of the National Education Association, follows the introductory matter as a natural

culmination. In the introductory history Professors Bourne and Benton have adhered to the same plan of division. The work of the seventh grade will therefore open with a study of the first permanent English settlements.

The discoveries and explorations are told in great detail, they are told in more detail than any of the earlier incidents. However, whatever is referred to is treated with such simplicity and definiteness of statement that it will be very comprehensible and instructive to pupils of the sixth grade.

An excellent list of references is given at the end of the book. From this list teachers may draw a rich variety of stories and descriptions to illustrate any features of the subjects in hand which may especially interest their classes.

The excellent illustrations make it very attractive, and attractiveness is no small feature of a book in the grades of our public schools. It is a little difficult at times to cultivate a taste for history, but like olives, if the first dose is not too disagreeable, the seeds can then be easily sown, and then there will be little or no trouble with the class in American History.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND THE CIVIL WAR, by William Warren Sweet, Ph.D. Assistant Professor of History, Ohio Wesleyan University. A thesis presented to the graduate school, to the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern. 228 pages.

This is an untouched field of history. Nothing of this sort has been attempted hitherto. Professor R. T. Stevenson of the Ohio Wesleyan University has written the introduction for the book. The study deals largely with facts, and the author has un-

doubtedly done his level best to be absolutely fair to all parties. Most of the material used in this book has never been touched by the regular historian, because it is not exactly in his line, but a book of this kind makes use of some very valuable material which should never be overlooked. The sources from which this book has been the outgrowth are: Church periodicals, Minutes of the General Conferences, and the minutes of the several Annual Conferences, Church records, minutes of Preachers' meetings, histories of individual churches, and biographies of prominent Church officials, such as the bishops, the general secretaries of the various church societies, and the private papers of others intimately connected with the Church and its activities during the war.

The author says that in making this study it was not his object to glorify the Methodist Church because of the important part she took in the war, but to tell in a scientific manner just what the Methodist Episcopal Church did, in aiding the Government to bring to a successful close the war of the Rebellion. The thesis of the study is to show the importance of the churches as an aid to the Government during the Civil War.

Much valuable material is found in the appendix. Here we find the names of all the Methodist Chaplains, Bishop Simpson's lecture on "Our Country," The Methodist Church South, in relation to the war, and a tabulated list of memorials presented to the General Conference of 1860, for and against changing the rule on slavery.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES by Henry Eldridge Bourne and Albert Jay Benton, Professors of History in Western Reserve University. D. C. Heath and Company, New York. Cloth. 598 pages. Maps and illustrations.

American History is so rich and varied that the most serious question which confronts the author of a text-book is that of selection and

emphasis. If space is to be found for a full treatment of the most characteristic features of our national development, especially of those within the comprehension of the pupil of the seventh or eighth grade, certain phases of the political and military history of our country must be reserved for later study. The political side of our growth as a nation is unfolded in a very even manner in this volume. Much prominence is given to the lives and industries of the people and to the development of the nation as a whole.

This textbook is based on the plan of study recommended for the seventh and eighth grades by the Committee of Eight of the American Historical Association. The work for the sixth grade has been given in a shorter book entitled *Introductory American History*.

The authors have given a fine European background to this volume, that is, the history of Great Britain and Europe has been explained wherever it may furnish a key to the understanding of events in America which were the direct outgrowth of events in the Old World. However the point of view is strongly American and the amount of European History included is not too large.

A good summary of the principal political events is given in the appendix. The names of Presidents and Vice Presidents, and of all defeated candidates for the Presidency, and the dates of the admission of States with their area etc. are given. Many tables of statistics are also included in this book which is a great help to make history fascinating to the person with a taste for history. These tables show the rapid growth of the states and the development of industry and trade. Many bibliographical lists are also given at the close of the book, which contain references that the teachers may use in guiding the reading of their pupils.

The Constitution of the United States is given at the end of the book. This is the newest Constitution, containing the sixteenth and seventh amendments recently passed. The book is up to the minute giving the particulars of the election of Woodrow Wilson.

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1905, at the Post Office at Poughkeepsie,
N. Y. Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

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PITTSBURGH IN 1828, AS SEEN BY ANNE ROYALL.

ONE of the most notable of the many descriptions of men and affairs in early Pittsburgh is that of Mrs. Anne Royall, who visited the city in December 1828. She was the author of many books of travel in the United States, of a novel, of books describing her personal adventures, and in her later years in Washington became the editor, printer and publisher of *Paul Pry*, a little weekly journal, which she afterward transformed into *The Huntress*. In all her publications she gave racy accounts of places and events, of men and their passions and aspirations as she encountered them, very frequently vividly colored by her own feelings. Through all the prejudice with which she often surrounds her pictures, and notwithstanding the tirades of abuse that she heaps with almost Carrie Nation-like vigor upon some of the characters she describes, we have an interesting and lifelike view of officials, lawyers, politicians and clergymen of the communities which she visited, as well as accounts of the communities themselves, not elsewhere to be found. She was her own publisher and largely her own book-agent, her special aversion being the book sellers, whom she accused of discriminating against her. Far stronger than her feelings against the book sellers was her dislike of the clergy, the tract societies and the missionaries, to the last of whom she devotes eighty-four pages in one of her books, besides making numerous unfriendly references to them in nearly all the others.

Mrs. Royall was born in Maryland in 1769, although Allibone says she was a native of Virginia. Her maiden name was Newport. At an early age her family settled in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, at

—Address delivered before the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, January 28th, 1913.

a point where Loyalhanna Creek empties into the Kiskiminetas River, the house being the last one in the settlement, in the direction of Pittsburgh. Later, when the Indians molested them, the family moved to other land close to Hannastown, the county seat. Little Anne's father taught her to read, and in a field-school (a school in the open in a clearing in the woods) she was taught other branches of learning. At this place the family was living during the Revolutionary War, and here her father died, whereupon her mother married a man named Butler. When the British and Indians made their famous raid on Hannastown July 13th, 1782, completely destroying the place, Anne Newport was captured and carried off into captivity, so it is alleged, although Sarah Harvey Porter, who has recently published a carefully prepared and appreciative book about her doubts the story. In any event three years later Mrs. Butler (who had again become a widow) and Anne left the frontier; and on November 18th, 1797, in Botetourt County, Virginia, Anne married Captain William Royall, an elderly gentleman of wealth and culture who had been a Revolutionary officer. After she had become a widow, and was fifty-seven years old, she wrote her first book, *Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States*.

At the time Anne Royall lived and flourished, the harshness of Calvinism had not yet been softened by the milder Christianity of modern thought. Calvin's austerity still permeated all the evangelical religions and was generally termed "Evangelicalism." In her crusade for greater religious liberty, she defined it as being "An implacable God, an omnipotent Devil, an endless Hell." The term "missionary" as she employed it, meant any person who subscribed to this hard doctrine, and attempted to disseminate it by the aid of tracts which were admitted to be of the poorest quality and the most driveling substance. Mrs. Royall was of the opinion that all the Protestant clergy, except the Unitarians,—who were stronger relatively then than now—and the German Lutherans in Pennsylvania, were defenders of Evangelicalism; and in consequence, she was fond of denominating them "blue-skins," and "blue-stockings." Also she was fearful that a union of church and state was contemplated, and believed that the attempt then being extensively made, to spread the Gospel in the West, was but a step in this direction. She assailed bitterly all who advocated what she disapproved of, and by the severity of her strictures made many enemies

who never failed to make their enmity apparent when opportunity offered, and her reputation suffered accordingly.

Her public activities were also at a time when the Anti-Masonic party was in the flood-tide of its success. Feeling against the Masonic fraternity ran mountains high. William Morgan's disappearance was unexplained. The churches raged against Free Masonry; political demagogues took advantage of the condition of the public mind to further their own selfish ends. "Your father's a Mason! Raw-head and bloody bones! Raw-head and bloody bones! Your father's a Mason! Where's Morgan?" was the taunt that school children flung at those of their fellows whose fathers were suspected of belonging to the much-reviled organization. In the strong language with which Mrs. Royall abused the clergy, she battled for the order to which her husband had belonged, and of which some of her dearest friends were members; friends who had helped her in various ways after her husband's death, when she had lost the fortune which he left her. She suffered for her faith in Free-Masonry, and relates that she was lamed as the result of a broken ankle which she had sustained at the hands of an angry Anti-Mason when he brutally threw her out of his store in Burlington, Vermont, upon her asking him to buy one of her *Black Books*.

She was deeply hurt when people refused to purchase her books, and was apt to say harsh things in consequence. In many of her later books she comments adversely on those who dared to refuse her appeals. More than one public man was cowed into buying her publications. Judge Joseph Story of the United States Supreme Court, writing to his wife on March 8th, 1827, expressed the sentiments, semi-humorous as they were, of many of the purchasers of Mrs. Royall's books when he said: "We have the famous Mrs. Royall here, with her new novel, the *Tennessean*, which she has compelled the Chief Justice and myself to buy, to avoid a worse castigation." Her leading book, or rather series of books, was the *Black Book*, so called, as she tells us, because of the black picture which the state of society in the United States presented to her.

Mrs. Royall's account of Pittsburgh appears in a book which she called *Pennsylvania*. It is now quite difficult to procure, and was published in Washington in 1829. That she did not suffer from extreme

modesty, at least at the time she wrote this book, is apparent on an inspection of the first page: "The public seem unwilling to lose an inch of ground I pass over, a single incident," she relates naïvely. "The Pennsylvanians are too selfish, or in other words so partial to me," she declares, that they said to her: "Give us our own state by itself Mrs. Royall. We have never had a traveler amongst us who has done us justice; we want it out soon."

She came from Philadelphia by stage, stopping at many of the cities and towns on the way, and complains of her troubles after she left Bedford November 28th, 1828,—the weather was cold and snow was falling, which made the ride full of discomfort. She had lost her baggage, and expected to recover it at each succeeding stage-house, but was always doomed to be disappointed. The innkeepers failed to treat her with the consideration she thought her due; and one of the stage drivers became intoxicated, which was an unpardonable sin in her eyes. Finally a bundle containing fifty copies of her *Black Book* which was to be in Pittsburgh when she reached that city, was not there on her arrival.

The stage stopped at the door of the Pittsburgh Hotel which was also the office of the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh State Line, and was located at the southeast corner of Wood and Third Streets, now Third Avenue, where the St. Charles Hotel stands today. It was night, and in front of the inn everything was in darkness; there was not a light in the street or at the inn door. No one came out to receive the passengers. As they stepped into the doorway they were met, as Mrs. Royall spitefully writes, by a "finished-up, shrivel-faced, grey-headed animal, more like a baboon than a man," who had a candle in his hand and who she thought had come to conduct them into the inn. She was mortified when she learned that he was only the stage agent and had come "to receive the way-bill, and to ascertain how much money was due him for their fares." Neither landlord nor barkeeper put in an appearance, until, as she states angrily, "Some of the people who put up at the place had the politeness to show us into a small, dirty overheated parlor, where Tom, Dick and Harry were enjoying themselves at their ease, about two-thirds drunk."

The next day Mrs. Royall paid the stage agent for the carriage of her books, which had in the meantime arrived, and her interview with

him and its result is fully detailed. "How much do I owe you Mr. Monkey?" was the vicious manner in which she accosted him. He told her that the amount was a dollar; and it is small wonder that he "snarled" back at her, as she relates when replying to her question. In the evening the man had his revenge, as she was told by the landlord to leave the inn as she had insulted the stage agent. Her account was two dollars. She considered this charge as well as the one for the carriage of her books, exorbitant. "I had dined once," she declares, after she had paid both accounts, "and been robbed twice." She left the inn in response to this request, but excuses herself by saying: "Mind you, I did not go till I saw my own time." She attempts to justify her statements in regard to the Pittsburgh Hotel: "If the hotel people had any sense of honor left," she wrote, "they would have come out with a public apology, as they well knew that as 'censor of public morals,' I would advert to the treatment I had received, in one of my subsequent books."

It may be that she was attempting to exact retribution on the proprietor of the Pittsburgh Hotel when she belittled his house by the comparison which she instituted between it and the other leading hotel of the city. Here "are fine parlors and good company," she asserted, referring to the Mansion House, conducted by John Ramsey, which was situated at the northwesterly corner of Fifth Street (now Fifth Avenue) and Wood Street, where the First-Second National Bank Building now is. This inn was the western terminus of the northern stage line, the rival line to the one by which Mrs. Royall had come, which extended to Philadelphia, by way of Saltsburg, Blairsville, and Ebensburg. "The riff-raff which deluge the other taverns are not admitted here," she declares and adds further, "If people wish to be treated well for their money at Pittsburgh, let them go to Mr. Ramsey's tavern."

In some way she had become acquainted with Edward J. Roberts, a son of the late Judge Samuel Roberts, who until his death a few years before, had been judge of the Fifth Judicial District, of which Allegheny was the leading county. Mr. Roberts was an attorney, as well as clerk of the United States District Court for the Western District of Pennsylvania, and clerk to the common council of the city. With the mayor of the city, Magnus M. Murray, he called on Mrs. Royall the evening on which she received the notice to leave the Pittsburgh Hotel. She immediately turned to Mr. Roberts and asked him to pro-

cure a boarding-house for her. She relates that he at once took her to his own home, where she spent the rest of her stay while in Pittsburgh. Mrs. Royall expresses her thankfulness for Mr. Roberts' kindly treatment when she declared that Mr. Roberts' wife was "a small female of great beauty and accomplishments, and one of the most affable women in Pittsburgh. Her manners as well as her countenance, have an uncommon charm and sweetness."

She takes her readers into her confidence, and informs them of the manner in which she obtained the information for her account of the city. "I was thirteen days on my feet taking notes," she discourses. "I had a most fatiguing tour of it. It was infinitely greater than my tour through the whole state; and such was my ardor to complete it, that I never stopped to dine but once." While she was gathering her materials, she was also selling her books; and the short dumpy little woman in the plain dress with the leg-of-mutton sleeves, and the poke-bonnet, attracted much attention as she limped through the streets and about the manufactories and mercantile establishments.

The earlier writers on Pittsburgh had gleaned a good part of their information about the place from the almanacs published in Pittsburgh, and from the *Navigator*. Mrs. Royall consulted Samuel Jones' directory of the city, the only book available in her day, and which had been published two years before, directories being then published in Pittsburgh only at irregular intervals. From this little volume she makes copious quotations, and with justice commends it highly. "But of all the bungling, incorrect and insignificant accounts of Pittsburgh, that given by the Duke of Saxe Weimar is the most so," is the incendiary manner in which she writes about the English translation of this German noble's book, which had recently been published in Philadelphia. "He embraces the whole of it in a very few words, and there is scarcely a word of truth in any thing he says," she assures the reader. "He misapplies names, misplaces objects and makes some of the most unpardonable misrepresentations ever published." From these expressions we are expected to assume that Mrs. Royall's own account of the city is the most accurate published at that time.

She had the alertness of the modern reporter, and nothing escaped her notice. The word "diamond" as applied to public squares was then as it still is, a Pennsylvania localism. Its paradoxicalness amused her.

She says, since being in Pennsylvania, she had often heard the word used in the towns through which she passed, but from haste or inattention had never stopped to ask what the expression meant. From Mrs. Roberts she learned its meaning, and in order to make the definition clearer, her hostess explained that "diamond" meant the "square" in which the Market House was situated, and on which Mr. Henry Baldwin's law office faced. She relates that the Diamond contained many taverns, which she calls "oyster cellars," "The streets are paved," she writes, "the sidewalks are narrow, and the whole are dirty and in wet weather very muddy in some parts of the town. At night all is in darkness, save that here and there a lamp is twinkling over the door of a tavern or on a sign post."

The houses were still unnumbered, but Mrs. Royall seems to have had no difficulty in finding everyone whom she desired to see. She has much to say of the Western University, at the time located on the south side of Third Street, now Third Avenue, a short distance west of Cherry Alley, where it occupied the building used until a few years before by the Pittsburgh Academy. As the seat of learning was entirely in the hands of the local clergy, what Mrs. Royall says of it is not of the most flattering nature: "It is buried in an obscure part of the city," she asserts. "While walking in search of it, I passed a small brick structure on one of the back streets, and still kept inquiring for the 'University'," when her guide surprised her by answering that this building was the University. She bewails the fact that here "education does not flourish," and states that "the University exists only in name, and cannot be said to be in operation, though it has a long string of professors." The faculty consisted of five ministers of the Gospel. She declares that the greater number of the professors seldom filled their chairs. "If ever this university comes to anything," she predicts, "under so many 'reverends', I am greatly mistaken."

She interviewed Rev. Robert Bruce, the principal of the University, who she states was "a Scotchman and a gentlemanly-looking man." He agreed with her that the building was too small, and informed her that they were soon going to build an addition to it. She was disappointed at not being permitted to see the interior of the edifice, the excuse being that the students were in the class rooms. Asking for a catalogue she was told that none had been printed, but Mr. Bruce promised to write one and have it ready for her the next day.

When she returned the following morning for the writing and was stepping into the class room on the lower floor, she says she "found a few rude-looking boys, and a yellow man teaching them Latin." "I looked for the *black man*," she continues, evidently referring to Rev. John Black, professor of Ancient languages and Classical literature in the university, on whose name she was apparently attempting to perpetrate a pun. She had a particular resentment toward this clergyman because of a sermon, in which he had advocated the establishment of a national religion in the United States; something which was as abhorrent to her as if he had urged the union of church and state. There was no one there except the boys and the dark man who was instructing them, whom she persists in designating as the "mulatto." She details how she inquired for Mr. Bruce, but was told that he was not in the building. She says she requested his son, whom she found among the boys, to go to his father for the catalogue. The boy scampered away and notwithstanding the assertion that Mr. Bruce was not about, soon returned with the desired paper. This proved conclusively to Mrs. Royall that she was being trifled with, and she angrily moved toward the door, intending to go out into the street, when she saw a young man coming down stairs from the floor above.

"I asked him if any of the professors were up stairs," she relates. The young man answered in the affirmative, suggesting at the same time, that she might go and see for herself. His tone irritated her and she replied tartly that she thought they might have the politeness to come down and see her; and without another word she left the room to pursue her tour to the city.

"Scarcely had I started," she exclaims indignantly, "when every boy in the school burst out of the building," and, to use her own expression, "blackguarded" her, yelling "as loud as they could bawl; 'Huzza for Jackson'!" That the plain-spoken old lady was humiliated by having a mob of wild jeering boys follow her through the streets, is a mild statement of an unpleasant fact. Mrs. Royall had a friend named William T. Smith, whose residence stood on the bank of the Monongahela River. His son was with her, having acted as her guide. Toward Mr. Smith's house she now turned her steps, the howling young rascals at her heels. When Mr. Smith learned of her predicament he hurriedly went for a constable, and the boys ran away. Mrs. Royall says sarcastically, that although her friend was only a white-smith,—

a "tinner" in present-day parlance—he would have "made an excellent professor, as he taught the boys more in the course of a minute than they had learned before in their whole lives."

She had always been an ardent admirer of Andrew Jackson, who had just been elected to the Presidency by what is now termed a "land-slide," and the tall hickory poles with the tattered streamers bearing the motto, "Jackson and Liberty," were still standing at the prominent street corners. It was not the shouts for Jackson that wounded Mrs. Royall. It was the manner of the boys toward her and the fact of their mobbing her through the streets, and the insult from the University which the act implied, that constituted the injury. She acknowledges that when Mr. Bruce and his wife heard who she was they sent her a very polite note of apology, and an invitation to spend the evening with them at their home, which was in a part of the University building adjoining class rooms. "I called on them, to show that I bore no resentment," she explains, "but poor things, I gave them a most cutting lecture, and have little doubt but that it had a good effect." She admits that Mr. Bruce was a man of "learning, liberality and cleverness," although she adds hopelessly, "but what can he do, tied hand and foot as he is by those artful designing men the trustees, and the other professors?"

Mrs. Royall went into all the public places and interviewed all the public officials who were available. The county court house was thus honored. The building was located on the west side of "the Diamond" and was almost surrounded by market stalls. It was a three storied square brick structure. From the middle of the roof a tall slender wooden spire rose, in which hung a cracked bell that was rung whenever the sessions of the courts were about to begin. "Stepping into the court house merely to see the interior," she relates, "some one apprised the chief justice of the Supreme Court of the State, which was in session there at the time, of my presence. The chief justice descended from the bench and received me with that politeness and respect which bespoke him a gentleman of the first rank." She adds with a shade of disappointment, that the associate justices remained on the bench.

She asserts that the chief justice was Judge Tilghman, if she "is not mistaken in the name." She evidently was in doubt as to the identity of the person whom she met, her only information on the sub-

ject of his identity, apparently, being Jones' directory, which gave the name of the chief justice as William Tilghman. That it was not Judge Tilghman is beyond question, as he was dead at the time, having died on April 27th of the preceding year, and was succeeded in office by the greatest judge whom Pennsylvania ever produced, John Bannister Gibson; and it must have been Justice Gibson whom she met. She relates that the judge who was so cordial, was of young appearance, had a tall good figure, was highly accomplished, and of free and easy manners. "The judge being familiar with my pursuits," she declares with elation, "and no cause being on trial," sat down in a recess. Into this quiet nook, she says, he invited her, together with Henry Baldwin and Walter Forward, who were in the court room, and they all had a merry time together, "laughing at the missionaries, and a 'blue skin' judge and a lawyer of New Haven, Connecticut," whom she had described in her *Black Book*, and whom both the lawyers knew, being "Yankees themselves."

She boasts that she scolded Mr. Baldwin "for suffering the blue-stockings to usurp such an unwarranted authority in the city," when he replied smiling that he left to her the duty of fighting the "missionaries." Mr. Baldwin's delicate flattery evidently pleased Mrs. Royall as she declares that he was the darling of Pennsylvania and the pride of Pittsburgh. And she was not wrong in her estimate of Henry Baldwin. As chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, he had been the framer of a protective tariff measure, which while it failed of passage, had placed him at the head of the leaders of the new system of a tariff for the protection of home industries. It was only four years since the leading manufacturers of Pittsburgh had given him a banquet in appreciation of his services in procuring the passage of the tariff act of 1824, which had brought great prosperity to the country. Mrs. Royall truthfully calls him "an able statesman of unshaken integrity, of whom Pittsburgh may well be proud."

She had a superb faculty for correctly measuring men, although her written descriptions were often entirely devoid of literary merit. Walter Forward impressed her profoundly. Besides being a lawyer he had probably the greatest political ability of any man who ever entered public life from this vicinity. He had risen by his own efforts, and was a protégé of Henry Baldwin, who had secured for him while reading law, work on *The Tree of Liberty*, a Democratic newspaper which

had been discontinued late in 1804. At different times Mr. Forward had been a member of Congress, his talents finally making him Secretary of the Treasury under President Tyler, until he resigned that post a year and a half afterward in disgust on account of the President breaking away from the Whig party which had elevated him to office. "He is another Yankee," Mrs. Royall says of him, "and is second, if not equal to Mr. Baldwin, at the bar. He is a man of towering talents and a great pleader, is stout, middle-aged and of fine appearance. His face is round and rather sallow, his eyes full, dark, keen and intelligent, his countenance open and pleasing. His manners are manly, though mild and alluring, and take him all in all he is the most high-spirited and noble looking man in Pittsburgh."

Generally speaking, Mrs. Royall was depreciative of the clergy. However, of Rev. John H. Hopkins, the rector of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, who in early life had been a lawyer, and after leaving Pittsburgh became Bishop of the diocese of Vermont, she writes in commendatory terms: "He is a perfect gentleman and possessed of every personal and mental endowment, and quite a young looking man;" but she adds this gloomy remark about the Episcopal church: "For his sake, I the more deplore the falling-off of his sect." Rev. John Taylor, another Episcopalian and also formerly rector of Trinity Church, and an astronomer and mathematician of note, whose calculations had made Cramer's *Pittsburgh Almanac* famous, also seemed to please Mrs. Royall, perhaps because of the views on religion which she attributes to him. "He is an aged man, and one of the most amiable of the human family," she writes approvingly, but declares that he was disgusted with the abuse of the gospel, and had left off preaching, and despised "the religious swindling and tyranny."

Rev. Dr. Jacob J. Janeway had recently been elected by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and sent from Philadelphia to take charge of the newly established Western Theological Seminary of that church at Pittsburgh. At the time of Mrs. Royall's visit he was conducting the Seminary in the Session Room of the First Presbyterian Church. When she speaks of him she becomes violent, all her old antipathy toward Presbyterianism manifesting itself. She does not call him by name, but after lauding the virtues of Mr. Hopkins, she proclaims that he forms a wide contrast to Rev. ———, principal of the "New Theological School." Her feelings in the matter however

seem to partake of a personal character. She states that she had been to Doctor Peter Schoenberger's Juniata Iron Works, and the Phoenix Cotton factory, both situated in Northern Liberties, a suburb of Pittsburgh, adjoining it on the northeast at what is now Eleventh Street. Being much fatigued by the long and tiresome walk from the city, she says she was attracted by the inviting appearance of an elegant building on her left, which she declares sarcastically she supposed must be "inhabited by some princely gentleman," upon whose hospitality she might venture to intrude, for a few moments to rest.

The servant told her that the gentleman of the house was in, and she says she stepped into the front passage in order to speak to him, remaining standing. At this time she neither knew the man's name or his profession. As he came from the large parlor, she asserted: "I announced my name, and intended to have apologized in the next breath for intruding," when the man recognizing her, announced abruptly: "Mrs. Royall, I want nothing to do with you," and darted back into the room."

When relating the circumstances afterward to friends, she says they told her that the man was a "blue-stocking sure enough," and had come to Pittsburgh "to manufacture pious young men to spread the gospel." She was wrought up to an unusual pitch of excitement at her reception by Dr. Janeway, and her tirade against him is extremely passionate. "Why did not this hypocrite ask me to sit down, and at least show me as much hospitality as the heathen would have done whom he is going to convert? Why did he not try to convert me, the vile deceiver? No! with more than Turkish savageness he wheeled off without showing even the semblance of civilization. What man of brains would send his son to such a brute? Let me ask any reasonable man in Pittsburgh, had I stepped into the lowest mechanic's house, whether he would not have invited me to sit down. Can such a man know anything of the gospel?"

She became quite intimate with the mayor of the city, Magnus M. Murray, who lived on Penn Street between Market and Hay Streets; and his grandson, our former Mayor George W. Guthrie, can well be proud of what this old traveler said of his ancestor. She is lavish in her praises of Mr. Murray. He had dined at Mr. Roberts' home on the day that Mrs. Royall was first there, "out of respect for me," she relates ingeniously. "He is deservedly reckoned one of the best men of the city, or even of the state. He is stoutly made, of

middle age, round face, fair handsome features and soft full blue eye, but his countenance is beyond the power of pen or pencil, and the same of his manners—so mild, so winning and suasive. He is the soul of hospitality and kindness. Like all other good men, he seems to have lived for the good of mankind, but I never saw but one man who pleased me in everything, who could be called wealthy." She breaks into poetry and quotes the lines:

"Nature too, has nobly done her part,
Infused into his soul a noble grace,
And blushed a modest blood into his face."

She never missed an opportunity of seeing the prominent people of the communities which she visited. James S. Stevenson was the member of Congress from the district. He was one of the leading politicians of his day in Pittsburgh, and was later a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor when Goerge Wolf was nominated. He lived in a large double brick house with wings, located in the center of a block on Penn Street, close to Northern Liberties. Mrs. Royall stumbled on the place accidentally. She describes it as being situated "on the bank of the smooth flowing Allegheny," and says it is "the most delightful spot in Pittsburgh or its vicinity." She continues enthusiastically: "His house stands on an even plain at the extremity of the city, back from the street, upon a smooth lawn. Nothing can equal the beauty of the trees which shade the lawn." Mr. Stevenson was not at home, but she relates that she met him later on in Washington and, found him to be "a man of elegant manners and gentleman-like deportment and quite a young man."

Besides devoting much of his time to public affairs, Mr. Stevenson was also engaged in the manufacture of white lead. The principal process in its manufacture was kept secret, no visitors being permitted to enter the building where this work was done. Mrs. Royall made the attempt, her curiosity being awakened from being told that strangers were not admitted. "But my efforts were fruitless," she avows ruefully.

Her book contains observations on many other more or less prominent men of Pittsburgh, which may or may not be of interest to the general public, but have a certain value for the descendants of the persons written about. She became acquainted with Alexander Johnston, cashier of the Bank of Pittsburgh, and the stand which he took in re-

gard to Mrs. Royall's religious views was evidently not satisfactory to her, for she has this complaint to make: "He, with others I have mentioned, are men of extensive learning and talents, and of course, do not approve of tracts and missionaries, and yet they are so over-awed by these tyrants that they dare not speak above their breath.

But my greatest favorite is Mr. William Eichbaum, the post-master," she declares extravagantly, referring to the younger gentleman of that name, Mr. Eichbaum's father also being named William. She calls him "an Israelite in whom there is no guile, a man of princely virtues, and beloved by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance."

She visited most of the manufacturing establishments of the city, and gives very good descriptions of them, which are unique in this era of vast industrial expansion. Of their proprietors, however, she met only a few. Doctor Peter Schoenberger, the owner of the Juniata Iron Works, she had met on her journey westward through Pennsylvania and evidently considered him an important personage, as she says of him: "On my way to Carlisle I had as travelling companions, two very genteel, middle-aged men. One of them proved to be the wealthy Doctor Schoenberger of Pittsburgh, at once a man of intelligence, a gentleman and a man of business."

She speaks of another of the manufacturers whom she met, with some enthusiasm. It was Henry Holdship, and her reference to him is quite friendly. "He is one of the most enterprising and wealthy men in Pittsburgh, and amongst the most worthy of her citizens. Besides his extensive paper manufactory he has a large book-store and painting and printing manufactory, where paper is painted for rooms, windows, &c. This establishment is very profitable and furnishes a great extent of country. But Mr. Holdship's Clinton Paper Mill at Steubenville, is said to be the best as well as the most extensive in the United States." She credits Mr. Holdship with being immensely rich, and tells that he was a native of Ireland, though long a resident of the United States. "I certainly shall remember Mr. Holdship's kindness and hospitality, to my latest hour," she declares warmly. "Hearing I had (without knowing him from any other man), visited his paper mill, he very politely called on me, and his carriage and driver were at my service during the remainder of my stay in Pittsburgh." Mrs. Royall closes her reference to this kindly-disposed Irishman with the commendatory words: "Beloved and admired for his amiable manner, may he long be the pride of Pittsburgh."

PITTSBURGH

CHARLES W. DAHLINGER

PATRIOTS WHO WERE NOT SOLDIERS

POSSIBLY the best definition of a patriot is, "A person who so loves his country that he sacrifices himself or his interests in defending it from invasion, or in protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions."

In our study of historical events we are naturally inclined to glorify the soldiers who planned and fought the battles. We lay stress upon the wars of a country, and are prone to give great importance to the result of certain battles as determining its whole future history. To a certain degree this is correct, but in doing so we may forget the patriots who are less often mentioned, but whose brains and foresight have planned greater things than battles, or whose quiet sacrifices of time or wealth made possible the victories so widely credited to military heroes.

We rightly honor and reverence Washington for his courage, loyalty and generalship in handling the untrained American army, but without the insistent, eloquent tongues of men who never fired a gun, there might have been no Revolution, and Washington might never have been a general. Without the loyal support of patriots who sacrificed wealth and home for love of country, Washington could not long have held his army or even have won a battle.

These sketches of non-military patriots are given to show the characters, deeds, bravery and true love of country which meant so much to the original Colonies and so much to the future welfare of these United States.

Considering the signers of the Declaration of Independence we find that of the fifty-six, thirty-four, so far as we can learn, never took any part in military affairs, and many of the others were connected with the local militia for brief periods only.

Let us notice briefly the four men of our own state of Massachusetts, who signed the Declaration.

John Hancock,—first signer of the Declaration, as President of the Continental Congress, and under whose name alone it first went forth to the world: If his character did not stand out bold enough in

his signature it would in his remark after signing: "The British Ministry can read that name without spectacles; let them double the reward." (The large reward offered for the apprehension of John Hancock and Samuel Adams early in 1775.)

On the night preceding Lexington, Hancock and Adams were sleeping in the old Hancock House and were nearly captured by the British detachment sent by Gage to arrest them. As the soldiers came in one door, they went out through another.

It was the seizure of Hancock's sloop, *Liberty*, in Boston Harbor that led to one of the earliest acts of open resistance and undoubtedly brought on the quarrels between citizens and soldiers that finally resulted in the Boston Massacre, in March, 1770. It is more than probable that the "Indians," who took part in the "Boston Tea Party," put on their war paint and feathers in Hancock's warehouse. In 1767, before his election to the Executive Council, he was offered a lieutenant's commission in the British army, but he tore it up publicly. These familiar incidents are mentioned here to show the patriotism, boldness and ability of the rich, educated, tactful John Hancock.

John Adams,—a great genius and pure patriot; descendant from Henry Adams who fled from the persecutions in England during the reign of Charles I; also a descendant on his mother's side from John Alden, thus inheriting from both parental ancestors the title "Son of Liberty." He was possibly the only man who could have defended the soldiers engaged in the Boston Massacre, and not have his patriotism questioned.

Though Washington was nominated by Thomas Jefferson, it was largely through Adams' influence that he was elected commander-in-chief.

Adams was one of the committee of five appointed to draft the Declaration. In fact, he was the first to make a motion (May 6, 1776,) "that the Colonies should form governments independent of the Crown." His services later as member of Congress, as special commissioner to foreign countries and as the second President, are historical. His calm, judicial, educated mind and his intense loyalty to America always commanded the respect and love of his countrymen. He was the only President who saw his own son also elected President.

He died on July 4, 1826, and in the morning, being asked for a toast for the day, he uttered these words, the last he ever spoke: "Independence forever," words that should be burned into the minds of every schoolboy in America.

Samuel Adams, rightly called "The Man of the Town Meeting—a born politician; insistent, stubborn, aggressive; the instigator of more trouble for the British than any other one man in Massachusetts. As early as 1763 he was an open, active defender of the rights and privileges of the Colonists. He originated the "Massachusetts Circular" which proposed a Colonial Congress to be held in New York, and which was held there in 1766. It was through his influence and the boldness with which he demanded the removal of the troops from Boston that this object was accomplished. He and Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, almost simultaneously proposed the system of "Committees of Correspondence."

When the Governor was asked why Mr. Adams had not been silenced by office, he replied that "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man that he can never be conciliated by any office or gift whatever." In 1774, when Colonel Fenton was sent by Governor Gage to offer Adams a magnificent consideration if he would cease his hostility to the King he gave this remarkable answer to Fenton, "I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him, no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

When in the General Council of States, independence was proposed and the timid faltered and the over-prudent hesitated, the voice of Samuel Adams was ever loudest in denunciation of a temporizing policy and in the utterance of encouragement to the faint-hearted. On one occasion he said, "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty though it were revealed from Heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish and only one of a thousand were to survive and retain his liberty. One such freeman must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like and transmit to them what he hath so nobly preserved." It was such sentiments as these that made the war of the Revolution possible.

Robert Treat Paine,—the son of a minister and for a time a minister himself. In early life he was instructed by the famous "Master" Lovell, who was also the tutor of Hancock and John Adams. After giving up the ministry he studied law and was considered able to take the place of the District Attorney, who was taken ill, in the trial of Captain Preston and his men for the Boston Massacre. This case he conducted with great skill, although he had John Adams for his opponent. He was one of the Commissioners appointed to conduct the impeachment proceedings against Chief Justice Oliver. He was deputed by Congress, with two others, to visit the army of General Schuyler at the North for observation and report. This was a delicate commission which he handled to the satisfaction of all. Later he was judge of the Supreme Court and always a loyal patriot.

These four Massachusetts men probably did more than any other four men to bring about the Revolution and the final independence of the Colonies.

In Rhode Island, of the three signers, Elbridge Gerry, William Ellery and Stephen Hopkins, none were military men, although Hopkins did raise a volunteer corps in the French war and was placed at the head of it, but its services were never needed.

Gerry was a bold, energetic and ingenious leader. He was connected with John Adams in carrying through resolutions for the removal of Governor Hutchinson. It was in relation to this case that Franklin, then Colonial Agent in England, was so bitterly assailed by Wedderburn, the Solicitor General. On going to his lodgings he took off his suit of clothes and declared he would never put it on again until he had signed "America's Independence and England's Degradation." Ten years later he had the pleasure of doing so when he signed the treaty of peace.

On the night before Bunker Hill, Gerry slept in the same bed with General Warren. They bade each other an affectionate farewell in the morning, Gerry to go to Congress and Warren to his death upon the battlefield. Gerry was an ardent supporter of Richard Henry Lee's resolution declaring the United States free and independent.

In 1777, he was appointed one of a Committee to visit Valley Forge. The report of that committee had a great influence upon Congress in

causing more efficient measures to be taken for the relief and support of the army. He was the only one of the three envoys sent by President Adams to the Court of France, to be accepted by France and remain there. He was afterwards Governor of Massachusetts and Vice-President of the United States.

Stephen Hopkins was self taught and self made, rising from farmer to be Chief-Justice of Rhode Island. He had the distinction of being one of the first to introduce a bill to prevent the importation of slaves, and to release all slaves belonging to himself. In spite of his lack of early education he became a distinguished mathematician, and rendered great assistance to other scientific men in observing the transit of Venus in 1769. He was one of the prime movers in forming a public library in Providence in 1750. He was a member of the Philosophical Society and the projector of free schools in Providence. These things all show his public spirit, while his patriotism and loyalty were never questioned.

William Ellery,—a distinguished Latin and Greek scholar, but so active in his patriotism as to arouse the British ire to such a pitch that they burned his house and destroyed the most of his property. He served on many important committees in Congress, and in every capacity his wisdom and sound judgment made him successful. In 1784 he was one of a committee to whom a definite treaty of peace with Great Britain was referred. He was then Judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. In 1785, together with Rufus King of New York, he made strong efforts to have slavery abolished in the United States. As a patriot and a Christian his name should never be forgotten. Rhode Island may well be proud of the three representatives who signed the Declaration of Independence for her.

Connecticut has in Roger Sherman and Samuel Huntington two remarkable examples of what industry can accomplish under most unfavorable circumstances.

Roger Sherman,—farmer and shoemaker, inheriting by the death of his father the whole care and support of a large family when only nineteen years of age, yet applying his mind so closely to his books fastened to his shoemaker's bench while he worked that, at the age of twenty-seven he had acquired a sufficient knowledge of mathematics to make astronomical calculations for an almanac published in New

York. Later he took up the study of law without guide or instructor and with borrowed books, and became one of the most profound jurists of his time. From the time of the Stamp Act till the war broke out he was a leader of the patriots in Connecticut. He was one of the Committee to prepare a draft of the Declaration. He was a delegate from Connecticut in the Convention that framed our present Constitution in 1787. Truly a wonderful man and of great service to his country.

Samuel Huntington,—another farmer and very poor. Like Sherman he had to acquire from borrowed books all the learning he obtained. He was appointed Associate Judge of the Superior Court in 1774. His integrity and patriotism were stern and unbending, and so marked were his sound judgment and industry that in 1779 he was appointed President of Congress. Later he became Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Connecticut, and in 1786 he was elected Governor. It could appropriately and truly be said of him that when once he had put his hand to the plow he never looked back.

The only signer of the Declaration from New York, who was not in some way engaged in military affairs, was Philip Livingston of the famous Livingston family. It is believed that the enlightened views of American affairs manifested in the brilliant speeches of Edmund Burke were derived from a long continued and constant correspondence with him. He was very active and influential against tyrannical acts of England. He was the associate and leader of such men as Schuyler, Pierre Van Cortlandt and Charles DeWitt. He warmly supported the proposition for Independence and voted for and signed the Declaration. He was one of the founders of the New York Society Library, the Chamber of Commerce and of King's (now Columbia) College.

Of the five signers from New Jersey, not one was a soldier. Three, Richard Stockton, his personal friend and colleague John Witherspoon, and Francis Hopkinson, were men of wealth, the best education and the highest standing.

Stockton was admitted to the bar in 1754 and rose so rapidly that nine years later he received the degree of Sergeant-at-Law, a very high distinction in the English Courts. In 1766, he visited England and was given a most flattering reception by many prominent men. At Edinburgh he was received by the Lord Provost, and by a unanimous vote was given the freedom of the city. Here he visited Doctor John

Witherspoon, who later, very largely through Stockton's influence, came to the Colonies as President of the New Jersey College, became a member of Congress and a "signer." During the autumn of 1776, Stockton was sent with George Clymer on a delicate mission to inquire into the causes of the wretched condition of the Army of the North under Schuyler, and to propose a remedy. Upon his return Washington was in full retreat across New Jersey, and Mr. Stockton had to remove his family to escape capture by the British; but he himself was taken and suffered such hardships that his constitution was shattered. He was left almost a beggar by the vandalism of the British in destroying his estate. Here was one who might have had comfort, wealth and almost any position he desired had he but been willing to renounce the American cause. Because of his patriotism and loyalty to principle he had to sacrifice everything,—wealth, the comfort of his family and practically his own life, and yet we see no monument to Richard Stockton in our public squares and his name is rarely mentioned.

The other two members from New Jersey were John Hart and Abraham Clark, both of whom were farmers. John Hart's family had to flee for safety. His farm was devastated, his timber destroyed, his cattle and stock butchered for the British Army, and he himself hunted like a beast, not daring to stay two nights under one roof.

Abraham Clark did not suffer to the same extent, but two of his sons joined the army and were captured. For some time they suffered all the horrors of confinement in the *Jersey* prison-ship.

We now come to a list of patriots, heroes if you please, whose names and deeds should be engraved upon imperishable tablets and become as familiar, even to school children, as the name and deeds of Washington. I refer to the Pennsylvania "signers", especially Robert Morris, Benjamin Rush and Benjamin Franklin. I would also like to include George Clymer, but unfortunately for the consistency of this article, he at one time commanded a volunteer corps under General Cadwallader.

Robert Morris was the treasury and at times the sole financial support of the American Army. Twice at least by personal contribution of private funds, or by personal credit, he saved that army from defeat and destruction.

He was a great merchant and business man of Philadelphia. He had every reason for desiring peace so far as his business interests were concerned. Nevertheless it is reported of him that he and other members of the St. George's Society were at dinner celebrating the anniversary of St. George's Day when the news of Lexington reached them. Astonishment and indignation filled the company and they soon dispersed. A few remained to discuss the situation, and there within that festive hall did Morris and a few others, by solemn vow dedicate their lives, their fortunes and their honor to the sacred cause of the Revolution. This was the *sentiment* of patriotism, but what of the deeds? Morris was elected to the General Congress in 1775, and was at once placed upon the "Secret Committee." The duties of this "Secret Committee" consisted in managing the financial affairs of the Government. It was a position of great trust, for they often had funds placed in their hands to be disposed of according to their discretion. Morris had perfect faith and confidence that peace and independence would eventually crown the efforts of the patriots. Even when the army had dwindled to a small number of half-naked, half-famished militia during that disastrous retreat across New Jersey, he evinced his confidence by loaning ten thousand dollars upon his individual responsibility, and this at a time when the whole Continental Congress, as such, could not have raised one thousand dollars. It is reported that Washington in despair wrote him informing him that in order to make any movement whatever a large sum of money must be had. This requirement seemed almost impossible to meet and Morris was as near despondency as he ever was in his life. On the street he met a wealthy Quaker and told him his wants. "What security canst thou give?" asked the Quaker. "My note and my honor," was the prompt reply. "Robert, thou shalt have it," said the Quaker. The money was sent to Washington, he was able to recross the Delaware and win the famous victory at Trenton for which he has received so much credit. Without Morris and his Quaker friend the battle of Trenton never could have been fought.

Again, when Washington in his camp upon the Hudson was preparing to attack Clinton, in New York, he received a letter from Count de Grasse announcing his determination not to sail for New York, thereby stopping further plans in that direction. He was bitterly disappointed, but immediately conceived the expedition against Cornwallis. Robert Morris and Judge Peters were at his headquarters.

Washington turning to Mr. Peters asked, "What can you do for me?" "With money, everything, without it nothing," said Peters turning anxiously to Morris. "Let me know the sum you desire," said Morris. Before noon Washington's plans and estimates were completed, and Morris promised him the amount, which he again raised upon his own responsibility. I quote the following: "If it were not demonstrable by official records, posterity would hardly be made to believe that the campaign of 1781, which resulted in the capture of Cornwallis and virtually closed the Revolutionary War, was sustained wholly on the credit of an individual merchant."

It is often easy to be a patriot in the turmoil, enthusiasm and accident of battle, but to sit calmly in one's office and deliberately sign away one's property for the benefit of a cause, and that apparently a lost cause, requires a degree of heroism and a quality of patriotism that few men possess.

Just a word for the accomplished, polished, intellectual, popular Dr. Rush, whose pen proved so powerful in arousing the people to action. In his hands certainly the pen was mightier than the sword. His loyalty to duty is well shown by his action in remaining in Philadelphia and performing almost super-human labor during the great yellow fever epidemic in 1793. He called his professional friends together and made an earnest appeal to them to remain, saying: "As for myself, I am determined to remain. I may fall a victim to the epidemic and so may you, gentlemen, but I prefer, since I am placed here by Divine Providence, to fall in performing my duty, if such be the consequence of staying upon the ground, than to secure my life by fleeing from the post of duty allotted in the Providence of God. I will remain, if I remain alone." That such devotion to duty has not become entirely a lost art the self sacrifice of Dr. Walter Reed, Col. George E. Waring, Jr., and the various forgotten but not less deserving nurses and private soldiers in Cuba, bears witness.

It is needless to say much about Franklin, whose services for his country are so well known. As printer, author, philosopher, scientist, agent abroad for the Colonies, diplomat and peace commissioner, probably no man has been so distinguished in such a variety of arts as he. The value of his services for the Colonies as representative to England, and as Commissioner to the Court of France, can hardly be over-esti-

mated. Had almost any other man been sent to France at the time, it is doubtful if her sympathy and support could have been enlisted for the Colonies, and we all know what great help she gave to this country. Probably one of the most satisfactory acts of Franklin's life, to himself at least, was the signing of the definite treaty of peace with England in 1783.

The other three members from Pennsylvania who were not military men, were John Morton, George Taylor and George Ross, all true patriots and ardent supporters of the Declaration of Independence. Of these George Ross is especially worthy of mention. He was the one directed by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to draw up the instructions which were to govern himself and his colleagues in Congress. So highly was he esteemed that during the whole time he was in Congress he was regularly elected a representative for Lancaster to the Pennsylvania Assembly. Nearly his whole time was taken up in one or the other of these legislative bodies, yet it was freely given "without money and without price." As a testimony of the appreciation of his services it was voted that a gift of one hundred and fifty pounds be sent him from the treasury of Lancaster County, but his stern patriotism made him courteously refuse the donation. How many men in public life today would refuse such a gift even in addition to a liberal salary?

All the members of Congress from Delaware were military men, but none of the members from Maryland were, and when we mention the names of Samuel Chase, Thomas Stone, William Paca and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, we call to mind true gentlemen of the old type, and men whose loyalty and patriotism never wavered. All were highly educated and of great influence in their state. This will be understood better when we remember that the Marylanders were for a long time very loyal to the King and by a large majority vote in the Maryland Convention prohibited their delegates in Congress from voting in favor of independence. This was very galling to the four patriots, and in spite of it they did everything in their power to encourage independence and to have this prohibition removed, succeeding in June, 1776. Chase, Stone and Paca then voted for the Declaration, but Carroll had been sent with Chase and Franklin to Canada to effect a concurrence in that Province with the movements of other English Colonies. This mission proved a failure and Carroll on his return, proceeded to Philadelphia where he arrived on the 8th of July, too late to

vote for the Declaration, but in time to affix his name as "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." He died in the 96th year of his age, the last survivor of the Signers.

To the student of history when Virginia is mentioned, there immediately come before his mental vision such intellectual giants and enthusiastic patriots as Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Peyton Randolph and Thomas Nelson, Jr. Only reference to these men can be made in this article, however, because they were either military men or were not signers of the Declaration.

Whom have we left from Virginia worthy of notice?

First and foremost of all is Thomas Jefferson, and the pages of history contain few names equally prominent and distinguished. Very few individuals have stood so high in the estimation of the people of their time and in that of subsequent generations as he. But when we know his ancestry, his character, his ability, his education and especially his association with such men as Dr. William Small, George Wythe, of whom we will speak later, Governor Fauquier, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee, we do not wonder so much that he was capable at the age of thirty-one of writing that marvelous pamphlet called "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," which was addressed to the King and published in England under the auspices of Burke. For this article he was threatened by Lord Dunmore, the royal governor, with prosecution for high treason.

We do marvel, however, that he, the youngest man on the committee of five appointed to prepare the Declaration of Independence, should be the one chosen to make the original draft of that document; that very few changes were made in his draft, and all this in the face of the fact that on this committee were John Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Robert Livingston.

Is it remarkable, then, that such a man should ably follow Patrick Henry as governor of his state during its most trying time; that he should succeed Franklin as minister at the French Court, and that his society should be sought by the leading writers of the day in that country; that he should be a most efficient aid to Washington during the stormy period of his first administration, as Secretary of State; and that he should be Vice President under John Adams, and finally de-

feat him for the Presidency? All of these facts are common knowledge, but they are mentioned to establish the point that a large majority of the ablest men and most sincere patriots who signed the Declaration were not military men.

Of the other delegates from Virginia who come under this head, I can only refer briefly to George Wythe, Francis Lightfoot Lee and Carter Braxton; every one a scholar of high attainments and occupying at various times positions of responsibility. Their patriotism could never be questioned and their services for the establishment of the new country were of great value.

Passing southward, we find from North Carolina the names of William Hooper, Joseph Hewes and John Penn.

William Hooper, for several acts of independence and for several addresses written by him on the difficulties between the two countries, became peculiarly obnoxious to the British who tried on all occasions to secure his person, harass his family and destroy his estate.

Joseph Hewes has the distinction of being the first of the Signers to die, and the only one who died at the seat of government while attending to his duty.

When Cornwallis commenced his victorious march northward from Camden, S. C., western North Carolina was defenceless, and John Penn was given absolute power to take such measures as he saw fit for the defense of the state. He performed these duties with fidelity and skill, and received the thanks of the Legislature therefor. It is worthy of notice that all died in the prime of life, Mr. Hooper at the age of 48, Hewes at 50, and John Penn in his 47th year.

One of the chief master spirits of the Revolution in North Carolina was Cornelius Harnett of Wilmington. He, however, did not sign the Declaration of Independence, but was the one who read it to his people at Halifax, on July 26, 1776. When he had finished they carried him on their shoulders in triumph through the town. He was a man of wealth and distinction before the disputes that led to the Revolution commenced, and among the earliest of the southern patriots to denounce the Stamp Act. In 1770/1 he was a member of the Colonial Legislature and chairman of the most important committees. In conjunction with Robert Howe (afterward a general in the war) and

Judge Maurice Moore, he was appointed by the Assembly to draw a remonstrance against the appointment of commissioners by the royal governor to run the southern boundary of the Province, and then was known as one of the firmest Whigs in all the south.

Josiah Quincy, after a visit to Mr. Harnett, spoke of his unflinching integrity and called him "the Samuel Adams of North Carolina." Throughout the Cape Fear region he was the master spirit of the storm of revolution, as it gathered and burst over the country. In the Provincial Congress at Halifax, in 1776, from which issued the first official voice in favor of Independence, Cornelius Harnett was a bold leader, and with his own hand drew up those noble instructions to the North Carolina delegates in the Continental Congress.

When Clinton appeared at Cape Fear with the British fleet, Harnett and Howe were the only two honored with an exemption from the terms of a general pardon because, like John Hancock and Samuel Adams, they were considered arch-rebels. Later he was a member of Congress and his name is attached to the Articles of Confederation. When the British took possession of the country around Cape Fear in 1780/1 Harnett was made prisoner and died while a captive. Upon a slab of brown stone at the head of his grave in St. James church-yard, Wilmington, is this simple inscription, "Cornelius Harnett. Died 1781. Aged 58 years." Like many of the truest patriots his name and deeds are little known and rarely mentioned.

In South Carolina it seems that nearly every man was engaged in military affairs, especially during the attack of Gen. Clinton upon Charleston, and the march of Cornwallis across the state. As an example of southern patriotism it is necessary to mention Arthur Middleton, although he did assist Governor Rutledge in his attempt to defend the state. Middleton descended from a wealthy planter and was sent to England for a thorough education, as was then the custom of the wealthy. He was graduated at Cambridge, with distinguished honors, and remained in England some time for the purpose of self improvement, then travelled on the Continent. After his marriage in America, he again made a tour of Europe and spent some time in England. On his return he took the family plantation as his residence, and in the possession of wealth and every domestic enjoyment he had every prospect of happiness. When the storm of war came upon his state, both

he and his father laid their lives and their fortunes upon the altar of patriotism. He became a member of the Committee of Safety and when, soon afterward, Lord William Campbell was appointed Governor and his duplicity was discovered, Middleton laid aside all private feeling and recommended his immediate arrest. This was all the harder for him to do because Campbell was closely related to Middleton's wife, and there was the greatest intimacy between the two families. In those days neither friendship nor relationship was allowed to interfere with patriotism and duty.

During the invasion by the British, Mr. Middleton lost a large portion of his estate, his family had to move hastily to a place of safety and he was taken a prisoner to St. Augustine. By exposure he contracted intermittent fever and died at the age of forty-five, leaving a widow and eight children. Mrs. Middleton lived for twenty-six years after his death, and had the satisfaction of seeing her offspring take high positions in the service of their country. Arthur Middleton's life is only one example in the South of great sacrifice for a principle when his whole training and education would seem to lead him to espouse the other side.

Finally, of the three delegates from Georgia two, Button Gwinnett and Lyman Hall, were not military men. The former was naturally slow and cautious. For a long time he opposed open rupture, but falling in with Dr. Hall and a few other zealous patriots, he became gradually convinced and finally came out as one of the strongest advocates for unbending resistance to England. He was highly cultivated and very popular. After voting for the Declaration and signing it, he remained in Congress until 1777, and was then elected a member of the Convention to form a Constitution for his state. The grand outlines of that document are attributed to him.

He aspired to military honors, but was defeated for the office of Brigadier General by Colonel Lachlan McIntosh. This he took as a personal affront by his former friend, and urged on by their friends they fought a duel with pistols. Both were wounded, Gwinnett fatally, and he died at the age of forty-five, just in his prime.

Dr. Lyman Hall was born in Connecticut, graduated from Yale and became a very successful physician after his emigration to Georgia. In 1774, he labored with untiring zeal to persuade Georgia to send dele-

gates to the General Congress. He was disappointed in this for some time, and finally his own parish of St. John determined to act independently, and in March, 1775, elected him as their delegate. Notwithstanding the fact that he was not an accredited delegate from Georgia as a Colony, Congress, by a unanimous vote, admitted him to a seat. Later he became, with Button Gwinnett and George Walton, the accredited delegates from Georgia. In 1780 he had to hasten home to remove his family to a place of safety, and arrived just in season, but his property was seized and confiscated by the British.

In 1848, the Legislature of Georgia appropriated \$1500 for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Hall and Walton, in Augusta.

Reviewing these brief sketches of thirty-five men, some of whose names have been almost forgotten, yet whose services and sacrifices for their country in its early struggle for existence should entitle them to places in any hall of fame, are we not impressed with the fact that all the emphasis of history should *not* be placed upon battles, whether they were won or lost? In our hero-worship, let us not forget those heroes like Adams, Hancock, Harnett and many others who put their lives in jeopardy by instigating rebellion long before a battle was dreamed of; let us not forget the Philadelphia merchant, Robert Morris, who twice at least stood between Washington's army and destruction, and who was the sole financial support of the army during the campaign that brought the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown; let us not forget the brilliant intellect that could word the "Summary View of Rights" and the Declaration of Independence; let us not forget those men less prominent who gave all they had—time, talents, property and even life, for their country, and let us, the descendants* of men who fought and died for the same cause see to it that those men shall have a better monument, in our memory at least, than that of Cornelius Harnett, "Died 1781, Aged 58 Years." Rightly honor the men who fought and the officers who led them, but honor also the men who did just as much in other ways less famous.

GEORGE W. PUTNAM

LOWELL, MASS.

* This paper was read before a meeting of the S. A. R. in Lowell.

ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION TO QUEBEC IN 1775

A PRELIMINARY NOTE ON THE PERSONNEL OF THE DETACHMENT, AND A ROSTER OF THE OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

FOR twenty years I have been gathering the hitherto unrecorded or unrecovered names of those men of the Revolution who composed the troops under the command of Benedict Arnold, in his remarkable march through the wilderness of Maine in the Fall of 1775, to capture Quebec and enlist the people of Canada in the existing revolt against English sovereignty. This "detachment," as it was called, consisted of about eleven hundred men all told, when it started from Newburyport, Mass, divided into two "battalions," comprising thirteen companies. Being a secret and specially hazardous enterprise, there were no details of organized companies as such, but it was recruited, with three exceptions, from the various regiments then on duty and in camp around Boston, by the process of individual volunteering. The three exceptions were the rifle companies of Captains Matthew Smith, William Hendricks and Daniel Morgan, of Pennsylvania and Virginia, who were chosen to go intact because of their knowledge of woodcraft and the use of the rifle.

The two battalions were under the charge of Lieutenant-Colonels Roger Enos and Christopher Greene, the former being assigned to the rear division during the march up the Kennebec. At Dead River Colonel Enos lost his courage, and retreated with three companies, under command of Captains Thomas Williams, Samuel McCobb and (William?) Scott, and marched his deserting contingent, unknown to Arnold, back to Cambridge. The rosters of two of these returning companies (Scott's and Williams') are not known to be in existence, and they really form no part of my quest, as their conduct does not justify their being placed in the honor-roll of those who braved every peril and hardship and pushed through to their goal, the fortress of Quebec. It is not known what became of these rolls, and, indeed very little is known of the identity of the officers and subalterns or privates who made up this unhappy segment of the expedition. Doubtless the disgrace attached to their retreat made it desirable that no record of it should survive, and only a name here and there has been found.

The companies which reached Quebec in the middle of November were those of Captains Dearborn, Goodrich, Hanchett, Hendricks, Hubbard, Morgan, Smith, Thayer, Topham, Ward, and the eleven hundred had been reduced by the return of Enos, sickness and other casualties to less than seven hundred by the latter part of November, as shown by the "Return" made by Adjutant Christian Febiger, herewith published now for the first time. The original is in the Archives of the State Department, Washington, Vol. VII, 257, and has the autograph signatures of Arnold and Febiger.

[See Frontispiece]

While this "return" gives no personal information, it shows the strength of each company and thus becomes a check upon the roster which I have been compiling, and undoubtedly is a close proximate enumeration of the several companies, as but fifty-three are known to have gone back with the sick, or died in the wilderness during the march. Counting these, the average strength of these companies was seventy-two officers and men when they started from Cambridge, and each company lost about five men during the trying march to Quebec.

The names recovered by me from all sources—public archives, private journals, printed documents, muster rolls, etc.—number about nine hundred and thirty, leaving a shortage of about one hundred and thirty to be accounted for, and this preliminary note is to solicit the interest of descendants and others to make this roster as complete as possible, so that the unknown heroes of this remarkable campaign may be given the credit due for participation in one of the most trying tests of physical endurance in the annals of the Revolution. This military movement, though a failure, was one of the most thrilling and picturesque of the war, and like all of the campaigns in which Arnold had a leading part, it was dramatic and spectacular from the start to the finish. Its participants earned for themselves a distinction not equalled in any of the subsequent campaigns of that war, and anyone whose ancestor took part in the march of three hundred miles through the wilderness of Maine and Canada has reason to be proud of the courage and fortitude of his Revolutionary grandsire.

Provost Smith of Philadelphia, in his oration on the death of Montgomery, delivered in 1776, thus eulogizes that part of the dead General's command under Arnold:-

"Let us inquire after another band of brave and hardy men, who are stemming rapid rivers, ascending pathless mountains, traveling unpeopled deserts and hastening through deep morasses and gloomy woods to meet him in scenes of another issue.

—————"Deserts in vain
 Opposed their course, and deep rapacious floods,
 And mountains in whose jaws destruction grinn'd,
 Hunger and toil—*Armenian* shores and storms!
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouched.
 They held their fearless way—oh! strength of mind
 Almost almighty in severe extremes!"—*Thomson*.

This praise was paid to ten thousand heroes, sustaining every danger, in a retreat to their own country, and is certainly due, so far as heroism is concerned, to less than a tenth part of the number, marching through equal difficulties against a capital of a hostile country.

Even the march of Hannibal over the Alps, so much celebrated in history, (allowing for the disparity of numbers), has nothing in it of superior merit to the march of Arnold; and in many circumstances there is a more striking similitude. The former had to succumb to the rapid *Rhone*; the latter the more rapid *Kennebec*, through an immense length of country. The former, when he came to quit the river, found his farther passage barred by mountains, rearing their snowy crests to the sky, rugged, wild, uncultivated. This was also the case with the latter, whose troops, carrying their boats and baggage, were obliged to cross and recross the same mountains sundry times. At the foot of the mountains the former was deserted by three thousand of his army, desponding at the length of the way, and terrified at the hideous view of those stupendous heights, which they considered as impassable. In like circumstances, about a third part of the army of the latter, deserted, shall I say, or use the more courteous language "returned home?" The march of the former was about twelve hundred miles in five months. The Virginia and Pennsylvania rifle companies, belonging to the latter including their first march from their own habitation to Cambridge and thence to Quebec marched near the same distance in about three months."

The subsequent dishonorable career of the leader of this expedition, Benedict Arnold, has robbed this campaign of its just appreciation in the annals of the Revolution, until recent years, and my effort has been to rescue from an unmerited oblivion the names of the men who risked lives and health in this hazardous enterprise, and suffered more than any other similar number of men during the entire war for Independence.

CHARLES E. BANKS, M. D.

MILWAUKEE.

THE SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON

THE test of true greatness is the same in all ages. Time nor circumstances do not change it. The rule by which it is measured does not vary with the varying conditions of life. The rise and fall of empires; the growth and decay of human governments; the amassing of wealth and the securing of worldly fame do not affect it. It stands through all changes and vicissitudes, as one of the eternal laws of the Almighty, having neither variableness or shadow of turning. What is this test of greatness? To whom does it apply? And now are we to determine who are entitled to its name? The education which the world gives us leads us to think that power and wealth are the real tests of human greatness; that a great man is necessarily one who has vast material resources at his command,—either armies, estates or rare genius.

Yet the world's estimate of many of its great men, has not been wide of its mark. The homage paid to the leading representatives of each branch of human achievement has generally been well deserved. Among such are Alexander and Napoleon, of its military conquerors; Homer and Shakespeare, of its poets; Galileo and Humboldt, of its scientists; Josephus and Herodotus, of its historians; Angelo and Titian, of its artists; Augustine and Luther, of its preachers; Cicero and Demosthenes, of its orators; and most worthily have all these won the laurels with which an admiring world has crowned them. Nobly have they represented the various classes of which they have been the acknowledged leaders. But the popular notion as to what made these men so truly great fades as the tints of the rose under the frosts of autumn when placed along side of that underlying principle which teaches us that they were great because of the service they have rendered to mankind; that their real stature as great men should be measured by what they have done in behalf of humanity; by the amount of real wealth and knowledge they have bestowed upon the world.

It is not the position nor the possessions nor the influence which men hold that makes them truly great; but, if they use such advantages, not for their own special interest, but as glorious opportunities for doing good to their fellow-men, then do they meet the test of true greatness. If you say that Alexander and Napoleon did not come up to

this standard,—that they served themselves more than others, then I say the world's estimate of them is wrong, so far as true greatness is concerned.

There is one name of the pages of history that stands as the synonym of true greatness in a name above all others—with one possible exception—on the roll of America's great men. One hundred and eighty-two years ago George Washington was born. More than 104 years have passed away since he closed his earthly career. And yet he is the one man out of a vast number of truly great men, whom Americans delight to honor, by making his birthday a national holiday.

Washington was a great man, for in an eminent degree he met the true *test* of greatness. In the highest sense of the term he *served* his country, his fellow-men and his God. Unlike the rulers of the old-world nations, he subordinated all personal considerations to the interests of the people. He accepted no office and filled no position for the purpose of magnifying himself, or gratifying any selfish ambitions. On the contrary he even sacrificed personal interest for the good of those who had chosen him as their leader, in the first successful struggle for civil liberty.

Washington was also a great man from a worldly point of view. He came of good parentage, born into a family that was purely English, stood high socially, and possessed large wealth for those times. He naturally became the commander of the American forces, when the colonies had determined no longer to submit to the tyranny of the crown. Coming out of that memorable struggle successfully, he was naturally chosen the first President of the new Republic. His name and fame are limited only by the bounds of civilization. As a man, as a military leader, as a ruler, he has been recognized the world over, as one of the great men of human history. Yet, these outward triumphs and distinctions were not what made him truly great. Other leaders and rulers had risen to far greater heights in their visible achievements. Had it not been for one thing, in my humble estimation, Washington would never have commanded the homage or received the just praises with which an admiring world has crowned him; and that one thing was the spirit which animated him. Through all his thoughts, all his plans, all his conduct, we trace an all-controlling spirit, which was the motive power of his life. And what was that all-pervading force that sat as dictator over all his movements? It was the spirit of service;

service in behalf of every interest in which the welfare of man was involved. This was what made him truly the greatest man of his age, and has exalted him among the foremost benefactors of all ages.

I ask you to note how his spirit of service prompted him to sacrifice his own personal preferences and desires, for the cause of human liberty, that was so near his heart. When called to the command of the crude and unorganized militia of his country, he was living happily with his family, upon his farm at Mt. Vernon. He had no fondness for public affairs. The quiet home-life he was enjoying was far preferable to any position of trust or power that men might offer him. After he had been chosen general of the army, he made a trip to Philadelphia to answer in person, the call that had come to him. Dr. Hale, in his biography of Washington, quotes from a letter which he wrote to his wife. He says:

"I hope my undertaking this service is designed to answer some good purpose. I rely confidently on that Providence who has beautifully preserved me and been bountiful to me. You may believe me, when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that, so far from my seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it—not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of it being a trust too great for my capacity and that I should enjoy more real happiness with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad."

But the ruling spirit of his life—the spirit of service in behalf of the larger interests of the people, conquered all personal preferences. All his private interests and desires he offered as a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country. And to further demonstrate his noble self-sacrifice, he absolutely refused compensation for his service, only asking the government to pay his personal expenses. He gave his time; he gave eight of the best years of his life; he gave his physical strength, his undivided thoughts, his rare genius as an organizer and leader of men; in a word, he gave all that was in his power to give, to the service of a nation that was in the birth-throes of liberty, the first in the history of the race to demonstrate the principle of self-government.

When, after the close of the war, and the adoption of the Constitution, it became necessary to choose a President, the people turned to Washington as the only man qualified for the position. Reluctantly he

accepted the office, for he felt the need of rest and quiet after the long and wearisome struggle. Again he must leave his home, his farm, and those private interests that were loudly calling for his attention. All those associations so dear to him must be surrendered, if he meets the wishes of his countrymen. But the call is loud, it is imperative. Cost what it may of personal sacrifice, he goes again at the bidding of the new nation. The same old spirit controls him—the spirit of service in behalf of liberty; and for eight long and trying years, he filled an office, in the most acceptable manner, which never before had been filled by mortal man. For the first time in the history of man, it was demonstrated that the ruler of a people could be justly and truly such only by becoming their servant. But, had it not been for this noble spirit of service which animated him; had it not been that Washington was the complete embodiment of the principles upon which the new nation was founded, the issues of that memorable struggle might have been far different. Had he been all else to the people, as a ruler, and yet lacked that one ruling force of his life, he might have been the last as well as the first President of the Republic. More than all other human factors, the spirit of Washington was the controlling power which safely guided the new ship of state away from the rocks and shoals which threatened her destruction.

There was another and still more potent element that characterized the spirit of Washington, and which lifted him to the very pinnacle of human greatness, viz: the *moral element*. This element entered into all his plans and acts. It gave tone and direction to all his public utterances as chief magistrate; it was the ruling force in all his movements as commander-in-chief of the army. In carrying on the war which finally made the colonies an independent nation; in presiding over the convention which framed and adopted the Constitution; in filling the difficult position of President for two terms, yea, wherever his judgment and action had relation to the interests of the country, the uppermost question with him was, "Are we right?" No partisan expediency; no selfish clamoring for "rights" which the true spirit of liberty would not give them; no action prompted by policy ever entered into the thoughts of this eminently just man. Principle and equity were the watchwords of his entire career. Washington was what might be termed an all-around man. He was remarkably well balanced in the qualities that constitute manhood. He was stalwart in his physi-

cal development; he possessed a vigorous and well-poised intellect; in his affections and sympathies he was as tender as a woman. Yet, strong as he was in all these qualities, he was strongest of all in his moral convictions. This was what gave him a character which made him worthy to be called the "Father of his Country." Compared with some other men of his time, he would not have ranked high in some of those qualities that are supposed to characterize great men. He would not shine with the brilliancy of many in mere intellectual attainments; nor would he stand high as a shrewd and sagacious diplomat. But in moral character he rose head and shoulders above them all.

At the very close of his biography, Dr. Hale says of him: "It is undoubtedly moral force which gives him his command. It is not that he writes English as well as Lord Fairfax. It is not that he understands constitutions as well as John Adams. It is not that he is as skilful in tactics as Lord Cornwallis. It is not that, in compelling jarring factions to agree on a public policy, he is stronger than any man of his time or any man since. It is, that, in the efforts which he makes in such directions, or in any direction, this man's intellectual or physical force is subordinated to his sense of duty. He does what he thinks he ought to do. He is never thinking of his own reputation. He is never presenting himself to his country or to mankind as if it were of much importance to him or to them, what they thought of him. Having formed a plan for his country, he carries that plan through from the beginning to the end. He is determined; he means to succeed, and he commands success."

Says Henry Ward Beecher: "Washington was a man of good sense, but he was not a man of genius in any direction except that of conscience. He was a man of sterling equity, great dis-interestedness, and of pure and upright intent. Sagacious he was, by a light which came from integrity. * * * That which made Washington the only great hero of our revolutionary struggle was the light of the moral element that was in him—not any intellectual genius which he possessed; not any rare tact of administration, or any remarkable executive power. And if you look back upon those men in our history that have stood the test, you will find that they have been men who were faithful in the highest moral element. And as time goes on, those men who lack these elements sink lower and lower till they set below the horizon; and those who possess them rise higher and higher, till they reach the meridian, with undying splendor, to shine upon history and the world."

In forming a just estimate of the character and spirit of Washington, there is great danger of being misled by our tendency toward hero worship. What has happened concerning the character of almost every great man the world has known, has happened also concerning Washington; and that is, to surround his whole life with a sort of heavenly halo, which served to keep him from the vexatious trials and temptations which beset ordinary mortals. Those fictitious stories concerning his early childhood may have served a good purpose, in impressing children with the importance of absolute honesty in all things; yet, they have done harm in giving the impression, that Washington, even as a boy, was incapable of doing anything wrong; that he was so constituted that he could not help telling the truth, and doing right: that he had nothing to contend with in building up a good character; that he grew into the great and good man that he became, because it was so easy for him to choose the right, and because, in reality, there was nothing to hinder such a natural development.

Nothing could do Washington greater injustice than such a conception as this. Whether or not he ever told an absolute lie, it is simply ridiculous and absurd to picture him as having no temptations to ever do otherwise than speak the truth. Washington was not a perfect man; but a large measure of those qualities that enter into an ideal character, he certainly possessed, and he acquired them, and stands before the world as a noble example of manhood, because, as Dr. Hale says: "There never was a man more absolutely human than he, or who has, in fact, left more record of his humanity."

The late Edwin P. Whipple, one of the ablest authors and critics in English literature, gave the fourth of July oration in Boston in 1850. His theme was "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution." Touching the moral element in Washington's character, he said: "Washington's morality was built up in warring with outward temptations and inward passions, and every grace of his conscience was a trophy of toil and struggle. He had no moral opinions which hard experience and sturdy discipline had not vitalized into moral sentiments, and organized into moral powers; and those powers, fixed and seated in the inmost heart of his character, were mighty and far-sighted forces, which made his intelligence moral and his morality unintelligent, and which no sorcery or selfish passions could overcome or deceive. In the sublime metaphysics of the New Testament, his eye was single, and this

made his whole body full of light.' In early life, and in his first occupation as surveyor, and through the stirring events of the French war he built up character, day by day, in a systematic endurance of hardship; in a constant sacrifice of inclination to duty; in taming hot passions into the service of reason; in assiduously learning from other minds; in wringing knowledge, which could not be taught him, from the reluctant grasp of a flinty experience; in completely mastering every subject on which he fastened his intellect, so that whatever he knew he knew perfectly and forever, transmuting it into mind, and sending it forth in acts. Intellectual and moral principles, which other men sagely contemplate and talk about, he had learned through a process which gave them the toughness of muscle and bone. A man thus sound at the core, and on the surface of his nature; so full at once of integrity and sagacity; speaking ever from the level of his character, and always ready to substantiate opinions with deeds;—a man without any morbid egotism, or pretention, or extravagance; simple, modest, dignified, incorruptible; never giving advice which events did not endorse as wise, never lacking fortitude to bear calamities which resulted from his advice being over-ruled;—such a man could not but exact that recognition of commanding genius which inspires universal confidence."

The spirit of Washington! What is there needed in this country today more than this? That spirit of service in behalf of the country's highest good; that spirit of unalloyed patriotism; that spirit of self-sacrifice, which makes every personal consideration secondary to the general welfare of the people; that spirit of sterling morality which demands a high quality of character in public officials, and a rigid adherence to the principles of truth and justice in the administration of government. There never was a time in the history of our country when such a spirit as this was more needed than now. For how rare is the sight of a man shrinking from the acceptance of public office; allowing the position to seek him, and accepting it only that he may serve the people. How difficult it is to get a hearing in the halls of Congress, and before many State legislatures, on any measure that shall directly affect the morals of the people; much more difficult is it to induce political parties to espouse a distinctively moral issue. Witness how boldly and flippantly a United States Senator could declare that "the Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in the politics of today." Shame on such politics and such politicians. Ah, shades of Washing-

ton! that it should come to this that a man who stood high in office, in the capital which bears thine honored name, could unblushingly make a declaration as this, and call himself a representative of the people! Has it come to this that the pure gold of principle with which thou didst lay the foundations of this great nation, has been debased and cheapened by such worthless alloy? Morals have no place in our politics today! Then what mockery for this nation to celebrate the birthday of Washington; what a sham is all this pretended veneration for him; for it was upon the grandest moral issue that ever called men to arms that led him into such heroic service for human freedom; it was to establish a great moral principle that moved him and his co-laborers to form that constitution which Gladstone called "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man;" and Washington himself stands forth, and ever will, as the concrete expression of moral principle. What stinging rebuke to such pernicious sentiments as I have quoted, won the entire public life of the man who was justly characterized as "The first in war, first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen;" a man who loved country more than party; principle more than policy; right more than expediency; character more than money; duty more than "rights;" service more than office; God's approval more than man's applause.

"God give us men! a time like these demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor, men who will not lie:
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking:
 Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog,
 In public duty and in private thinking,
 For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
 Their large professions and their little deeds,
 Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
 Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps."—*J. G. Holland.*

L. LEROY GREENE

CHELMSFORD, MASS.

INDIAN LEGENDS

XIII

THE ORIGIN OF THE CATAWBA INDIANS

THERE was a time when the world was an unbroken waste of rocks, hills, and mountains, save only one small valley, which was distinguished for its luxuriance, and where reigned a perpetual summer. At that time, too, the only human being who inhabited the earth was a woman, whose knowledge was confined to this valley, and who is remembered among the Catawbas as the mother of mankind. She lived in a cavern and her food consisted of the honey of flowers, and the sweet berries and other fruits of the wilderness. Birds without number, and the wild streams which found a resting-place in the valley, made the only music which she ever heard. Among the wild animals, which were very numerous about her home, she wandered without any danger; but the beaver and the doe were her favorite companions. In personal appearance she was eminently beautiful, and the lapse of years only had a tendency to increase the brightness of her eyes and the grace of her movements. The dress she wore was made of those bright green leaves which enfold the water lilies, and her hair was as long as the grass which fringed the waters of her native vale. She was the ruling spirit of a perennial world, for even the very flowers which bloomed about her sylvan home were never known to wither or die. In spite of her lonely condition, she knew not what it was to be lonely; but ever and anon a strange desire found its way to her heart, which impelled her to explore the wild country which surrounded her home. For many days had she resisted the temptation to become a wanderer from her charming valley, until it so happened, on a certain morning, that a scarlet butterfly made its appearance before the door of her cave, and by the hum of its wings invited her away. She obeyed the summons, and followed the butterfly far up a rocky ravine, until she came to the foot of a huge waterfall, when she was deserted by her mysterious pilot, and first became acquainted with the emotion of fear. Her passage of the ravine had been comparatively smooth; but when she endeavored, in her consternation, to retrace her steps, she found her efforts unavailing, and fell to the ground in despair. A deep sleep then overcame her senses, from which she was not awakened until the night was far spent; and then the dampness of the dew had fallen upon her soft limbs, and for the first time in

her life did she feel the pang of a bodily pain. Forlorn and desolate indeed was her condition, and she felt that some great event was about to happen, when, as she uncovered her face and turned it to the sky, she beheld, bending over her prostrate form, and clothed in a cloud-like robe, the image of a being somewhat resembling herself, only that he was more stoutly made, and of a much fiercer aspect. Her first emotion at this strange discovery was that of terror; but as the mysterious being looked upon her in kindness, and raised her lovingly from the ground, she confided in his protection, and listened to his words until the break of day.

He told her that he was a native of the far-off sky, and that he had discovered her in her forlorn condition while travelling from the evening to the morning star. He told her also that he had never before seen a being so soft and beautifully formed as she. In coming to her rescue he had broken a command of the Great Spirit, or the Master of Life, and, as he was afraid to return to the sky, he desired to spend his days in her society upon earth. With joy did she accept this proposal; and, as the sun rose above the distant mountains, the twain returned in safety to the luxuriant vale, where, as man and wife, for many moons, they lived and loved in perfect tranquillity and joy.

In process of time the woman became a mother; from which time the happiness of the twain became more intense, but they at the same time endured more troubles than they had ever known before. The man was unhappy because he had offended the Master of Life, and the mother was anxious about the comfort and happiness of her newly-born child. Many and devout were the prayers they offered the Great Spirit for his guidance and protection, for they felt that from them were to be descended a race of beings more numerous than the stars of heaven. The Great Spirit had compassion on these lone inhabitants of the earth; and, in answer to their prayers, he caused a mighty wind to pass over the world, making the mountains crowd closely together, and rendering the world more useful and beautiful by the prairies and valleys and rivers which now cover it, from the rising to the setting sun. The Master of Life also told his children that he would give them the earth and all that it contained as their inheritance; but that they should never enjoy their food without labor, should be annually exposed to a season of bitter cold, and that their existence should be limited by that period of time when their heads should become as white as the plumage of the swan. And so endeth the words of the Catawba.

XIV

THE LONG CHASE

IT WAS a summer day, and my birchen canoe, paddled by a party of Chippewa Indians, was gliding along the southern shore of Lake Superior. We had left the Apostle Islands and were wending our way towards the mouth of the Ontonagon, where we intended to spend the night. Behind us reposed in beauty the Emerald Islands, in our front appeared the Porcupine Mountains, the sky above was without a cloud, and the waste of sleeping waters was only broken by the presence of a lonely swan, which seemed to be following in our wake, apparently for the sake of our companionship. I was delighted with the scene which surrounded me, and having requested my comrades to refill their pipes from my tobacco-pouch, I inquired for an adventure or a story connected with this portion of the lake. I waited but for a moment, when the chief of the party, O-gee-maw-ge-zhick, or *Chief of the Sky*, signified his intention by a sudden exclamation, and proceeded with the following historical tradition:

The Indian warrior of other days seldom thought that distance ought to be considered when he went forth to battle against his enemies; provided he was certain of winning the applause of his fellow men. Fatigue and hunger were alike looked upon as unimportant considerations, and both endured without a murmur.

The white man had not yet become the owner of this wilderness, and our nation was at war with the Iroquois, who had invaded our territory. At this time it was that a party of six Iroquois runners had been sent by their leading chiefs from Ke-wa-we-non, on the southern shore of Lake Superior, to examine the position of the Chippewas, who were supposed to be on an island called Moo-ne-quah-na-kon-ing. The spies having arrived opposite the island where their enemies were encamped (which island was about three miles from the main shore,) built a war-canoe out of the bark of an elm tree, launched it at the hour of midnight, and, having implored the god of war to smile upon them and keep the lake in peace, they landed on the island, and were soon prowling through the village of the unconscious Chippewas.

They were so cautious in all their movements, that their footsteps did not even awaken the sleeping dogs. It so happened, however, that

they were discovered, and that, too, by a young woman, who, according to ancient custom, was leading a solitary life previous to becoming a mother. In her wakefulness she saw them pass near her lodge and heard them speak, but could not understand their words, though she thought them to be of the Na-do-was tribe. When they had passed, she stole out of her own wigwam to that of her aged grandmother, whom she informed of what she had seen and heard. The aged woman only reprimanded her daughter for her imprudence, and did not heed her words. "But, mother," replied the girl, "I speak the truth; the dreaded Na-do-was are in our village; and if the warriors of the Buffalo Race do not heed the story of a foolish girl, their women and their children must perish." The words of the girl were finally believed, and the warriors of the Crane and Buffalo tribes prepared themselves for the capture. The war-whoop echoed to the sky; and the rattling of bows and arrows was heard in every part of the island. In about an hour, the main shore was lined with about eight hundred canoes, whose occupants were anxiously waiting for the appearance of the spies. These desperate men, however, had made up their minds to try the mettle of their oars to the utmost, and, as the day was breaking, they launched their canoe from a woody cove, shot round the island, and started in the direction of the Porcupine Mountains, which were about sixty miles distant. Soon as they came in sight of the Chippewas, the latter became quite frantic, and, giving their accustomed yell, the whole multitude started after them swift as the flight of gulls. The mighty lake was without a ripple; and the beautiful fish in its bosom wandered about their rocky haunts in perfect peace, unconscious of the dreadful strife which was going on above. The canoes of the pursued and the pursuers moved with magic speed. The Iroquois were some two miles ahead, and while they strained every nerve for life, one voice rose high into the air, with a song of invocation to the spirits of their race for protection; and, in answer to their petition, a thick fog fell upon the water, and caused great confusion. One of the Chippewa warriors laid down his paddle, seized his mysterious rattle (made of deer's hoof,) and, in a strange, wild song, implored the spirits of his race to clear away the fog, that they might only see their enemies. The burthen of the song may be translated as follows:—

"Spirit! whom I have always obeyed,
Here cause the skies now to obey,
And place the waters in our power.
We are warriors—away, away."

Just as the last strain died upon the air, the fog quickly rolled away, and the Iroquois spies were discovered hastening towards the shore, near Montreal river. Then came the fog again, and then departed, in answer to the conflicting prayers of the nations. Long and awfully exciting was the race. But the Great Spirit was the friend of the Chippewa, and just as the Iroquois were landing on the beach, four of them were pierced with arrows, and the remaining two taken prisoners. A council was then called, for the purpose of deciding what should be done with them: and it was determined that they should be tortured at the stake. They were fastened to a tree, and surrounded with wood, when, just as the torch was to be applied, an aged warrior stepped forth from the crowd of spectators, and thus addressed the assembly:—

“Why are you to destroy these men! They are brave warriors, but not more distinguished than we are. We can gain no benefit from their death. Why will you not let them live, that they may go and tell their people of our power, and that our warriors are numerous as the stars of the northern sky.” The council pondered upon the old man’s advice, and there was a struggle between their love of revenge and love of glory; but both became victorious. One of the spies was released, and, as he ascended a narrow valley, leading to the Porcupine Mountains the fire was applied to the dry wood piled round the form of the other; and in the darkness of midnight, and amid the shouting of his cruel enemies, the body of the Iroquois prisoner was consumed to ashes. The spot where the sacrifice took place has been riven by many a thunderbolt since then, for the god of war was displeased with the faint-heartedness of the Chippewa, in valuing a name more highly than the *privilege* of revenge; and the same summer, of the following year, which saw the humane Chippewa buried on the shore of Superior, also saw the remains of the pardoned spy consigned to the earth on the shore of Michigan.

Thus ended the legend of *Shah-gah-wah-mik*, one of the Apostle Islands, which the French named La Pointe, and which was originally known as Moo-ne-quah-na-kon-ing. The village stood where the old trading establishment is now located; and among the greenest of the graves in the hamlet of La Pointe is that where lie the remains of the Indian girl who exposed herself to reproach for the purpose of saving her people.

CHARLES LANMAN

LETTERS FROM CAMP WRITTEN BY ROBERT
GOULD SHAW.

THE following is the first of three installments of a series of never before published letters written by Robert Gould Shaw from the front during the Civil War. He was Colonel of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, the first regiment of negro troops from a free State that was mustered into the United States service. He was killed in the assault on Fort Wagner while leading the advance with his regiment. To-day (May 16, 1914) is the fifty-third anniversary of his enlistment as a private in the Seventh New York Regiment. He became second lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts on May 28; first lieutenant on July 8; captain on August 10, 1862, and on April 17, 1863, colonel of the Fifty-fourth.

Washington, D. C., April 28, 1861.

My Dearest Sue:

We arrived here safely on the 25th inst., and the very first news I had from home was your letter of the 4th, with something from father on the outside. You have probably received the note I wrote you from New York the day before we started. Our march down Broadway was a thing I shall never forget. The crowd and the enthusiasm were tremendous. The people would hardly let us pass, actually catching hold of our hands and slapping us on the back, yelling and screaming like wild men. The Prince of Wales crowd, and the Japanese were knocked completely out of sight.

At every station along the road, up to three o'clock in the morning, we were received with cheers and booming of cannon. We went to Philadelphia, and from there by boat to Annapolis. Here began our hard work, for the Secessionists had got possession of the road, and we made a twenty-four hours' march to the Junction—a place only twenty miles off—laying rails and repairing bridges all the way, which retarded our progress very much.

We expected every moment to be attacked, for almost all the Secession men had left Annapolis, and there were only women and negroes in the farmhouses along the road. We were assured, before we started, that we should be cut to pieces.

However, we got through without a fight, though our scouts found tracks of the enemy about us. They probably thought it would be rather dangerous to attack so large and well-armed a body of men. You can imagine our joy on arriving at the Junction, after being on foot for twenty-four hours, at finding we could go the remaining twenty miles by rail.

We arrived here about noon, and are quartered with a lot of Massachusetts men in the House of Representatives. These other men came on with us, helped us work on the road, and shared all our troubles; and we, in return, did a great deal towards feeding them, as they were entirely out of provisions. Our admiration of each other has reached a high point. The troops from every State are swarming into the city. Whoever attacks us will have a warm reception. "Old Abe" came down day before yesterday to see us sworn in, and stood, smiling and kind, holding his two little boys by the hand. . . .

Washington, D. C., April 30, 1861.

I have really enjoyed this trip very much—as much as any fishing or shooting excursion. We have had hard work, but the exercise and fresh air make me feel finely, and we have been quartered in some beautiful places. The grounds at Annapolis Naval Academy are something in the style of the Cambridge College yard; and the officers and professors live in nice, old-fashioned houses, with gardens.

We landed there a little before dusk; and it was a most picturesque sight to see the men lying about on the grass, with arms stacked, and knapsacks piled in long rows; and also, when we halted one morning just at daybreak, on the way from Annapolis, and built twelve to twenty fires by the roadside. I was on guard in the Capitol last night; so to-day is a holiday for me, and I am going out to see the town.

I walked up and down one of the corridors from 8 till 11 P. M., and then was relieved until 3 A. M., when I had to go on again for two hours more. I rather enjoyed it, as I didn't feel sleepy at all, and had plenty to think of, besides stopping suspicious individuals in citizen's dress, and remonstrating with the men when they made a noise after ten o'clock. There are a great many regiments quartered here, and some of them rather unruly.

Steh ich in finsterer Mitternacht
So einsam auf der stillen Wacht,

occurred to my mind very often. I never used to think I should have the opportunity to apply the words to myself. The sunrise was magnificent. Our life here reminds me, all the time, of the soldiers we used to see in such crowds in Italy. The Reveille beats at 5½ A. M., and at 6½ we march in companies to breakfast, after going double-quick through the town, which gives us a good appetite.

When we get back, roll is called; and at 9½ we have company drill, then nothing to do, unless when on guard duty, until dinner-time (one o'clock); and ten of each company can get passes to go out of the grounds. At 3½ or 4 o'clock we have a full parade of the whole regiment. We march down again to supper at six. Retreat beats at sunset; and every one who comes in after that, without special permission from the Colonel, is put in the guard-house.

These are the regulations of the United States army. Tattoo sounds at ten, and every one has to turn in as soon as the roll is called; the lights are all turned down; the sentinels walk up and down, between the rows of sleepers. There is a heavy guard kept up all about the grounds, so that not a soul can get in, or out, without being seen. We have permission to go all over the grounds, and it is very pleasant to go out and lie under the trees in fine weather. All the rest of Washington, with the exception of White House grounds and some other public buildings, is a pretty poor place.

Washington, D. C., May 2, 1861.

Dear Mother: Yesterday I received yours of 27th April, and father's of 29th, and was very glad to hear from the latter, that you had at last got my letters from Annapolis and from here.

I have received all yours, and had one from Cousin Sarah Forbes and from Annie Agassiz.

We received notice yesterday that we were to leave our present quarters and go into camp to-day at 3 P. M. Our engineer corps went off last night to lay out the camp, and pitch the tents at a place called Meridian Hill, about two miles to the east of the White House. They say it is a beautiful place; and we are all glad to get out into the fresh air, though it is a little cold just now for the 2d May.

I am much obliged for the things you are going to send me. I have been able to get almost everything I wanted here; but my needle and

thread have disappeared, so the new ones will be welcome. There are a great many men who think, apparently, that, when they lose their own things, they are justified in laying hands on those of other people. So we have to keep a watch over such small articles as soap, brushes, etc. I bought woolen socks, etc., before I left New York, and am well furnished in that respect. A good many men are troubled with dysentery, etc., but I am, and have been, perfectly well all the time, probably because I have been very careful.

On Tuesday, King (son of the president of Columbia College) asked me to go with him to see Mr. Seward; so we got leave to go out for the afternoon, and walked up to the War Department. King knew him very well, and we had a little talk with him. He gave me the impression of being a pretty sly old fellow, and really didn't look as if he could have written those great speeches. We told him we should like very much to see the President; so he gave us a note to him, and off we trotted, to make a call.

After waiting a few minutes in the ante-chamber, we were shown into a room where Mr. Lincoln was sitting at a desk perfectly covered with papers of every description. He got up and shook hands with us both, in the most cordial way, asked us to be seated, and seemed quite glad to have us come. It is really too bad to call him one of the ugliest men in the country, for I have seldom seen a pleasanter or more kind-hearted-looking one, and he has certainly a very striking face.

It is easy to see why he is so popular with all those who come in contact with him. His voice is very pleasant, and though, to be sure, we were there only a few minutes, I didn't hear anything like Western slang or twang in him. He gives you the impression, too, of being a gentleman.

I told him I had heard of his son at Cambridge; and we talked a little about our regiment, and the others stationed in the city, some of which, he said, they were trying to put in good trim as fast as possible. Though you can't judge of a man in five minutes' conversation, we were very much pleased with what we saw of him. We got rather ahead of the rest of the regiment, as none of the others have seen him, and thought we did a pretty good afternoon's work in calling on the President and Secretary of State.

Camp Cameron, Washington, D. C., May 10, 1861.

I believe I haven't told you yet of our departure from the Capitol. After the Engineers left, we got our things all ready to start the next morning. When the time came to fall in, I was one of the first ready; so our orderly sergeant asked me and three others of the company to go and report to one of the officers for about ten minutes' guard duty, while the luggage was being taken out of the quarters, and then to fall in and march up with the regiment. But, as luck would have it, we weren't relieved for as much as an hour, the regiment in the meantime marching off.

Then we were ordered to lay down our muskets, and they furnished us with brooms, and set us to work sweeping out the Hall of Representatives! We were about twenty-five, from all the companies, and such a dust as we raised you never saw. There was an astonishing amount of dirt there, and it took us as much as two hours to scatter it about, so that it seemed to me to look much worse than before.

We left it so, and had the satisfaction of going up to camp in omnibuses, instead of marching as the others did. I went all over the Capitol when we were there, and read the names on the desks in the Senate Chamber with much interest. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Halesat together, and Jeff. Davis sat not far off, I think. I suppose Sumner occupies the same place now as when Brooks assaulted him.

Since the fine weather began, we have had a merry time up here. We have to turn out at five o'clock every morning for roll-call. Then we put up the bedding, and get ready for breakfast, which we had to cook, the first week, ourselves. Now they furnish us the substantial part, and we make coffee and tea, and everything else we want, or, *plutt*, can get—viz., eggs. toast, etc. Two of the men in our tent are excellent cooks. At 9:30 we have company drill, which lasts from one to two hours, and is pretty hard work on hot days. At noon the drums sound for "roast beef," which is usually Irish stew, or something of that kind, but always well cooked. At 5 P. M. we have regimental parade, and have been reviewed by General Mansfield, Mr. Cameron, and Major Anderson. Yesterday we had no one but Col. Lefferts. The short leave of absence they give us now makes it hardly worth while to go in town, unless to get a bath, which we do as often as possible.

Stone's Farm, Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C.,
May 4, 1861.

Virtue's Bower (our tent).

Dear Father: Yesterday I wrote Mother a short note by Henry Vezin. It has been raining hard for two days; but our tents are perfectly dry, and I have slept better here than anywhere since we left. The poor devils on guard all night have to suffer. Fortunately, I have escaped that hitherto; and it is clearing off now, so I don't care how soon I am put on.

The cold weather here is extraordinary at this season. The first night out, some of the men suffered a good deal; but yesterday we got a quantity of woollen jackets, sent by Mr. Aspinwall, which have been of immense service.

I really don't like to ask you to send me any more money, but, if we had nothing but what the Government furnishes, we should fare very poorly. I suppose they know we can afford to take part care of ourselves; so they don't give us much, or, if they do, we have seen only some poor coffee, and not very good ham. I don't know where it came from. Last evening I went out to tea at George Wilson's tent, and had a very pleasant evening. We talked a good deal about home, and you would be amused at the rush, when the arrival of the mail was announced.

Men come pouring in every day both to Washington and Annapolis. We are encamped on the road to Harper's Ferry. There seems to be little fear of an attack from any quarter. I am sorry we are not going to stay three months with the other troops from Rhode Island and Massachusetts, though I want to see you all very much, too.

I hope you will let me know if any one of the family is ill. I promise to do the same by you if anything befalls me. The Winthrops send regards. They have done me a great many kindnesses, and I hope I shall have a chance to be of some service to them.

Theodore* lent me his India-rubber cloak last night. He is stationed in a house, and assured me he didn't need it. He is very much obliged to mother for the bananas, and hopes to taste some of them when

* Theodore Winthrop, the gifted author of *Cecil Dreeme*, was killed at the battle of Big Bethel, June 10, 1861.

he gets home. It is rather hard writing on a knapsack, so excuse the looks of this. Remember me to Mrs. Staples, with whom I had a consoling talk as I was coming away,

From your loving son,

ROBT. G. SHAW.

P. S.—I wrote you a letter last night in pencil, which I didn't intend to send this morning; but I hear some one picked it up, and sent it to the post office; so you will get both.

(To be continued.)

Evening Post, N. Y.

AN EMIGRANT'S CHANCES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1821

Merrimac, county of Hillsborough, State of New Hampshire, 1821.

AT LENGTH I write you from this side of the ocean. I did not write before as I wished to give you all the information I could. We left Northampton on the 18th of June, and after a disagreeable voyage on the canal in Pickford's boat, we arrived at Liverpool, took lodgings till the 1st of July, and then went aboard the ship *Wallace*, Captain Hickney, for Boston. At the end of forty days we were only half way on our voyage, our provisions nearly exhausted, and the crew also upon short allowance. The eldest child I did not expect to live a day; the two youngest were scalded by the upsetting of a kettle of coffee running under them as they sat on deck; all frequently crying for victuals and water, and scarcely any to give them. I had nothing several days but a little biscuit which the men gave us out of their scanty allowance, and the cook's slush (pot liquor.) A porpoise we caught made all hands sick; besides these we saw a few whales; but in our greatest distress, we happily met some British transports from Quebec with a regiment on board; from one of these we got some provision, and now depended upon catching some cod on the Newfoundland banks, but unfortunately we took but one. After being sixty days at sea we landed at Boston Sep. 7. When I left Boston with Mr. P. in a chaise, I was delighted with the appearance of the country; the thousands of apple-trees, loaded with fruit, the ground covered with wind-falls, and hogs eating, I was almost inclined to get out and fill the chaise with these apples. Small waggons from fifty to seventy tons are in common use here. At Hollis I worked for Mr. Paul, and resided in a house which he had formerly occupied; but not liking this place and having a number of invitations, we left it to go to Merrimac in November. We have now a comfortable dwelling and two acres of ground planted with potatoes, Indian corn, melons, &c. I have two hogs, one ewe and a lamb; cows in the spring were as high as thirty-three dollars, but no doubt I shall have one in the fall. Half my land, which was wood, I have cleared this spring. I have now a great deal of work at my trade; have kept one man in the house a considerable time, and have turned

several customers away. Next year I hope to save something worth while: but as money is scarce, we have what we want in lieu of it. Most people pay in kind, and this is generally the way in the newly settled places. Labourers get a dollar per day, and seventy-five cents in winter. To form a just idea of this country, you must consider that two hundred years ago it was all wood; a man buys three or four hundred acres of land; the neighbours *turn to* and build him a log house about twenty-four feet square; here he lives till he can clear land enough to maintain a family. He may next build a barn, stable, &c. and if industrious he may build a good framehouse clap boarded, all of wood, excepting the brick chimney; another does the same, and thus you find all the country covered, not with villages, but single houses scattered over it. Thus our town is reckoned twelve miles by six, with about one thousand inhabitants; here are five stores, a meeting, a tavern, a lawyer, a blacksmith, a ferry house, and myself a shoemaker. The river Merrimac, about sixty rods wide, runs from north to south in front of our house: it is navigable for flat-bottomed boats, with locks at the fall for thirty miles; and a canal is cut from it near Newbury Port to Boston. There is a great deal of traffic upon the Merrimac; in the winter from fifty to one hundred sleighs pass from Vermont in the upper part of this state to Boston, with dead hogs, pork, butter, cheese, &c. and load back with store goods. They have generally two horses, and travel forty miles a day with a ton weight; the sleighs used for pleasure instead of chaises, are very handsome. The winters are very long and cold: the rivers are frozen from November till May, and the snow upon an average is two feet deep. The air is generally clear, and the cold steady; for a few days I observed the thermometer twenty-four degrees below zero. Upon such nights a person's hair, the blankets on the bed, etc., looks as white as if they had been powdered. During winter the farmers slide their timber and fire wood to the rivers, attend their cattle, &c. The common drink is cyder, their dram rum, the latter a great evil to the Yankees. They generally barrel beef in the fall, and pork in the winter, for the year's use; much fish is eaten in summer; bread is sometimes rye and Indian corn. They have but three meals a day, but these are hearty ones: for breakfast, fried meat, vegetables, toast, cakes, biscuits, tea, coffee, chocolate, butter, cheese, &c. They say they don't like pot-luck (boiled victuals) and seldom have a meal without a pye baked on plates; in short it takes twice as much to keep a Yankee as it would to support a common

Englishman, but the people of Boston live more like the English than any of the Americans. Boston is the great mart for all the Northern States, and in a few years will be the largest manufacturing town in America, especially as a dam has been formed three miles long, and broad enough for buildings on each side, from the old town to the main land. This is a turnpike road, and here they work silk mills by the tide at all times. Now for the principal question: I assure you I have made every possible enquiry, and can safely invite you to this happy country; there can be no doubt of a steady active person doing well, especially a man conversant in business as you are, and in possession of a little property; you have many distressing accounts in England, but is it strange that a person should be distressed who lands in a strange country without a farthing?—and some expect miracles, others use no perseverance, and sink under their troubles. I could have sent you a distressing letter, when I had no money, no tools, no furniture, and a child extremely ill; but no, I would not—I went into the woods, felled a tree, made my lasts, went to a smith's, made my tools, and, strange as you may think it, turned out such boots as the people here never saw before. Bring all the furniture you can, in a ship direct from London, and if you are a steerage passenger, lay in 68 days' provision or more.

T. HANDS

(From the *Monthly Magazine*, London, Sept. 1821.)

HISTORIC NATCHEZ

FOR many years this city was noted for its intelligent and refined population, and for its great wealth. It furnished many historic characters, state and national, and was prompt to introduce important enterprises. In the height of its prosperity the city did not number more than 4,000 inhabitants, and the "Natchez Hill," contiguous to the city, numbered about half that number.

Natchez was originally settled by some of the French nobility, who preferred the high, rolling Natchez hills and their salubrious climate to the swamps where Bienville had located New Orleans. Here they found a fertile country, adapted to the production of cotton and indigo, and they at once began the importation of negroes from Africa and San Domingo. Here they found the powerful Natchez tribe of Indians, the most civilized of the Southwest. The French erected a stockade, and called it Fort Rosalie. The garrison was murdered, and thus the first chapter in the history of Natchez was written in blood, but finally the Indians were exterminated by the French. The city is over two hundred years old. The Spaniards succeeded the French, and the descendants of the adventurous Dons are still living in the city. The "old government house" and a number of their palaces still remain as landmarks of Spanish dominion.

A little more than a century ago came the English pioneers from Virginia and the Atlantic seaboard. As a class they were intelligent refined, and wealthy, and moved to this new territory to escape the horrors of the Revolutionary war. Some had opposed the war from principle. But among these there were comparatively few of the adventurous class. They were, as a rule, men who were leaders, socially and politically, in their own country, and upon their arrival naturally took the leadership in affairs. Those who are accustomed to leadership imperceptibly come to the front, no matter in what field they may be, and those who know their own incapacity as naturally make way for their superiors. Thus the country became peopled with French, Spanish, and English aristocracy, all wealthy and intelligent. Their descendants intermarried, and for succeeding generations have lived upon the same magnificent plantations, and in the same "ancestral

palaces" in the city. For all of these wealthy planters had fine mansions in the city.

The descendants of these early settlers have never emigrated, and consequently, the population of Natchez is less cosmopolitan, perhaps, than that of any other city in the United States. It now numbers about 12,000—having increased 50 per cent. within the last generation.

The adjacent country is picturesque in hills and beautiful dales covered with luxuriant foliage and watered by pretty little streams. This fertile country extends for twelve or fifteen miles back of Natchez and up and down the river, with the magnificent Mississippi before it, about 200 feet below the city. The rich settlers obtained generous grants of land, and consequently there were few poor people or small planters in the country. Their plantation residences were built on the colonial plan of the Southern type—wide verandas, spacious rooms, high ceilings, and white Corinthian pillars. These spacious mansions so dotted the country as to give it the appearance of a village. It was the custom to give to each plantation a name—historic, romantic, or poetic, according to the fancy of the proprietor. The mansions, as a rule, were models of architecture, and were surrounded by gardens and groves of the rarest flowers and prettiest trees native to this balmy clime. Landscape gardeners were brought from England to design and ornament the grounds, which were the delight of the planters. For their city houses they imported the furniture, chandeliers, table ware, choice wines, and libraries from Europe. Unbounded hospitality reigned, and guests were invited to the country-seats in the summer season, where hunting parties were inaugurated and continued for weeks.

Lafayette, Bertrand, and Chateaubriand were some of the distinguished French visitors who were entertained by the early Natchez settlers at their hospitable mansions. In his descriptions of the beautiful landscapes and magnificent scenery Chateaubriand paints a charming picture in his "Natchez" and "René." Clay and Webster were the most distinguished of the American visitors.

Some of the finest and most choice libraries to be found in the United States in those days were owned by the Natchez aristocracy. One private library, numbering eight thousand volumes, has been kept intact to the present day by the descendants of the family. Delightful paintings, many of them rare works of art by old masters, adorned

the walls of these private residences and are still preserved as priceless heirlooms by the descendants of these refined pioneers who created an Eden in a wilderness. The existence of so many large private libraries has made the establishment of a public library seem unnecessary up to the present time. There is in existence a small library of a few hundred volumes, used mainly by the newer generation, but the old citizens evidently believe with their ancestors that one should own his books, and they do not take to the idea of common ownership.

The first college in the Southwest, Jefferson College, was established at Washington, a village six miles above Natchez. Professors were brought from the North, and here were educated the children of this wealthy region. Many of the most wealthy, however, had private tutors. Among these tutors was a young man from the North, named Prentiss, who came without money and without letters of introduction. In a few years he became a leading lawyer, and was sent to the United States Senate. S. S. Prentiss was perhaps the most brilliant member of the United States Senate, even in those days of intellectual giants. His remains lie in a neglected grave, in the Prentiss burying-ground, at "Longwood," near the city. Washington was the first capital of this territory, and it was there that Aaron Burr was first held for trial. He had been arrested a few miles below, at Bruensburg, where, half a century later, the Union army crossed in the flank movement on Vicksburg. Andrew Jackson, afterwards "Old Hickory," owned an "undivided interest" in a "general store" at Bruinsburg at the time, and was supposed to be operating with Burr.

During the first half of this century Natchez was the largest and most prosperous town in the state. Her merchants established cotton compresses, and chartered a line of sailing-vessels for the shipment of cotton to the East and to English ports. The first steamer to navigate the Mississippi from New Orleans to this place was named the *Natchez*, and there have been as many as six sailing-vessels at this port at one time loading with cotton for European ports. The merchants accumulated colossal fortunes, and lived in royal splendor. Their families yearly visited the Eastern cities, and occasionally "crossed over to the other side," which was a great event in those days. About the time of the invention of the railroad, Natchez took the lead, or was among the first. In 1836 a five-foot-gauge railroad was built from Natchez to Jackson, a distance of forty miles. It was built on a level grade, as it

was not believed that a steam engine could "go up hill." The next year a small narrow-gauge railroad was built from Grand Gulf to tap the rich cotton plantations and bring the cotton to the river.

The financial panic of 1837, which ruined many of the wealthy families throughout the state, left Natchez in a crippled condition, and many of the large estates had to be sold. The city soon revived, however, and enjoyed a marked prosperity until the outbreak of the civil war.

J. M. S.



WAR DEPARTMENT SECRETS

MYSTERIOUS MEN AND WOMEN WHO SUPPLIED INFORMATION

IN a large fireproof safe in the War Department there is a jealously guarded collection of accounts and vouchers which have not been, and probably never will be, transmitted to the proper accounting officer of the Treasury for settlement, although the law requires that "all accounts whatever in which the United States are concerned, either as debtors or creditors, shall be settled and adjusted in the Department of the Treasury." The accounts in question show payments made by prominent officers of the army for secret services during the last two years of the war, and the subsequent reconstruction period.

In the earlier part of the war the services of spies and other secret agents employed by the military authorities were paid for either from the appropriation for incidental expenses of the Quartermaster's department, or from the appropriation for contingencies of the army, the former being under the immediate control of the Quartermaster-General and the latter under the sole control of the Secretary of War. But as the war progressed the demands growing out of the employment of spies, &c., became so great as to call for a special appropriation, which was designated the secret service fund. Unlike other appropriations, this fund was expended at the discretion of the officers to whom it was advanced, without regard to the rules and regulations governing the disbursement of public moneys in general.

Ten years after the close of the war it was found that many officers of rank, among whom were Sheridan, Thomas, Canby, Schenck and other well-known generals, were constructively defaulters, inasmuch as they had received large advances from the secret service fund, but had not rendered any accounts to the Treasury. The law, as it then stood, directed that persons receiving public moneys which they were not authorized to retain as salary should render monthly accounts, and that such accounts, with vouchers necessary to the correct and prompt settlement thereof, after being examined in the bureau to which they pertained, should be passed to the proper accounting officer of the Treasury for adjustment.

As a matter of fact, it was known that most of the officers above referred to had forwarded their secret service accounts to the War

Department, where they were held by order of the Secretary of War as confidential records too important to be treated as mere accounts. It was also known that they had not been properly examined. The second auditor (the late E. B. French), to whom these accounts should have been sent, was fully aware of their peculiar nature, and was not anxious to have in his custody a mass of documents containing explosive material, which, in the hands of careless or leaky clerks, might shatter the reputations of sundry people in the Southern States, or at least very seriously compromise them.

At the same time he desired that the accounts should be formally balanced and closed on the books of his office, not only as a matter of business, but also as an act of justice to the officers concerned, who were placed in the anomalous position of being in default to the Treasury for public moneys which they had duly accounted for to the War Department. The Auditor, therefore, with the concurrence of the second Comptroller, informed the Secretary of War that the rendition to the Treasury of Secret Service accounts and vouchers would not be insisted upon, but that all such accounts would be settled on the certificate of said Secretary that the funds had been satisfactorily accounted for. This proposition met with the approval of the Secretary of War, but it was several years before the necessary certificates were forthcoming, only one or two trusted employés being permitted to handle the papers.

An examination of the accounts showed that in some instances the services paid for were of a nature so secret that it was not deemed prudent to give any clew to the persons who performed them, and in such cases the vouchers merely disclose the fact that on certain dates so many dollars, usually good, round sums, were disbursed for secret services. But in the great majority of cases there are formal receipts, and that is just what makes the accounts interesting as secret records, not only of the War of the Rebellion, but also of the period when the seceding States were in process of reconstruction; for large sums were paid out for secret service long after the surrender at Appomattox. Of course, many of the persons employed were ordinary scouts, spies and informers, the publication of whose names would be of small consequence to themselves and of no interest to the public.

But there were extraordinary spies and secret agents, who, if their names were published, even at this late day, with a statement of how

much they were paid and what it was paid for, would find themselves unpleasantly situated. There was one instance in which the *role* of Benedict Arnold was successfully played by a "rebel brigadier," who sent his wife under cover of darkness to the headquarters of one of our armies, with a proposal that for \$1,000 he would, at a specified time, so dispose his force that it could be captured without trouble. The offer was accepted, and at the proper time our troops marched to the appointed place and neatly gobbled the brigadier's entire command. These details, it is perhaps needless to say, do not appear in the secret service accounts, but they were given to me by the officer who paid the money and saw the bargain consummated.

In addition to scouts and spies regularly employed at fixed rates of compensation there was a large contingent of volunteer spies, who found their way to our headquarters at all times between tattoo and reveille with intelligence of more or less importance, and who were rewarded according to the nature and estimated trust-worthiness of their disclosures. A staff officer, who disbursed the secret service fund for his chief, told me some years ago that all sorts of queer-looking customers, including the intelligent contraband of that period, used to visit his tent after dark with orders that ran something like this:

"CAPT. STARS—Pay the bearer \$50 for secret services.

J. STRIPES, M. G. Comdg."

If the bearer, as sometimes happened, was too shy to give his name no receipt was taken—the General's order being good enough for the Captain, especially as the former was officially responsible for the money. The same officer also told me that the most active and reliable spy he ever encountered was a woman, who, for a long time, plied the risky occupation successfully. But, like some men similarly engaged, she ventured once too often, and learned to her cost that martial law, which decrees that "the spy is punishable with death by hanging by the neck," is no respecter of sex. Early one morning when our troops were making an important movement in consequence of intelligence brought in by the female spy the previous night, they found her body dangling from the bough of a tree.

One of the most noteworthy cases connected with army secret service is that of a foreigner who, it is said, was educated in an imperial military institution in his native country, and took part in the Crimean

war. Having examined all the documents in this case, I happen to be familiar with the facts, the most important of which are as follows:

The person referred to was employed in 1861 by Gen. Fremont, then commanding the Department of the West, to collect information as to the strength, position, resources, movements and intentions of the enemy, and for his services was to receive the "largest remuneration" paid by the United States under like circumstances.

According to his own statement he was engaged as a military expert, though a less imposing title would seem more appropriate. Equipping himself with a stock of quinine, he entered the enemy's territory as a contraband purveyor of that important drug and made such good use of his opportunities that he was enabled to apprise Gen. Grant of the contemplated occupation of Paducah, Ky., by the enemy's forces. Gen. Grant, however, stole a march on them, and took possession of the town to the great surprise and consternation of the inhabitants, who had made preparations to welcome a very different army.

There was a large supply of valuable stores in Paducah, which, of course, fell into our hands, and the place itself was then considered an important one in a military sense. No doubt whatever can exist that the "military expert," who seems to have had the true military instinct, is entitled to whatever credit attaches to the capture of Paducah. An affidavit of Gen. Fremont and letters from Gen. Grant and Commodore Foote settle that question beyond peradventure. Gen. Grant says that it was solely on information furnished by the expert that he took possession of Paducah, and Commodore Foote credits him with having saved the United States "thousands of lives and millions of dollars."

Not long after rendering this valuable service and while following his profession in the enemy's country, he was recognized by a Confederate officer, was knocked on the head, shot in the leg and narrowly escaped with his life. Before he could obtain a settlement with Gen. Fremont that officer was relieved from the command of the Western Department, and his successor referred the expert and his claim to Washington. The claim, which amounted to \$3,600 for special services and expenses from July 31 to Oct. 31, 1861, was submitted to President Lincoln, who indorsed upon it a request that the accounting officers would investigate and pay it if found just and equitable.

The Secretary of War (Gen. Cameron) took the papers, reduced the amount to \$2,000, and that sum was paid by the Disbursing Clerk of the War Department, the claimant giving a receipt in full.

After settling with his attorney, who retained a liberal share of the \$2,000 for his special services, the expert went to Europe to recuperate from his wounds and ill-usage, and nothing was heard of him for twenty-five years.

Then he returned to Washington, was recognized and befriended by Gen. Fremont, who at that time (1886) resided there, a bill granting him \$76,600 for the capture of Paducah was introduced in the Senate, and he presented himself to the accounting officers, with a request that they would adjust his claim in accordance with the indorsement of President Lincoln. The reply was, in effect: "The claim was settled and paid by the War Department, as appears by your receipt in full. Moreover, you have taken your case to Congress. We have no jurisdiction." After two years' delay the papers were referred to the Court of Claims, but the expert fared no better with legal authorities than with the Treasury officials, and so far he has obtained no satisfaction from the law-makers.

The total expenditure on account of Army Secret Service was about \$2,000,000, one-half of which was paid from the Special Secret fund, and the remainder from the appropriations for incidental expenses of the Quartermaster's Department and the contingencies of the army, and the proceeds of confiscations, military contributions, &c. The mention of these funds reminds me of an anecdote told by the late Secretary Belknap during a conversation about Secret Service accounts.

He said that when he was a Brigadier-General of volunteers he received a large amount (\$160,000, I think) of what were known as irregular funds; that is, money not appropriated by Congress and not accounted for to the Treasury. Talking with a brother officer about these moneys he prided himself upon having strictly accounted to his military superiors for every cent that had come into his hands. Whereupon the brother officer politely remarked: "You must be a fool."—

Washington Star.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

SOME HISTORIC LETTERS

Communicated by Duane Mowry, Milwaukee.

There was a time during the Rebellion when consternation, disappointment and despair were uppermost in the minds of those who were in sympathy with the North. That time was about when the second battle of Bull Run was fought. It was a serious time for those who favored the Union undivided. It tried the loyal souls of the North.

At this particular time and for several months thereafter, there was a distinct and divided sentiment in the North as to just what ought to be done to end the terrible expenditure of life and property. President Lincoln is known to have been sorely tried. His confidential advisers in the Cabinet, in Congress, and elsewhere in the country, were fertile with suggestions, but the fact remained that the situation was most serious and threatening.

Loyal citizens were ready with suggestions, some of them valuable, but most of them wholly useless. They tended to annoy and confuse. Little of real constructive significance was offered.

The two letters of Mahlon D. Ogden, of Chicago, and Silas F. Smith, of Syracuse, New York, which are here printed, are somewhat typical of many others which dealt with the conditions of the period mentioned. They show to what lengths well-meaning but misguided men will go when once their partisanship, prejudice and enthusiasm are aroused. It should be remembered that Judge Doolittle was then a senator from Wisconsin and the confidant and friend of President Lincoln and his administration. The letters were found by the contributor among the private correspondence and letters of Mr. Doolittle and were doubtless intended to influence action with reference to the conduct of the war.

They are historically interesting and valuable as showing one phase of the Northern sentiment at the particular time to which they relate.

OFFICE OF OGDEN, FLEETWOOD & Co.
Chicago, Augt. 6, 1862.

Hon. James R. Doolittle,
My Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 4th inst. reached me only this morning, too late to reply by this morning's mail. I now enclose you the desired pass over the N. W. R. I pray you may meet success in recruiting volunteers. Here the work is going on well. But Lincoln's decision, as stated in this morning's papers, not to permit negroes to be armed, exhibits a stupidity scarcely endurable. Nothing but emancipation and enrollment of the blacks, & extermination of the rebel whites will ever bring peace to us again. To accomplish the latter, we must first do the first. Shoot, & hang, & burn, & destroy all that we cannot use, leaving nought but desolation behind as our armies advance, is the *only* way to save the Union. Unless such a course is pursued, you, nor I, nor our children will see peace again in the land.

Truly Yours,
MAHLON D. OGDEN.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1862.

Hon. Mr. Doolittle:

Dear Sir: What we need, just now, most *Outrageously*, in Congress, in the Government, and in the Executive, is *back-bone*. If the Government is finally lost—the Union destroyed, and the Republican Party used up and broken down, it will be on account of the lack of this ingredient at Washington. So sit down and read the proceedings of the Senate, and there learn that thirty or more *wise men* have had patience to hear the lectures of old Bayard and traitor Powell—notorious secession sympathizers—why, my good sir, it is enough in these times, to make a good Christian swear outright. Both of these villains ought to have been in Fort Lafayette long ago. Who that knows Powell, believes that he is one whit better than Breckenridge? And for Bayard, the least said of him in regard to ability, honesty, or loyalty, the better.

The great trouble with the old Whig party and the present Republican party is, that they lacked leaders of backbone and boldness. Two-thirds of the Senators half apologise for the arrests of the traitors the past year, when the fact is not half enough of the scoundrels were arrested, and put in and kept in Fts. Warren and Lafayette. The

democratic press has been allowed to preach treason until it has poisoned one-half of its partisans.

I am glad to see you right on these arrests, and on voting in W. Virginia. I suppose that is owing to your having once been a Jackson democrat. I wish we had a few more of the same sort, in and out of the Senate.

I see to-night that Father Lincoln is going to take time before he signs the W. Virginia bill. *Of course he is!* Its just that policy which I fear will finally end our glorious country, and this *clever* and *honest* administration.

Yours truly,
SILAS F. SMITH.

LETTER OF BAYARD TAYLOR TO E. C. STEDMAN.

An interesting letter, not over-complimentary concerning Abraham Lincoln, on his appointment of a Minister to Russia.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 25, 1863.

I read the enclosed slip with interest, but without being entirely convinced by it. One who knows Cameron can easily see the absurdity of most of the statements. Whatever else he may be, he is the farthest from being a fool. This affair will not change his plans. In no case would he have returned to this court, his intention to resign was fixed last summer, and he went home as the strongest advocate for my appointment as successor. *My* case stands thus: the Government knows exactly what I want, is satisfied with all that I have done since the Legation fell into my hands, and has evidence of my fitness in the fact that I have safely carried our interests through the most critical period of our relations with Russia that has occurred in the last fifty years; but I have not the least expectation of being appointed. On the other hand, a man who (*entre nous*) made the Legation a laughing stock, whose incredible vanity and astonishing blunders are still the talk of St. Petersburg, and whose dispatches disgrace the State Department that allows them to be printed, will probably be allowed to come back to his ballet-girls (his reason for coming) by our *soft-hearted Abraham*. Let the Government send a man who will not be laughed at, who has one grain of prudence and one drachm of common sense, with a few

moral scruples, and I shall gladly give up all my pretensions and go home. From my private correspondence, I know that Lincoln says (Green) Clay is not fit for the place, but 'he is an elephant on my hands and I guess I shall have to give it to him !'

CHARLES SUMNER ON LINCOLN

From a letter sold at auction in Boston lately, we quote:

Washington, 16 April, 1861.

At last the war has come. The day of insincerity and duplicity is now passed, and *all* the Cabinet is united in energetic action. It will be needed, for the Slave States will be united. The President speaks simply and plainly of the state of the Country, and I think understands it. As I see more of him I like him better. Meanwhile at the State Dept. the web is spinning—spinning—in infinite despatches—to what end God knows.

A SOLDIER ON THE GREAT ORATION

(From unidentified source.)

I thought then, and still think, it (the Gettysburg Address) was the grandest oration to which I ever listened.

He was facing the spot where only a short time before we had had our death-grapple with Pickett's men, and stood almost immediately over the place where I had lain (wounded) and seeing my comrades torn in fragments by the enemy's cannon-balls.

A. H. NICKERSON,
Captain 8th Ohio.

LETTER OF CAPTAIN CHARLES WILKES TO

MAYOR WIGHTMAN OF BOSTON

Capt. Wilkes' letter relates to movements of the army and navy:
" . . . I have just returned from guarding the Army on the James River, and regretted most deeply with Gen. McClellan the withdrawal of the Army from the Peninsula. It was a settled thing in my

mind that we should have taken Richmond by 1st Sept., without fail—the devil himself could not have prevented it. I imagined and frequently told him, we had better stop the mail & cut the wires, and then go ahead together; great injustice in my opinion has been done. I was intimately acquainted with him for two months and I tell you he is both a soldier and an honest & patriotic gentleman if there ever was one, and moreover I believe he is the only soldier in our armies who can organize an army & command it. . . . I am about to sail with a squadron to the West Indies to protect our commerce there, and maybe bag Slidell & Mason again, which I shall merely [surely?] do if I run across them; it is believed they are about returning to uphold the fortunes of the Confederacy; it would be quite a funny affair if it should happen. The *Orvieta* and '290' (*Alabama*) will be looked after sharply," etc.

AN UNPUBLISHED LINCOLN LETTER

P. F. Madigan of New York has an unpublished Lincoln letter which sheds some light upon the campaign methods of 1858, in contrast with those of today. The letter was written during the Illinois State campaign of that year, when Lincoln was the candidate of the new Republican party for the Senate of the United States, and Judge Stephen A. Douglas, Democrat, his opponent. It is addressed to Gustave Koerner, lieutenant governor and judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and is as follows:

SPRINGFIELD
Aug. 6, 1858.

Hon. G. Koerner.

My dear Sir:

Yesterday morning I found a drop letter from Gov. Bissell* urging, partly in consequence of a letter from you, that my late speeches, or some of them, shall be printed in pamphlet form both in English and German. Having had a good many letters to the same effect I went at once to the Journal office here, and set them to work to print me in English fifty dollars' worth of my last speech at Springfield, July 17th, that appearing, by what I hear to be the most "taking" speech I have

* Wm. H. Bissell, Governor of Ill., 1856.

made. For that sum they will furnish about 7000; they will, at the same time, print some more, on their account, and keep the type standing for a while. I also wrote to Judd yesterday to get the same speech done up there in German. When I hear from him I will write you again.

Some things are passing strange. Wednesday morning Douglas' paper here, the *Register*, went out crowing over the defeat of Blair at St. Louis, and Blair's paper, the Missouri *Democrat*, comes back the next day puffing and encouraging Douglas!

Please write me on receipt of this and let me know if you have any news from Madison. Every place seems to be coming up to my expectations except Madison.

Your friend, as ever,

A. LINCOLN.



NOTES BY THE WAY

ANTE-BELLUM TRAVEL ON THE MISSISSIPPI

Travel on the old Mississippi was the ideal of poetic journeying. There was plenty of time, no one felt hurried, and so pleasant was the voyage from St. Louis or Cincinnati to New Orleans, that it was often made purely for the sake of the travel and the pleasant company certain to be found on board. For comfort and even luxury in travelling, no style ever surpassed that of the first-class Mississippi packets, which in all the splendor of their appointments were scarcely excelled even by the ocean racers of the present day. Of course the latter have many appliances which were unknown to the former, but where electric lights and electric bells and telephones are unknown they are not missed, and the travellers along the great inland waterway were just as well off without as with them. The state-rooms were ample, the cabin a poet's dream. Few more beautiful pictures dwell in the minds of old river men than the long vista presented by the cabin of an old-time river packet. White paint, frequently renewed and kept in its pristine purity by the busy hands of a score of waiters; woodwork, carved into designs Gothic, arabesque, always elaborate; gilding everywhere; on the sides the long succession of state-room doors, neatly numbered and lettered; above, the glitter of brass chandeliers and the sparkle of cut glass; in the centre the table radiant with silver and an elegant service—the whole formed a picture worthy of the pencil of an artist. Equally attractive was the sight of the boat when viewed from the shore. The *ante-bellum* boat-builders knew their business, and built with an eye to beauty as well as utility. The graceful curving lines of the old packets, the lofty smoke-stack always crowned with an ornamental design, the light, graceful hulls, the symmetry of their sides broken by the semi-circular paddle-boxes, the clouds of smoke from the funnels, mingled with the steam from the 'scape-pipes, the dash of water from the wheels, the long wake of foam left behind, the swell which cast the waves far up on the shore as the grand steamer sped its way gayly down the stream, were not easily forgotten.

The numbers of the Mississippi fleet were as imposing as the sight of the most elaborately painted boat. There are men still young in this city who can remember when the levee was a scene of the most ex-

citing activity. At the bank, in a solid phalanx, often four or five deep, the steamers were moored, awaiting their turn to be unloaded. From the foot of Cherry Street to the foot of Chouteau Avenue the bank was lined with these floating palaces, while the day which did not witness the arrival or departure of a dozen of their number was dull indeed.

Nobody on the boat enjoyed the incidents of the voyage, whether exciting or dull, better than the deck hands or roustabouts. Generally slaves, often owned by the men who owned the boat, at other times hired from their owners by the month, year, or trip, their sole aim in life was to eat and drink as much as they could and do as little work as possible. At the landings they were forced to such lazy activity as the bellowing of the mate could incite, but under way their life was comparatively easy. In cold weather their favorite retreat was the space between the boilers and the deck, where, in careless attitudes, they snored the happy hours away from one meal time to the next, varying the performance only by occasional and not too frequent visits to a hole in the side of a deck-room, through which an article of the vilest rum was served out for their benefit. Others might fret at the detention on a sandbar, but not they; others might, in rare cases, become impatient at the length of the journey, but to them its length was its chief recommendation; what they most dreaded was the fact that it had to come to an end and then the boat must be unloaded. Happy, careless, utterly forgetful of the future, they are but inadequately represented by their degenerate professional descendants, the rousters of the present day.—

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LINCOLN'S ROUTE TO ILLINOIS

A preliminary investigation of the route travelled by the Lincoln family in removing from Indiana to Illinois in 1830 was finished in August 1913 by Charles M. Thompson of the University of Illinois, working under an act of the State legislature.

He says the route led across the Wabash River at Vincennes, Ind., went on the Vincennes-St. Louis stage route to Lawrenceville where it turned northward and led through Palestine, York, and Dar-

win to Paris. From Paris the family drove to Charleston and Shelbyville, and eventually landed in Decatur. An effort is being made by the state historical library trustees to have the route marked with suitable monuments.

THE LAST OFFICER OF THE KEARSARGE

Sidney Leroy Smith, said to be the last surviving officer of the *Kearsarge*, died May 26, 1914 at his home at 90 Elm Hill avenue, Roxbury, aged about seventy-six. He was born in Boston and was a graduate of Dartmouth. When the Civil War broke out he enlisted as a volunteer in the navy and was third engineer on the *Kearsarge* during her engagement with the *Alabama*. Mr. Smith remained in the navy until 1885, retiring with the rank of first assistant engineer. He came to Boston and associated himself with the Roxbury Carpet Company, retiring about fifteen years ago. He resided in Roxbury for a number of years. He was a member of the Loyal Legion. He is survived by his widow, one son, Philip Sidney Smith, who is attached to the United States Geological Survey and at present is in Alaska; and one sister, who lives in North Adams.

WASHINGTON A PATRON OF FIRST AMERICAN BALLOON ASCENSION

Apparently, George Washington was not only the father of his country, but also something like the godfather of aviation in America. At any rate, he wrote a letter for one Monsieur Blanchard, who made the first balloon ascension in this country at Philadelphia in 1793. The letter reprinted in *St. Nicholas* reads:

"George Washington, President of the United States of America.
To All to Whom these Presents shall come.

"The bearer hereof, Mr. Blanchard, a citizen of France, proposing to ascend in a balloon from the city of Philadelphia, at 10 o'clock A. M. this day, to pass in such direction and to descend in such place as circumstances may render most convenient—

"THESE ARE therefore to recommend to all citizens of the United States, and others, that in his passage, descent, return, or journeying elsewhere, they oppose no hindrance or molestation to the said Mr. Blanchard: And that on the contrary, they receive and aid him with that humanity and good will which may render honor to their country, and justice to an individual so distinguished by his efforts to establish and advance an art, in order to make it useful to mankind in general.

"Given under my hand and seal. at the city of Philadelphia, this ninth day of January, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, and of the independence of America the seventeenth.

Signed,
(Seal.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MINOR TOPICS

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF LANDMARKS

A host of persons throughout the country will be interested in the movement to preserve the old home of Louisa M. Alcott in Concord, and if any substantial percentage of those who have experienced pleasure and benefit from the reading of "Little Women" and other of Miss Alcott's works written in the old house now threatened with decay come to the aid of the Concord Women's Club, the saving of this, a prized landmark of Concord, should be an easy matter. To the older generation it seems but yesterday that Miss Alcott was pursuing her work, but we are reminded that she has been dead nearly twenty-four years, and the old home of Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy is ruinous from age and neglect and on the verge of collapse. It is said that \$8000 will be required to buy the house and make such repairs as are necessary to prevent its going to pieces. (This was written before the fund was completed).

Every man or woman who loves the traditions of New England will want to see this old home preserved along with the other interesting memorials of Concord. There can be only one Concord, and the preservation of its historic landmarks along with the things that contribute to make the town both beautiful and quaint, should be jealously protected. In future years such places as Concord will be valued even more than now, as shrines for patriotic Americans making vacation visits to them.

Purely as a business proposition, it is the wise thing not only for such centres of historic interest as Concord, Lexington and Old Deerfield to guard and cherish their memorials, but for other towns and cities to have a care for the preservation of objects having a relation to the early history of New England. Relics of the Revolutionary period and of the characters that have helped to make this region famous will add immeasurably to the interest of New England as a resort for tourists from far and near, and, what is quite as important, they will promote in the rising generation an interest in our history and love for its best traditions such as visible memorials are so peculiarly fitted to impart. Not a few interesting landmarks, scattered through the Connecticut valley, are threatened with early destruction. Northampton

citizens should take steps to secure the preservation of the old home of Governor Caleb Strong and the house on the Jonathan Edwards place where the celebrated Whitney brothers were reared. The old house where Betty Allen reared six sons to fight for the Revolutionary cause, and the old parsonage from which two United States senators claimed brides have already disappeared.

In Springfield, especially, there is a surprising poverty of interesting old buildings and other ancient memorials, when we consider the age of the town and the important part it sustained in the settlement and advancement of a large section of Western New England. If we had the old Pynchon fort or the old Parsons tavern they would be worth a good deal to us. In connection with the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary it would be well to take account of whatever objects we possess of unusual historic interest with a view to conserving them for the benefit of future generations.

Springfield Union.

WHERE IS THE MORSE MONUMENT ?

In Rome, four thousand miles from the town of his birth, not far from Hilda's tower, on a house in the Via Prefetti, there's a tablet that reads like this:

S. P. Q. R.
 Questa Casa Abito
 Samuele Finley Breese Morse
 Inventore Del Telagrafo Elettro Magnetico
 Scriventi
 Nato a Charlestown il XXVII Aprile MDCCXCI
 Morto a New York il II Aprile MDCCCLXXII

It was put up by the Roman municipal authorities. Apparently they held that the fact that young Morse lived and painted in Rome during the winter of 1830-31, adds lustre even to the historic effulgence of the Eternal City.

In the place of his birth, no doubt, the citizens have been proud to claim the father of the telegraph by some significant memorial. In Charlestown, or perhaps in Boston, we shall find some really imposing affair.

In Boston within the year Mr. Bela Pratt has inscribed the name of Samuel Finley Breese Morse on the base of his bronze symbolic figure, "Science," before the Public Library. For any other memorial to the telegrapher you must journey to Thompson square, Charlestown and there on the front of a venerable, not to say dilapidated old hip-roofed double house at 201 Main street in the very shadow and roar of the Elevated road, you will see a small, somewhat stained and faded tablet: "Here was born Samuel Finley Breese Morse, 27 April, 1791, inventor of the electric telegraph." That's all.

Now it happens, dramatically enough, that Charles Minot, the first to use Morse's electric telegraph for the despatching of a railroad train, has been deemed worthy of quite an imposing monument at Hariman, N. Y.—a great boulder with a six-foot tablet bearing a vignette portrait in bronze.

Yet this skimpy Charlestown placard is all that Boston can do for the man whose genius and indomitable grit made possible most of the electrical wizardry of our time!

It is true, is it not? Without Morse behind Bell the present edifying telephone strike could never have been thought of. Without Morse behind Edison (who began as a telegraph operator) we should not have our electric light. Without Morse behind Marconi, no C. Q. D.

Yet Boston tamely surrenders to New York the whole glory of this, by no means her least glorious, son.

One notable friend Morse has in this modern Boston. I mean Mr. Robert Bruce Mitchell. Born in Charlestown at the foot of Breed's Hill, within a stone's throw of the Morse birthplace, Mr. Mitchell has conceived through study of Morse's life, a keen admiration for the inventor and a desire to see him properly honored in the city that gave him birth. For some years Mr. Mitchell has been agitating for a memorial in Charlestown. Last April during the Charlestown Pageant in the Armory, Mr. Mitchell's enthusiasm took concrete—that is to say, plaster—form. At his suggestion a young Italian sculptor, Joseph Pollia, a pupil of Bela Pratt's at the Museum School, modelled an heroic bust of Morse which in the clay was used in the finale of the pageant, "Charlestown's Famous Sons." It has since been put into plaster and is shown in the reading-room of the Charlestown Public Library.

If we are not to commemorate him as an inventor, then let it be as a painter, and if not as a painter, then as a patriot. One of the best of the American painters of the first half of the nineteenth century, the portrayer of Lafayette, Thorwaldsen, Henry Clay, DeWitt Clinton and President Monroe, Morse cared for his art especially as a means of refuting the charge that America had no men of genius. The son of that ardent old Federalist, Jedidiah Morse, the young painter, exiled in England during the stormy days that preceded the War of 1812, saw his country's affairs in perspective, boiled over the insults to which Federal non-support of the Government laid America open, saw through the perfidy of the Orders of Council and expressed his views in ardent letters home.

But if the painters or the patriots will not take Morse up, then I commend him to the supporters of world peace. For one of Morse's strongest satisfactions in the success of the telegraph was that he had set in motion a powerful advocate for universal peace. A swift arbiter, an instant explainer of international misunderstandings, he hoped it would prove a strong servant of universal brotherhood.

Once a movement is put on foot for a memorial, there is little doubt that everyone, even the school children of Boston, would be glad to join. It is not a case, however, of "everybody doing it," but of somebody starting it. Mr. Mitchell has the names of interested people—ex-governors and electrical dignitaries and the like, and would be glad to put them at the service of any society or leader seriously contemplating a public fund.

MARY BRONSON HARTT

THE SIEGE OF THE ALAMO

Some corrections could be made in the article in *The Sun* of Sunday regarding our war with Mexico. The Alamo was not a convent, though one of the several buildings connected with it was a convent. The man in command during those crimson days of 1836 was Lieutenant-Colonel William Barrett Travis, a Georgia lawyer, just twenty-eight years old. The Milam whom the article makes commander was a noted Indian fighter, a native of Kentucky, and one of the bravest men that ever lived. He led the attack upon General Cos,

the brother-in-law of Santa Anna, who had taken possession of San Antonio in December, 1835, and compelled the surrender of the Mexican leader, who broke his parole. In that gallant assault only one Texan was killed, and sad to say, he was Milam, who, therefore, had been dead some three months when the Alamo fell.

You make the number of victims one hundred and forty-seven, whereas it was one hundred and eighty-three. An almost universal error is to make Jim Bowie the inventor of the terrible knife which bears his name, when it was his brother Rezin P. who caused the weapon first to be made. I have this on the authority of an elderly lady of New Orleans who was an intimate friend of the family, and related the facts to me a full generation ago. What will be accepted as still more trustworthy authority is that of William H. Sparks of Atlanta, Ga., now dead for many years. In his day his Reminiscences of many noted men of the South and Southwest were not only of the highest interest but were never questioned. In his description of that terrific duel, fought upon the sand bar at Natchez, September 19, 1827, in which the seconds became involved and Jim Bowie killed Major Wright with a bowie knife, Mr. Sparks says of the weapon:

“This knife was made by Rezin P. Bowie out of a blacksmith’s rasp or large file, and was the original of the famous bowie knife. After the conflict on the sand-bar Rezin P. Bowie carried this knife to Philadelphia, where it was fashioned by a cutler into the form of the model made by him, and I presume the knife is yet in the possession of some member of the family.”

Rezin was a man of excellent education and scholarly tastes who left the sport of fighting to his fiery tempered brother. They were deeply attached to each other, and Jim was fond of making visits to his brother’s plantation in Louisiana and conferring with him. He grieved to the last over the death of Jim at the Alamo, but it is said of the Spartan mother that when the news was brought to her, she sat a few moments in meditation and then calmly remarked: “Well, I know one thing, Jim wasn’t wounded in the back.” Bowie was sick in bed when the final assault was made, and was shot as he lay unable to help himself. He was fired upon by two soldiers and mortally wounded, but he roused up when they rushed to his bedside and with his frightful weapon slew one of his assailants.

The siege of the Alamo was not thirteen but eleven days, beginning on February 23, 1836, and ending on Sunday morning, March 6. Half a dozen prisoners, so worn out as to be scarcely able to stand surrendered on the promise of General Castrillon to spare their lives. Among the group was the famous Colonel Davy Crockett of Tennessee, bleeding from a fearful wound. Castrillon begged Santa Anna to keep the pledge he had made, but that merciless demon refused, and all the Texans were bayoneted in front of the mission building.

I spent hours a good many years ago in wandering through the Alamo, gazing upon the scenes of that memorable struggle and listening to the words of a bright lad not more than a dozen years old who acted as my guide. I paused in the room where Jim Bowie died as he had lived, and was shown the spot where Crockett stood, and as his friends passed him rifle after rifle he unerringly picked off the cannon-eers, until, after half a dozen had fallen, the others dodged to cover. When at last we came out the broad, massive doors of the mission building I handed a coin to my young friend. He started as if stung and decisively shook his head. He did not speak, but his manner said as quickly as words: "You forget, sir, that we are in the Alamo."

I wish some one would tell me the name of the author of that unsurpassable inscription carved on the cenotaph in Austin: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat: the Alamo had none."

E. S. ELLIS

N. Y. *Sun*.

(Note by the Editor—The Texas Historical Society is unable to decide who was the author of the inscription.)

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK
CHAPTER XXXIX.

WAYFARERS IN THE FOREST

THE mingled yarn of our story is now becoming so complex, that, to follow out its details with clearness, we must pause to take up a new thread which at this moment becomes interwoven with the rest.

The faithful Balt had been almost the only visitor admitted to the Hawksnest during the last few months that immediately preceded the withdrawal of Miss De Roos from her home. The old forester seemed to have conceived a kind of capricious liking for little Guise, the half-blood child; and as his visits were really paid to that ill-omened urchin, though his excuse for coming was to ask after the health of Miss Alida and to inquire if she had any news of the major, Miss De Roos never thought it worth while to deny herself to her humble friend, even while practising the strictest seclusion in regard to her other neighbors.

Balt, in the mean time, was too observing a character not to notice that some secret grief must be preying upon Alida; and his new-sprung interest in little Guise soon became secondary to the feelings of concern which her fast-fading health awakened in the worthy woodsman.

It chanced one day that Alida, who not infrequently took occasion to employ his services in some slight task which, while remunerating his trouble, would give him occupation while lounging about the premises, pointed out a magnolia which she wished removed to another part of the shrubbery, in the hope that a more favorable situation might revive its drooping condition. Balt readily undertook the task of transplanting it, while Alida looked on to direct him during the operation.

"Now, Miss Alida," said the woodsman, striking his spade into the earth, "I don't know much of the nature of this here little tree, seeing as I never happened on one in any woods I've hunted over; but I rather mistrust the winds have but little to do with its getting kinder sickly, as it were, in its present situation, I do."

"And why, Balt?"

"Why, you see now, ma'am, if the tree were attackted from the outside, it's the outside would first feel it; the edges of the leaves would first crumple up and turn brownish like, while the middle parts of them might long remain as sleekly green and shiny as the edges be now. There's something, Miss Alida, at the heart, at the root I may rayther say, of that tree; something that underminds it and withers it from below. And these sort o' ailings, whether in trees or in human beings, are mighty hard to get at, I tell ye." As the woodsman spoke he leaned upon his spade, and looked steadfastly at Miss De Roos, who felt conscious of changing color beneath the earnest but respectful gaze of her rude though well-meaning friend.

She did not answer, but only motioned him to go on in his digging; and Balt, seeing that he had in some way offended, resumed his work with diligence. But the next moment, forgetful wholly of the figurative use he had made of his skill in arboriculture and speaking merely in literal application to the task before him, he exclaimed triumphantly,

"There, you see, now, it's jist as I told ye, Miss Alida; there *has* been varmint busy near the roots of this little tree. Look but where I put my spade, and see how the field-mice have more than half girdled it. The straw and other truck which that book-reading Scotch gardener put around the roots, has coaxed the mice to make their nests there in the winter, and they've lived upon the bark till only two or three fingers' breadths are left."

"I hope there's bark enough left yet to save it," said Alida, now only intent upon preserving the shrub.

"There's life there, Miss Alida—green life in that narrow strip; and *while there's life, there's hope*; and old Balt, when he once knows whence comes the ailing, is jist the man to stir himself and help it from becoming fatal."

As the woodsman spoke he again ventured an earnest though rapid glance at the face of the young lady; but this time she had turned away her head, and, hastily signifying to Balt that he might deal with the magnolia according to the best of his judgment, she strolled off as if busied for the moment in examining some other plants, and soon afterward withdrew into the house, without again speaking to him.

The worthy fellow, who on his subsequent visits to little Guise had never again an opportunity of seeing the protectress of the child alone, was deeply hurt at the idea of this conversation having put Alida upon her guard against listening to more of these hinted suspicions that she needed his sympathy. His natural good sense, however, prevented honest Balt from apologising for his officious kindness, or showing in any way that he was conscious of having offended. He was, however, from this moment fully convinced that some mysterious sorrow was the latent cause of Miss De Roos's rapidly-fading health, and he determined to leave no proper means untried to get at the real source of her mental suffering.

His first desire was to communicate instantly with Greyslaer; but he had never been taught to write, and his mother-wit suggested the impropriety of trusting matters so delicate to a third party by employing an amanuensis. In the mean time, the cruelly-slandering story of Bradshawe reached at last the sphere with which Balt was chiefly conversant. The first mysterious affair about Miss De Roos had, as we have seen, been known almost exclusively to the simpler class of her country neighbors; but the dark tale, as now put forth by Bradshawe and his Albany friends, originating in the upper classes of society, soon descended to the lowest and became alike the theme of the parlor and the kitchen, the city drawing-room and the roadside ale-house.

A heartless female correspondent of Alida had first disclosed it to that unhappy lady, when alleging it as an excuse for breaking off their farther intercourse; but it was not till after her departure from the Hawksnest that Balt heard the tale, as told in all its horrid enormity among the coarse spirits of a village bar-room. His first impulse was to shake the life out of the half-tipsy oracle of the place who gave it as the latest news from Albany; but upon some one exclaiming, "Why man, this is fiddler's news, that we've all known for a month or more," while others winked and motioned toward Balt as if the subject should be dropped for the present, he saw that the scandal had gone too far to be thus summarily set at rest. There was but one other move which suggested itself to him, and that was to take instant counsel with the party chiefly interested in the fair fame of Alida. And Balt within the hour had borrowed a horse from a neighbor, and started for Fort Stanwix.

Pressing forward as rapidly as possible he continued his journey through the night, and thus passing Greyslaer on the road, arrived at his quarters just four-and twenty hours after Max had so hurriedly started for Albany. Balt surmised at once what must be the cause for his abrupt departure, and, as soon as possible took horse again and retraced his steps; borrowed a fresh nag from the same farmer who had lent him the first, and pushed forward toward Albany.

His journey was wholly uneventful until he had passed Schenectady and entered upon the vast pine plains which extend between that city and the Hudson. But fitly to explain what here occurred, we must go back to Bradshawe and his comrade Bettys, and trace their adventures from the place where last we left them in the immediate suburbs of Albany.

To enter a farmer's stable and saddle a couple of his best horses was a matter of little enterprise to two such characters as Bradshawe and his freebooter ally; and now the pine plains, that reach away some fifteen miles toward Schenectady, had received the adventurous fugitives beneath their dusky colonnades.

The remains of this forest are still visible in a stunted undergrowth which, barely hiding the sandy soil from view, gives so monotonous and dreary an appearance to the continuous waste. But at the time of which we write, and even until the steam-craft of the neighboring Hudson had devoured this, with a hundred other noble forests in its greedy furnaces, there was a gigantic vegetation upon those plains which now seem so barren.

The scrub oak, which is fast succeeding to the shapely pine, had not made its appearance; and the pale poplar, whose delicate leaves here and there quivered over the few runnels which traversed the thirsty soil, was almost the only deciduous tree that reared its head among those black and endless arcades of towering trunks, supporting one unbroken roof of dusky verdure.

Bold and expert horsemen as they were, Bradshawe and his comrade soon found it impossible to pick their path amid this cavernous gloom in the deep hour of midnight. They were soon conscious of wandering from the highway, which, from the impossibility of seeing the skies through the overarching boughs above it, as well from the

absence of all coppice or undergrowth along its sides, was easily lost. They therefore tethered their steeds and "camped down," as it is called in our hunter phrase, upon the dry soil, fragrant with the fallen cones of the pine-trees which it nourished.

So soon as the morning light permitted them to move, they discovered, as they had feared, that they had lost the highway without the hope of recovering it save by devoting more time to the search of a beaten path than it were safe to consume. They knew the points of the compass, however, from the hemlocks which were here and there scattered through the forest, whose topmost branches, our woodsmen say, point always towards the rising sun, and resumed their journey in a direction due west from the city of Albany.

An occasional ravine, however, which, though at long intervals, deeply seamed this monotonous plateau of land, turned them from their course, and thus delayed their progress; and, with appetites sharp-set by their morning-ride, they were glad to arrive, about noon, at the earthen hovel of one of that strange, half-gipsy race of beings known by the name of *Yansies*, which even within the last twelve or fifteen years still had their brute-like burrows in his lonely wild. Even Bettys, little fastidious as he was, recoiled from the fare which these "Dirt Eaters," as the Indians called them, placed before him. But Bradshawe, while declining their hospitality with a better grace, procured an urchin to guide him to the highway, which he was glad to learn was not far from the hovel.

They emerged then once more upon the travelled road within a few miles of Schenectady and at a point where they would soon be compelled to leave it to make the circuit of that town. Their horses were weary and in need of refreshment; and with their various windings through the forest they had spent nearly twelve hours in accomplishing a journey which, by a direct route, the time-conquering locomotive now performs in one.

The Yansie boy had left them; for the red hues of the westering sun, streaming upon the sandy road, made their way sufficiently plain before them. Their jaded horses labored through the loose and arid soil, but still they urged them forward to escape from the forest before the coming twilight. They had ridden thus for some time in perfect silence, when upon a sudden exclamation from Bettys, his comrade

raised his eyes and looked anxiously forward in the long vista before him. The road at this place ran perfectly straight over a dead level for a mile or more. The setting sun poured a flood of light upon the yellow sand, from which a warm mist, that softened every object near, seemed to be called out by its golden beams. Bradshawe shaded his eyes with his hand to see if he could descry an approaching object, while Bettys, who had already drawn his bridle, motioned impatiently for him to retire among the trees.

"Give me one of your pistols, Joe," cried Bradshawe. "It is but a single mounted traveller; I can make him out now clearly, and I'm determined to put a question or two to the fellow."

"Well, captain, you know best; only I thought it might be a pity to slit the poor devil's throat to prevent his carrying news of us to Albany; and that you know, we must do if we once come to speech of him."

"How know you but what he may be a king's man, and assist us—or a mail-rider, and give us some rebel news of value? Draw off, Joe, and leave me to fix him." But Bettys had already trotted aside into the wood, where he managed to keep nearly a parallel route with Bradshawe, who, clapping Bettys' pistol in his bosom and loosing in its scabbard the sword with which that worthy had provided him in the first hour of his escape, now jogged easily forward to meet the traveller.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

(To be Continued)

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1905, at the Post Office at Poughkeepsie,
N. Y. Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

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PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION

CHAPTER X

FORT MONROE—GEN. LANDER

THE large hotel outside Fort Monroe (the Hygeia), was taken by the Government and used as a field hospital. A large number of soldier-patients were in this hospital, many suffering from wounds, but more from malarious diseases, and typhoid fever was quite prevalent. Early one very foggy morning in the winter of 1862 an insane patient escaped from the hospital and clad only in his hospital clothing, rushed up to the drawbridge at the entrance to the fort. The sentinel on duty at the outer end of the drawbridge, across the moat, was so surprised and frightened at the appearance of the insane man, that he fled across the drawbridge into the fort crying "A ghost! A ghost!"

The lunatic followed him, and the guard on duty were taken with the same panic as the sentinel, and they also fled before him. The lunatic entered the fort and was attracted by a staircase, which led up to the officers' quarters. He went up these stairs, and entered a room where an officer was dressing. The officer also was seized with panic, and in his efforts to get away from the lunatic, jumped out of a second-story window.

Having captured the fort, the lunatic proceeded on his way through it, with every one flying before him. He entered the quarters of Colonel T. J. Cram, of the Engineers, who also was dressing. Colonel Cram was a very self-possessed man, but he naturally was disconcerted at this violent entrance of a wild-looking man in his night-dress into his room. The lunatic carried a big bar of iron in his hand, and brandishing this at Colonel Cram, he cried;

"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I command you to come with me. Your time has come!"

Colonel Cram, apprehending violence, interposed a table between himself and the lunatic, and replied with great coolness:

"You will permit me to dress before I go with you."

The lunatic replied: "It is of no consequence whether you go into eternity dressed or undressed. You will go with me now!" And he followed up the remark by seizing the Colonel across the table. A terrific struggle ensued, Colonel Cram seizing the man's right arm to prevent being struck with the bar of iron. The violence of the lunatic, and his unnatural strength, was overcoming the Colonel, when with one vigorous effort he threw the lunatic off and away from him, and managed to get possession of his sword. He drew his sword and was in the act of running the lunatic through when a file of soldiers rushed into the room and seized the man.

Thus was this great fort captured by a solitary lunatic! The incident resulted in a court-martial, and the sentinel was convicted and ordered to be shot. The sentence, however, was never carried out. The officer of the guard was suspended from duty for some time.

Early in January, 1862, a captain in the English Army, whose regiment was stationed in Canada, was sent by the War Department to General Wool with a notification that the officer had volunteered for the secret service as a spy, possibly actuated by a spirit of adventure, but with no unwillingness to securing pecuniary reward. The English being in high feather with the rebel government at that time, it was assumed that he would be received with confidence by the enemy. Receiving his instructions from General Wool, he was sent to Norfolk by a flag of truce.

Nothing was heard from him for a period of nearly two months, and we began to be apprehensive that he was in the rebel service and not in ours. In the latter part of February, however, he arrived at Fortress Monroe by flag of truce from Norfolk, and reported at headquarters. He stated that he had been cordially received by the rebels, and had just left General Beauregard's command at Manassas. Beauregard's command, he said, consisted of about thirty-eight thousand men of all arms. Stonewall Jackson was to move the following week with

about seventeen thousand men, or one half of the command, through the Shenandoah Valley, and attack General Lander's command with headquarters at Harper's Ferry. Lander's force, of about ten thousand strong, was guarding the head of the valley, and was engaged in restoring the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which had been torn up by the rebels. His command was practically the right wing of McClellan's army.

The English officer was at once sent forward to the War Department under surveillance, and a copy of his report to us was also sent by a bearer of despatches, as we had not full confidence in the spy's integrity. His information was, however, fully verified by results. Jackson's force did move into the valley, attacking Lander and driving his forces out, in which action Lander was fatally wounded, and died a few days after the battle in the house of his friend, Mr. John Fox Potter, M. C. These disastrous results, occurring with the War Department entirely informed of the movement, and with the ample forces at McClellan's command, begat in our department a general distrust of the War Department, and formed another of the amazing blunders and disasters in the history of the Army of the Potomac.

In 1866 Mr. Potter, then Consul-General of the United States at Montreal, visited me at Burlington, Vt. This gentleman was known as "Bowie-Knife Potter," from the famous incident of his acceptance of a challenge from the then Judge Pryor* of Virginia, and offering to fight him with bowie-knives with twelve-inch blades, the duellists to stand three feet apart, an offer which the fire-eating Virginian declined on the ground that the bowie-knife was a barbarous weapon. During Mr. Potter's visit I referred to the death of the gallant Lander, and told him that the War Department and McClellan were fully advised by the spy of Jackson's movements.

Mr. Potter with no little excitement then told me that General Lander had been most loyal to McClellan, and that he had asked him, when he lay dying in his house, how the defeat had occurred. General Lander related that McClellan left Washington and came to his headquarters, knowing of Jackson's advance, and arranged with him to meet Jackson's forces; that Jackson's forces appeared in front of Lander's lines late in the afternoon, and that McClellan had made

*Roger A. Pryor.

every disposition for the battle the following morning, McClellan staying with Lander at his headquarters. Lander left his headquarters and went to the front before daylight. Soon after Jackson's advance on his lines, and after an hour or two at long range, Jackson massed his forces, which were superior, and broke through Lander's lines, overwhelming and defeating him. Lander expected every moment that McClellan would appear and direct the movement, and that he would be reinforced from McCall's division, which consisted of eleven thousand men, and was within ten miles of him. But McClellan did not appear on the field. It appeared that he left Lander's headquarters about midnight without Lander knowing it, and went over to McCall's division, but did not order up any support, although McCall's forces were within sound of Lander's guns.

Mr. Potter, in reply to this statement by General Lander, said to him:

"Your statement is almost incredible, General. How do you account for the matter?"

Raising himself in his bed, General Lander replied:

"McClellan is a d—d traitor and a coward!"

And poor Lander died of chagrin more than from the effects of his wound.

LEGRAND B. CANNON

(To be continued).

INDIAN LEGENDS

XV

THE LOVER STAR

I obtained the following legend from the lips of an Indian trader, whom I met at the island of La Pointe, in Lake Superior. He said it was related to him by a hunter of the Chippewyan nation, and that he had heard a similar story among the Chippewas.

THERE was once a quarrel among the stars, when one of them was driven away from its home in the heavens and descended to the earth. It wandered from one tribe of Indians to another, and had been seen hovering over the camp-fires of a thousand Indians, when they were preparing themselves for sleep. It always attracted attention and inspired wonder and admiration. It often lighted upon the heads of little children, as if for the purpose of playing with them, but they were invariably frightened and drove it away by their loud crying. Among all the people in the world, only one could be found who was not afraid of this beautiful star; and this was a little girl, the daughter of a Chippewyan warrior. She was not afraid of the star, but rather than this, she loved it with her whole heart, and was very happy in her love. That she was loved by the star in return there could be no doubt, for wherever she traveled with her father through the wilderness there, as the night came on did the star follow, but it was never seen in the day time. When the girl awoke at night, the star floated just above her head; and, when she was asleep, it was so constant in its watchfulness, that she never opened her eyes, even at midnight, without beholding its brilliant light. People wondered at this strange condition of things, but how much more did they wonder, when they found that the father of the girl never returned from the hunt without an abundance of game. They therefore concluded that the star must be the son of the Good Spirit, and they ever after spoke of it with veneration.

Time passed on, and it was midsummer. The Indian girl had gone into the woods for the purpose of gathering berries. Those of the wintergreen were nearly all eaten up by the pigeons and the deer, and as the cranberries were beginning to ripen, she wandered into a large marsh with a view of filling her willow basket with them. She did so,

and in the tangled thickets of the swamp she lost her way. She became frightened and cried aloud for her father to come to her assistance. The only creatures that answered her cries were the frogs and the lonely bittern. The night was rapidly coming, and the farther she wandered the more intricate became her path. At one time she was compelled to wade into the water even to her knees, and then again would she fall into a deep hole and almost become drowned among the poisonous slime and weeds. Night came, and the poor girl looked up at the sky, hoping that she might see the star that she loved. A storm had arisen, and the rain fell so rapidly that a star could not live in it, and therefore was there none to be seen. The storm continued, the waters of the country rose, and in rushing into the deeper lakes, they destroyed the Indian girl, and washed her body away so that it never could be found.

Many seasons passed away and the star continued to be seen above the watch-fires of the Chippewayans; but it would never remain long in one place, and its light appeared to have become dimmed. It ever seemed to be looking for something that it could not find, and people knew that it was unhappy on account of the untimely death of the girl it had loved. Additional years passed on, and with the leaves of autumn, it finally disappeared. A cold and long winter soon followed, and then the hottest summer that had ever been known. During this season it so happened that a hunter chanced at night to follow a bear into one of the largest swamps of the land, when to his astonishment he discovered a small light hanging over the water. It was so beautiful that he followed it for a long distance, but it led into such dangerous places that he gave up the pursuit, and returned to tell his people what he had seen. And then it was that the oldest men of the tribe told him that the light he had seen was the star that had been driven from heaven, and that it was now wandering over the earth for the purpose of finding the beautiful girl it had loved. And that same star is still upon the earth, and is often seen by the hunters as they journey at night through the wilderness.

XVI.

ORIGIN OF THE DEER

A SHAWNEE LEGEND

WA-PIT-PA-TASKA, or the Yellow Sky, was the daughter of a Shawnee or Snake hunter. His lodge was not one of the handsomest in the village where it stood, but the paths leading to it were more beaten than those leading to any other, for the daughter of the hunter was a great favorite among the young men of her tribe. The exploits of those who sought her hand had no charms for her ear, and her tastes were strangely different from those common among women. She knew that she had not many years to live upon the earth, and her dreams had told her she was created for an unheard-of mission. There was a mystery about her being, and none could comprehend the meaning of her evening songs. On one condition alone did she avow her willingness to become a wife, and this was, that he who became her husband should never, under any circumstances, mention her name. If he did so, a sad calamity would befall him, and he would forever thereafter regret his thoughtlessness. By this decree was the love of one of her admirers greatly enhanced, and before the summer was gone the twain were married and dwelt in the same lodge.

Time flew on and the Yellow Sky sickened and died, and her last words were that her husband should never forget her admonition about breathing her name. The widower was very unhappy, and for five summers did he avoid his fellow-men, living in solitude, and wandering through the forests alone. The voices of autumn were now heard in the land, and the bereaved husband had, after his many journeyings, returned to the grave of his wife, which he found overgrown with briers and coarse weeds. For many moons had he neglected to protect the remains of his wife, and he now tried to atone for his wickedness by plucking up the briers and covering the grave with a soft sod. In doing this he was discovered by a stranger Indian, who asked him whose grave it was of which he was taking so much care? "It is the grave," said he, "of *Wa-pit-pa-taska*;" and hardly had the forbidden name (which he thoughtlessly uttered,) passed from his lips, before he fell to the earth in a spasm of great pain. The sun was setting, and his bitter moans echoed far through the gloomy woods, even until the darkness settled upon the world.

Morning came, and near the grave of the Yellow Sky a large buck was quietly feeding. It was the unhappy husband, whom the Great Spirit had thus changed. The trotting of a wolf was heard in the brake, and the deer pricked up his ears. One moment more, and the wolf started after the deer. The race was very long and painful, but the deer finally escaped. And thus from a man came into existence the beautiful deer, or *mu-rat-si*; and because of the foolishness of this man, in not remembering his wife's words, the favorite animal of the Shawnee has ever been at the mercy of the wolf.

XVII.

LEGEND OF THE WHITE OWL

IT was in the country of the Winnebagoes, or people of the turbid water, and there was a great scarcity of game. An Indian hunter, while returning from an unsuccessful expedition, at the sunset hour, chanced to discover in the top of a tree a large white owl. He knew that the flesh of this bird was not palatable to the taste, but as he thought of his wife and children, who had been without food for several days, he concluded to bend his bow and kill the bird. Hardly had he come to this determination, before he was astonished to hear the owl speaking to him in the following strain: "You are a very foolish hunter. You know it is against the laws of your nation to kill any of my tribe, and why should you do wrong because you happen to be a little hungry? I know that your wife and children are also hungry, but that is not a good reason for depriving me of life. I too have a wife and several children, and their home is in the hollow of an old tree. When I left them a little while ago, they were quite as hungry as you are, and I am now trying to obtain for their enjoyment a red squirrel or a young opossum. Unlike you, I have to hunt for my game only at night, and if you will go away and not injure me, I may have it in my power to do you a kindness at some future time."

The Indian hunter was convinced and he unbent his bow. He returned to his wigwam, and after he had told his wife what had happened to him, she told him she was not sorry, for she had been particularly fortunate in gathering berries. And then the Indian and his family were contented, and game soon afterwards became abundant in the land.

Many seasons had passed away, and the powerful nation of the Iroquois were making war upon the Winnebagoes. The hunter already mentioned had become a successful warrior and a chief. He was a mark for his enemies, and the bravest among them started upon the war-path for the express purpose of effecting his destruction. They hunted him as they would the panther, but he always avoided their arrows. Many days of fatigue had he now endured, and, believing that his enemies had given up the chase, he stopped, on a certain evening, to rest himself and enjoy a repast of roots. After this comfortless supper was ended, he wrapped himself in his skins and thought that he would lie down and enjoy a little sleep. He did so, and the only sounds which broke the stillness of the air were caused by the falling of the dew from the leaves and the whistling of the whippoorwill. It was now past midnight, and the Winnebago was yet undisturbed. A whoop is heard in the forest so remote from his grassy couch as not to be heard by the unconscious sleeper. But what can this shouting mean? A party of the Iroquois warriors have fallen upon the trail of their enemy, and are in hot pursuit. But still the Winnebago warrior is in the midst of a pleasant dream. On come his enemies, and his death is inevitable. The shouting of the Iroquois is now distinct and clear, but in the twinkling of an eye it is swallowed up in a much louder and more dismal shriek, which startled the Winnebago to his feet. He is astonished, and wonders whence comes the noise. He looked upwards, and lo! perched upon one of the branches of the tree under which he had been resting, the form of a large white owl. It rolls its large yellow eyes upon him, and tells him that an enemy is on his trail, and that he must flee for his life. And this is the way in which the white owl manifested its gratitude to the Winnebago hunter for his kindness in sparing its own life many years before. And since that time the owl has ever been considered a very good and a wise bird, and when it perches above the wigwam of the red man it is always safe from harm.

CHARLES LANMAN

Ja

WAR-TIME RECOLLECTIONS

(Third Paper)

THE FIRST NIGHT IN LIBBY

I DO not know from experience what the feelings of a condemned man are the night before execution, but I cannot believe them more harrowing than mine the first night I spent in Libby. It was dark and bitterly cold. The wind hissed incessantly through the barred windows to the north, and through the chinks of the rough board floor a steady draught came up and made a balloon of the thin blanket covering Captain Martin and myself.

After 9 o'clock, and when the lights were out and the men lying down in long rows, as if death had come upon them when massed in solid ranks, there still went on a hum of conversation in the "Upper Chickamauga" room. The wonder to me was not that they did not drop off to sleep at once, but that anybody could possibly go to sleep in such a place at any time.

To the east of the room in which I lay there was a similar apartment, which Martin told me was the "Upper East" or "Upper Potomac" Room, below which there was a "Lower East" or "Lower Potomac" Room. The prison officers made no effort to separate or to classify the prisoners, but, as was natural, men from the same commands herded together. The western third of Libby was occupied by men of "Straight's command," who had been captured near Rome, Ga., the previous May, and were therefore the "oldest fish" in prison, and by prisoners from our army in West Virginia, principally Milroy's men. The middle rooms, which were also the darkest, were filled with men from the Armies of the Ohio, Mississippi and Cumberland, a majority of whom had been "gobbled" at Chickamauga. The two east rooms were the brightest and warmest, and their occupants were the jolliest and noisiest. Most of them had been "scooped in" the first day at Gettysburg, or from Sickles's Corps on the second, and all of them, with the exception of General Neal Dow and a few others taken at Port Hudson, belonged to the Army of the Potomac.

For fully an hour after the lights were out the wildest kind of an uproar continued in the Upper Potomac Room. There were cheering,

stamping, cat calls, and barking, and over all the confusion I could catch these queries, the meaning of which I subsequently learned:

"Who the devil stole my blanket?"

"Teed (Major John, 116th Pa.) of Reading!" came a thundering shout.

"Who hid behind the big gun?" from one.

"Boltz of Berks!" from what seemed a thousand.

"Where do you wish you was?"

"Home with my mother!"

Here followed in every key, from shrill falsetto to gruff bass: "Oh, I want to go home!" "I don't like this place!" "I want breakfast early—and lots of it!" "Cook for ten and let me eat alone!" "Bow wow, wow—gr-r-r bow!" "Choke that d—d dog!"

A few seconds of silence and then a weary voice calls out: "Boys, do keep still and let a fellow sleep!"

A roar of wild laughter that threatened to lift the roof, which to me had no merriment in its sound, greeted this request. Then the comments began:

"Oh, yes, let him repose!"

"Get him some soothing syrup!"

"Rock him to sleep, mother; rock him to sleep"; this was the refrain of a then popular song, and the whole Upper Potomac Room seemed to be singing it. This was followed by the requests:

"Fan his head, some one."

"Give him an artillery punch and let me smell the glass. Ah-h-h!"

"Ah-h-h!" from everybody.

"Boys, upon my soul I'm ashamed of you," said the man who wanted to sleep.

"And we're ashamed of ourselves—even though we are in the jug. Now, attention; I have a motion to make, this in a commanding voice.

"What is it, Ryan?" from a score.

"I move, as the night is cold, and we can't sleep anyhow, that we spend the time profitably."

"Second the motion. How's it to be done?"

"I move that Colonels Cesnola, (Luigi P. di Cesnola, Lieut. Col. 11th, and Col. 4th N. Y. Cavalry), Cavada, (Frederick F. Cavada, Lieut. Col. 114th Pa.), von Helmerich, (Gustav Helmrigh, Lieut. Col. 4th and 5th Missouri Cavalry), and myself to appointed a committee of four to go down to the Lower Room and invite General Neal Dow to come up and give us a temperance lecture. 'I've made up my mind to swear off for some time. All in favor will say 'Aye.'"

"Aye!" in thundering tones.

"All opposed, 'No.'"

"No!" in tones still more thundering.

"The Chair is undecided!"

"Division! division! division!"

"I call for a rising vote!"

The gentleman who made the last suggestion was unanimously invited to go out to the spigot and soak his head.

"Captain Maas! Ed Maas of the Eighty-eighth Penn-syl-va-ni-ay!"

"Well! What the devil is it now?" This from a man who had evidently been trying to sleep.

"Give us a song with a thundering long chorus to it; something that'll warm a fellow like a fire, a jug of punch, and a feather bed."

"And will you hold your d—d tongues after that and go to sleep?"

"Oh, come, Captain, we'll hold our tongues, for we ain't women; but don't ask the impossible," said the man who wanted to hear Neal Dow.

A pause, then a whole regiment seemed to be clearing its throat preparatory to helping along the chorus. Then, high above the whistling of the wind through the bars and the beating of the sleet upon the roof, a ringing tenor voice sang the words:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He has loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword,
God's truth is marching on."

As Mrs. Howe's splendid Battle Hymn is not before me, I am not quite sure of the words, but I can never forget the thrilling chorus that followed it. Again and again was repeated the "Glory, glory, hallelujah. God's truth is marching on."

But even the exultant spirits of the Upper Potomac men had a limit. Silence followed the last chorus, and the guards took up the cry:

"Half-past ten! Post No. 1, and all's well!"

Before 11 o'clock the prisoners were at rest, or seemed to be; but throughout the night there was no quiet. Nearly every man in the Upper Chickamauga seemed to have a cough, and those not troubled in that way appeared to be afflicted with snoring or a tendency to talk in their sleep. Only a Dante could properly portray my feelings that first night in Libby. I am very sure I never spent a longer one before or since.

It was yet so dark that one could not distinguish a familiar face twenty feet away, when Sergeant Turner and Little Ross came to the head of the steps and shouted: "Turn out for roll call! Turn out!"

Preparing for roll call was a very simple matter. As the only clothing removed before retiring were the boots or shoes, there was no trouble dressing. The blankets were rolled up and placed against the dividing brick walls or thrown over the heavy beams, which served as racks for anything owned by the unfortunates who had their quarters in the middle of the room. There were about 1,300 prisoners in the building at this time, and the roll call consisted of the very primitive plan of standing them in ranks four deep, counting the first line and multiplying it by four. As escapes were not unusual, it was easy to conceal the absence of a man who had "lit out," particularly in that dark Lower Chickamauga Room, which, because of its central location, was the place in which we were counted. If a man were missing, a prisoner in the rear rank on the right of the line would wait until he was seen by

one of the Sergeants keeping the tally, then he would drop down behind, scuttle along to the vacant place, and then "bob up" as serenely innocent as a "fresh fish" from the home guard.

Very often in a spirit of mischief and in order to perplex little Ross and "Black George"—the former was liked and the latter detested—this trick would be played when there was no need to account for a missing man, so that there would be frequently an extra half dozen Yankees present who could not be found on the prison books. About the middle of December it dawned upon Major Turner's mind that this plan of roll call was defective, and thereafter we were huddled and jammed every morning into the Upper Potomac Room, and through an opening in the dividing wall, which was kept closed at other times, we were counted, one at a time, into the Upper Chickamauga: but, as will be seen hereafter, even this precaution was not adequate.

After roll call a grand rush was made for the cook room. This was the middle room on the ground floor facing Cary Street. In it there were four old-fashioned kitchen stoves and a few long, rough tables; rather limited accommodations for the number of men in prison, but, as an offset, it should be added that the stoves were quite sufficient for the cooking there was to do. Up to the 1st of January, 1864, the friends of prisoners in the North or "God's country," as the men called it, were permitted to send through supplies under flag of truce. These boxes contained clothing and condensed food, which, after being carefully examined, were delivered to those to whom they were addressed. This gave the men who had been in prison for sometime and whose friends knew of their whereabouts a decided advantage over the impoverished "fresh fish." But I recall with pride that no man was permitted to go hungry in that prison while another had food. Yes, there was one exception, to which I may refer again.

The prisoners who suffered most and were most dependent on their more affluent comrades were those from Tennessee, Kentucky, and West Virginia, in which States the friends were fugitives, impoverished themselves, or within the enemy's lines.

I was Captain Martin's guest, as were two other "fresh fish," and these increased his mess to seven. He did the cooking, that is, made coffee, "cornfederate coffee," out of roasted, or rather burned, corn-bread; vile stuff it was, but then it had the merit of being hot; the heel of

a molasses jug helped to allay its bitterness. After a time I grew to like it. This coffee, with a few dabs of their stringy beef, heated on a stove lid, and the hardest cornbread that a man's teeth ever bit into, constituted the breakfast of one mess. But hunger makes the most repulsive food palatable.

Some men were cooking ham at one of the stoves that morning, and I recall hanging round just to sniff in the intoxicating and exhilarating odor. Of course, I broke the Tenth Commandment into smithereens while I was looking on, but soldiers, and particularly prisoners of war, soon get on good terms with their conscience.

After breakfast—why it was not done before I never could guess—rations were served, the head of every mess drawing for his number. These rations consisted of about a half pint of black beans, a half loaf of corn bread, and a few ounces of flabby, lean beef for each man, with an allowance of salt once a week. Each bean was the abode of a bug in the chrysalis state, so that it had to be crushed and washed to get rid of its animal life before it was cooked. But when the meat supply was stopped in January, men ceased to be so fastidious and cooked and ate their beans with an eye to the nutritive quality of their insect inhabitants. The corn bread was called "iron-clad" and it would have been twice as wholesome and palatable if half the cob had been left out of the meal.

These matters seem trivial now, but I dwell on them because they were so important to me and impressed me so vividly at the time. It should be said in excuse for these wretched rations that they were, perhaps, on the whole, quite as good, if not so ample, as those which were issued to a majority of the Southern soldiers. Yet, on the other hand, there would have been no suffering nor need of Confederate rations if the Southern authorities had permitted our Government to send, as it offered to do, all the supplies through that were necessary for the comfort of the prisoners, or if the boxes sent through by friends had been distributed, instead of being confiscated as they were. When such intercourse ceased the hunger began in dead earnest.

The room directly under the Lower Potomac was the hospital. The building was all under one roof, but three stories high on the north or Cary Street side and four on the south side owing to the slope on which it was built. It was, or could be, turned into three warehouses,

each with its separate cellar and front door. At the southern end of each room in which the prisoners were confined there was a water spigot and a sink, the latter in a narrow frame addition, like a long packing box, that had been added on after the place was turned into a prison. These sinks were endurable so long as the wind did not blow from the South, but when it did—and these occasions grew more frequent with the approach of Spring—the stench added another to the tortures of the place. It was no doubt with an eye to cleanliness that a gang of negroes came in every morning with brooms and buckets of water and proceeded to scrub, or rather, to wet every floor. This accounted for the coughing. Frequently the water froze as fast as they applied it, and on rainy days the floors remained wet till the men lay down on them at night.

By way of introducing me to my fellow-boarders and making me acquainted with the building, Captain Forsyth of the One Hundredth Ohio—(probably James W., afterwards Colonel 64th O.), took me in charge. "You will find not a few notables here," he said, as he led me into the Lower Potomac, adding, "there goes one of them now."

Following the direction of Forsyth's hand, I saw a slender man of medium height, who walked back and forth, back and forth, incessantly, with his chin on his breast as if he were mentally struggling with a most difficult problem. His hair and beard were nearly white; he wore a tattered overcoat, and on his head was a red flannel cap, evidently extemporized from one leg of a pair of drawers. His bearing was not military, but there was a set to the lips and a glint in the gray eyes that bespoke him a man of brains and force.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"That," replied Forsyth, "is the celebrated Neal Dow (Colonel 13th Maine.) He takes his punishment like a man, never whimpers, and so the boys like him."

After I had taken in General Dow I saw a stout, foreign-looking soldier, with black eyes, black hair, and black beard, passing, but what particularly arrested my attention was the fact that this officer wore the best and warmest coat I had seen in prison. It was a cavalry tunic, trimmed with fur. In reply to my question, Forsyth said:

"Oh, that's Colonel Cesnola of the Fourth New York Cavalry. They say he is an Italian Count, but, be that as it may, he is a gentleman;

those who've served with him say he is as brave as they make 'em. Another thing that makes him popular is that he doesn't whine about exchange nor talk against the Government, but bears his punishment like a philosopher. Ah, there is another celebrity, that genteel, natty-looking man with the short, gray beard. Who is he? Well, that is Colonel Sanderson, Quartermaster of the Tenth Corps. He formerly managed a popular hotel for Southerners in New York City*; that may be the reason he has more privileges than other prisoners. He is not popular, but I have found him to be a gentleman, and I know of my own knowledge that he has influenced the Confederate authorities to do better for our poor fellows over on Belle Isle."

After this I was introduced to Sawyer (Henry W., Major 1st N. J. Cav.), and Flynn, two of the best-known Captains in prison. Flynn was a modest, dark-featured man of five and thirty from Indiana; Sawyer was a well-formed, light-haired Captain of Cavalry from New Jersey. Some months before this Burnside hanged as spies two Confederate Captains, whom he caught within his lines in Kentucky. In retaliation for this the Confederate authorities sent down to Libby Prison and ordered two Yankee Captains to be selected by lot and hanged. There were one hundred-thirteen blanks, with two prizes, placed in a hat, and each Captain was invited to select one. It was one of those rare lottery cases in which each blank was worth more than a fortune—it meant life. Sawyer and Flynn got the unlucky prizes, and were at once taken from prison. Sawyer was plucky, but very nervous. Flynn bade good-bye to his friends and walked off as coolly as if hanging were the most unimportant thing in the world.

It is surprising how quickly in those days of blockades, videttes, and guards news flew from Richmond to Washington and from Washington to Richmond. Three days after this drawing a flag of truce bore a message to the Confederate lines. It said that Brigadier General Fitzhugh Lee of the Confederate Army, then a prisoner in our hands, and another officer of equal rank, had been ordered to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington, and that they would be hanged as soon as it was learned that Sawyer and Flynn had been disposed of in the same way.

*This was the New York Hotel, on Broadway from Washington to Waverly Places. Hiram Cranston was its head.

So there was no hanging, and the two Captains returned to Libby. Those prizes turned out for the best in the end, for some weeks after I reached Libby Sawyer and Flynn were exchanged for the officers who had been selected as hostages for their lives.

I have often been asked how the men managed to spend their time in prison, and before learning the facts from experience I had had the same curiosity myself, but it needed only that first morning to satisfy me. Near the windows, where the light was best, but not so near as to tempt the fire of the vigilant guards, who had orders to shoot down any prisoner who touched the bars, there were scores of men carving such pieces of bone as had come through with the meat. From the quantity of bone-carving I saw that day and subsequently, and from my own share of the meat ration, I came to the conclusion that the beef was principally bone. Men devoted to this kind of work were said to have "bone on the brain." Crosses, napkin rings, forks, spoons, and crucifixes were in every stage of manufacture. Much of the work was very crude, but it had the advantage of keeping the mind and the hands busy, and that was everything in that place; and then some of it denoted fine taste and even artistic skill. This was particularly the case with the work done by Lieutenant Colonel Henry of the Fifteenth Kentucky Cavalry, but then he had achieved reputation as a sculptor before he entered the army.

Some men were knitting stockings with wooden needles. A few were reading books that had been sent through from the North.

A. N. HAYS.

(To be continued)

NOTE—After corresponding with many old soldiers, we have concluded, acting on the suggestions of Captain W. B. Gray, late 5th N. Y. Cavalry now residing at Windsor, Conn., that the officer most likely to have been the author of these papers is the late Captain Asa N. Hays, 7th Tenn. Cavalry.

THREE CENTURIES OF AN OLD VIRGINIA TOWN—

PETERSBURG AND THE APPOMATTOX

NO OTHER city in America has more vital links connecting it with the crucial periods of the national history than has Petersburg. It was the objective point of Cornwallis when he struck north after his Carolina campaign, and it was the objective point of Grant when he struck south after his Wilderness Campaign and Cold Harbor. In each case, it was the turning point of destiny, and at Petersburg were enacted the opening scenes of the last acts of the two great war dramas that closed at Yorktown and at Appomattox.

Petersburg is a palimpsest written upon by each of the five periods of American history. Beneath the fair writing of this modern day there are still visible the red strokes of the Civil war. Beneath this, however, may still be read the story of a strong and cultured people, active and successful in the national period. Then come the grim tracings of the wars with England, and beneath them the sturdy strokes of the colonists have left their deeds "writ large," with markings of the Indian period still visible to the careful eye. Thus Petersburg is the most interesting city in America, for the reason that each age has left upon it an impress that has not been effaced by the attrition of the new era.

GENERAL OUTLINE

THREE CENTURIES

Here lived perhaps Pocahontas and probably that "Queene of Appamatuck" that brought Smith water to wash his hands. Nearby was the site of the East India School established by the colonists, and yet nearer, the site of Pierce's plantation, where four of the settlers were killed in the first Indian massacre. Thus, Petersburg has a clear line of descent of three centuries. It was Appamatuck on Smith's map of Virginia in 1612; it was Peter's Point in the commercial history of 1712; it was the Cockade City in the war history of 1812, and it is the Petersburg of world history in 1912.

EARLY EVENTS

Old Fort Henry, built in 1645-6, was the nucleus of the original town, and a suburb of the city today is said to be the site of the Indian village destroyed in 1676 by the "Virginia Rebel," Nathaniel Bacon.

Two famous early expeditions set out from Petersburg. Thomas Batte and his companions set out in 1671 to explore the Western country by command of Major-General Wood of Fort Henry, and these men made the first crossing of the mountains by the English. It was from Bellevue, still a suburban home of Petersburg, that John May and Charles Johnson departed in 1790 for that fateful journey down the Kanawha and Ohio that was to bring death to May and suffering and fame to Johnson, as told in his famous Narrative. Two other expeditions ended at Petersburg, for here Colonel William Byrd relapsed into luxury on his return from the "Dividing Line" in 1728 and here he laid the foundation of the city on his return from the Land of Eden in 1733, as related in the Westover Manuscripts.

Not all the historic sites of Petersburg, however, have been made famous by war or daring. The arts of peace and the amenities of life have also their memorials. Especially interesting are four famous banquets in which Petersburg showed its hospitality. Here Washington was feasted during his southern tour in 1791, and here LaFayette was *fêted* forty years after his first visit, during his American tour in 1824. Here too, Aaron Burr, on his way south in 1805, was honored with a great banquet, equal to those that marked the coming of the Father of his Country and of the hero of two worlds.

More than a century later, in 1909, President Taft was the city's guest of honor at the most brilliant *fête* of all, the Centre Hill Banquet, when a thousand guests sat down to luncheon with him at tables of living turf, with responses to toasts by Ambassador Jusserand, Admiral Sigsbee, Professor Alderman and others, and when the President, himself, made a notable address to twenty thousand people.

Thus the historical sites, memorials, and buildings of Petersburg, with the grim cordon of forts and battle lines of two great wars, form a series of object lessons in American life in peace and war, and the city itself may fairly be called an epitome of American history.

FAMOUS SITES

Here are found Indian relics, sites and traditions; one of the first colonial forts, the first permanent outpost south of the James; an early trading station, from which the city derives its name; the two famous "Castles" of the founder's grandson; old taverns, duelling grounds and race-courses; sites of the Revolutionary period, made famous by the great leaders on both sides; a fine colonial mansion used as headquarters by a British general and described by de Chastellux in his *Travels*; the site of the historic home in which General Phillips died; the old bridge, torn up, rebuilt and burned by the contending armies on two successive days; the church where Whitefield preached his sermon to critical ears, and the spot where the fiery preaching of the evangelist Williams was cooled by a fire-hose.

About 1800 began another series of historic sites. Here was the early theater, where the Petersburg Thespians acted, succeeded by one of the most famous early theatres in America, which was visited by all of the great actors of the earlier part of the century. Here Burk wrote the first early history of Virginia and fell in a duel. Asbury's *Journal* tells how Petersburg was often visited in his itinerary and how he and Bishop Coke found warm welcome here. The law office of General Winfield Scott may still be seen, as may the home where Calhoun's body lay in state at a later time. The very streets of the city in definite series record the national period of American history.

The Civil war left its impress upon the city and made a third group of historic sites. The three headquarters of General Lee mark the gradual recession during the longest siege in American history. President Davis stopped here on his way to Richmond, and Lincoln and Grant made two homes famous by their visits. The four lines of the fortifications may still be traced around the city, and here were scenes of great battles and of the famous explosion of the Crater. Perhaps most striking and reverend of all, within sight of the Crater itself, stands a beautiful old colonial church and churchyard, containing memorials, graves, and epitaphs of wonderful interest.

OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH

Probably the most unique memorial in America is this church, known as old Blandford or Bristol Parish Church. Few spots may be compared with it in sacredness or inspiration. "Standing in quiet

beauty amid acres of heroic dust" it thrills the visitor as does no other spot in America save Mount Vernon itself. Around it have surged the combats of two great struggles, but two war dates stand out in local history. One is the Ninth of June, 1864, when the volunteer citizen-soldiers held back Kautz's raid; and the other is the thirtieth of July, 1864, when the Burnside Mine was exploded and the Crater fight took place. Both of these events have fitting memorials here, where thirty-thousand Confederate dead lie buried, while there are close at hand stately monuments to the thousands of Union soldiers that rest in the Union cemeteries.

HISTORY AND ROMANCE

Romance and pathos combine with history around the old church, and about it have ebbed and flowed the very life tides of the city and nation. In the southeast corner of the churchyard, under foliage of ivy and periwinkles, lies buried General Phillips, called by Jefferson "the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth." Here it was that Steuben made his first stand against Phillips and Arnold in the defense of Petersburg in the Revolution. Here it was that the Washington memorial service was held in 1799, and here in 1826 was held the Jefferson memorial service. Parson Syme was interrupted in this service by the alarm of the great fire, second only to the greater fire of 1815. In the shadow of these walls was fought the Jeffreys-Johnson duel in 1795, and the Boisseau-Adams duel in 1821. In the church itself in 1844 Antommatti killed himself for love, and just outside the churchyard (as a suicide might not be buried in holy ground) stands the tombstone, paid for with money collected in Corsica, with the inscription, "Honor was his only vice."

To the east of this stands another tombstone worthy of notice, commemorating Captain and Mrs. George C. Gary, who in 1824 sailed in the ship *Cyrus* with the first Petersburg colony of negroes for Liberia.

In the Civil war, the bloody lines of circumvallation barely missed the confines of the cemetery, and at least one monument was shattered by the artillery fire.

A VIRGINIA PANTHEON

Thus, old Blandford church, with its colonial and revolutionary history, with its simple memorial tablet to an early rector, with its

beautiful D. A. R. memorial in honor of the men of the Revolution, with its eleven Tiffany Apostle windows commemorating the Confederate States (and two to Missouri and Maryland), with its eloquently simple U. D. C. honor roll of the citizen-heroes of the ninth of June, with its stately marble tablet to the immortal Crater Legion, and with its touching memorial to the leader of their charge, seems a real focus of American history and a veritable Pantheon of Confederate heroism.

The Burk cenotaph and the Blandford Poem connect the church also with American literature. The famous lines on the old church make the nearest approach to an American "Elegy." This poem is certainly the most beautiful spontaneous tribute to any church in America. The cenotaph to John Daly Burk, the fiery Irishman and the author of the most famous early history of Virginia, is just outside the walls of the church, and in the distance may be seen Fleet's Hill, where Burk fell in a duel.

The McRae monument near at hand completes the war memorials of the church. Not only does the inscription tell of the valor of the Petersburg Volunteers of 1812, but the five panels of the enclosure show also the arms that they bore. The flint-lock muskets and sabers crossed; the stiff military cap and pompon; the belt and ammunition-box; the garlands and wreaths; the American shield with the eagle and cannon; the battle-axes at the corners and the seventeen stars above the rail;—all these things bespeak the robust militant patriotism of an earlier day. Here all the panoply of war is displayed in this memorial of the daring of one company, while yonder in the church the deeds of tens of thousands are commemorated by simple tablets and holy emblems, with not a sign of war to mar the sacred precincts.

THE RIVER HISTORY

THE APPOMATTOX

The story of Petersburg begins naturally with the river. The Appomattox, like other Virginia rivers, was both an entering wedge of civilization and a colonial link and highway. Here Petersburg history begins with the planting of a fort by the settlers in the time of Governor Berkeley, and the site of old Fort Henry is today the spot of earliest authentic interest. The fifteen-mile river stretch from Bellevue just

above Petersburg, to City Point at the junction of the James, is scarcely surpassed in America for variety and intensity of interest. Every bluff was a plantation home and every wharf was a port of entry.

MATOAX TO FORT HENRY

Randolph of Roanoke was born on these banks, and his father and mother lie buried within sound of the falls of the river. These two graves, with their quaint Latin inscriptions, lend special interest to Matoax above the falls. Matoax was the private name of Pocahontas, and it was from Matoax that John Randolph's mother fled with him to "Bizarre," at the time of Arnold's threatened invasion. Nearby are Olive Hill, the Atkinson home, and Bellevue, the home of John May, where John Randolph's mother fled with him and where Johnston's Narrative opens. Across the river from Matoax the line of suburban estates begins with two other Atkinson homes, well-preserved Mansfield and Sysonby. Following the river to the city limits, the first historic mansion of the colonial days is Battersea, the home of the Banisters. This home, an excellent example of colonial architecture, was occupied during the Revolution by the British under Simcoe, and was visited after the war by M. de Chastellux and was described by him in his *Travels*.

On a high bluff at the foot of the falls stands the Dunlop house, built on the site of old Fort Henry; and directly across the river is Fleet's Hill, where Burk fell in his famous duel with Coquebert in 1808.

CAMPBELL'S BRIDGE

Here Campbell's bridge spans the narrow gorge, and it was at this bridge that Burk's eleven-year old son, John, learned of his father's death. He had spent the week end at Olive Hill with his schoolmate, Tom Atkinson, and on that Monday morning the two boys had seen the duelling ground wet with blood as they came past Fleet's Hill on their way to school in town. John Junius Burk was later Judge Burk, of Louisiana, when a Petersburg Robertson became Governor of that State, and Thomas Pleasants Atkinson afterwards wrote his reminiscences of Petersburg in the interesting "Moratock Papers."

It was over Campbell's bridge that General Lee's army passed on the night of April 2nd, 1865, in the retreat that ended at Appomattox.

PETER'S POINT

A short distance down on the south bank and in the very heart of the city itself is the birthplace of Petersburg, the old Trading Station of Peter Jones, from whom the city derived its name long before 1733, when Colonel William Byrd with his four companions "laid the foundation" of the two cities, Petersburg and Richmond, as told in his *West-over Manuscripts*. It is worthy of note that two Petersburgers, Banister and Jones, were among the four companions of Colonel Byrd in this "founding" of the two cities, and while "Shocco's" became Richmond, "Peter's Point" became Petersburg.

OPPOSITE THE CITY

Further down the river on the northern bank are the high bluffs overlooking the city, now called Colonial Heights. Here may be seen the remarkable box hedge at Oak Hill, said to be the oldest in America. This is on Archer's (or Hector's or Dunn's) Hill, from which Lafayette shelled Petersburg during the Revolution, when it was occupied by the British under Arnold, Phillips, and Cornwallis. Here was Hector's Spring and the bridge over which the gay cavalcades came trooping on the Fourth of July long ago. Winding down from Colonial Heights is the road along which Washington came with his escort of honor on his historic visit in 1791, and along which a third of a century later, LaFayette came into Petersburg in 1824, when he was welcomed as a hero by the city. On the next bluff is historic Violet Bank, the home of the Shores, the first headquarters of General Lee during the siege of Petersburg. The Conjuror's Neck Road leads from Violet Bank past Roslyn, the home of the Gambles, to Brick House, the home of the Kennons. In the lowlands here opposite the city is the suburb of Pocahontas, once "Witten Town," where stood for years an interesting relic of Indian times, the "Pocahontas Basin," now transferred to the Courthouse.

POCCAONTAS BRIDGE

Connecting this suburb of Pocahontas with the city is the historic Pocahontas bridge. Torn up on April 26th, 1781, by the retreating Americans under Steuben, rebuilt on the next day for the passage of the English under Phillips, and then burned while the shipping flamed in the harbor, its ruins were seen by M. de Chastellux, when in the same year he visited Spencer's Tavern beside the bridge, and praised the fish and

the music of the tavern. Here in 1812, an armed schooner fired a salute of honor to the departing Petersburg Volunteers; and here too, in 1858, the Petersburg Artillery fired a salute of thirteen guns on the arrival of the *Southern Star*, the first steamship that ever came to Petersburg, about ten years after the first telegraph message was sent from Petersburg to Norfolk. Below the bridge lies the harbor, and adjoining the town is the suburb of Blandford, which was once a center of industry and fashion. Here Haffey established the first nail factory in this part of the country, and here the Old Tavern and Boyd's Tavern and the Rising Sun were places of resort. Here a famous Petersburger had his law office in a modest building, still standing, before he became the hero of two wars as General Winfield Scott.

BELOW THE CITY

Below the city, the river flows on past Clifton and Brick House on the left bank, and past "Greencroft," the home of the Skipwiths, and "Puddledock," the home of the Stiths and Herberts, to famous Port Walthall. This was once the port both of Petersburg and of Richmond, whence the Virginia flour was shipped for decades for the South American trade. This place derived its name from the Walthalls, whose Valley Farm house was said to be the first built between the Appomattox and the James. Almost opposite is Gatling's or Spring Hill, where the sunken area still shows the effect of the mysterious landslide of twenty years ago. Then comes classic "Tusculum," the home of the Gilliams, on the right, and historic "Cobb's," home of the Bollings on the left, where the first deaf-mute school in America was established. This was the headquarters of General Butler during the Civil war. Here he had his signal tower visible from Petersburg, and just below is the lofty Point of Rocks.

BROADWAY

Below this Point, nine miles from Petersburg, is historic Broadway, where landed the French Huguenot refugees for whom the Assembly made provision of food and land and who later settled in Powhatan county. Here General Smallwood checked the first advance of Arnold's fleet in 1781, and here General Grant had his pontoon bridge in the Civil war. Over this pontoon bridge, on the night of the ninth of June, 1864, were marched the Petersburg soldiers captured in Kautz's Raid, and one of the prisoners, Anthony Keiley, has told the story of this march and of his interesting interviews with Kautz and Butler.

From Broadway, the river flows on past "Mitchell's" and past "Cawson's," the early home of the Blands where John Randolph was born, and past "Kippax," the first home of the Bollings, until it broadens out in sight of beautiful "Appomattox," for nearly three centuries owned by the Eppes family. Here is quiet City Point, twice alive with hostile troops and munitions, while on the further bank lies Bermuda Hundred and between them the picturesque Appomattox blends into the stately James.

CITY POINT AND PETERSBURG

Both Bermuda Hundred and City Point are closely knit to Petersburg history. It was at Bermuda Hundred, the 1611 settlement of Sir Thomas Dale, that the first Bristol Parish church was built, succeeded by the Ferry Chapel, nearer to Petersburg, and later (in 1735) by the Wells Hill church or Old Blandford itself, as told in Bishop Meade's "Old Churches." City Point, or Charles City Point, just missed being the first settlement, as Newport left his ships on his arrival in Virginia and coasted in a shallop to this point in his exploration, before returning and bringing his ships further up the river to make a landing at Jamestown. Here the East India school was established in 1621 to be a feeder to Henrico college. In the Revolution, it was at City Point that part of the British forces of Phillips landed for the advance on Petersburg, while the sick, leader himself was borne by carriage from Westover. In slave days, the Petersburg officers here took steamer in 1858 in their hurried pursuit of the kidnapping schooner, *Kexiah*, which was bearing off five runaway slaves. The steamer in which the pursuit was made was called the *W. W. Townes*. City Point was Grant's base of supplies in the siege of Petersburg, and he built from this point a military railroad of twelve or fifteen miles, entirely within his direct and reverse line of fortifications around Petersburg. Here President Lincoln landed on his visit to the evacuated city.

It is interesting to note that while the James lost its Indian name of Powhatan and kept the royal English title, the Appomattox threw off its imported name of the Bristol and reverted to the original Indian name. The old English name of the river is still preserved, however, in the name of Bristol parish mentioned above.

THE CITY HISTORY

BOLLINGBROOK

These river estates, however, with all their charm of colonial life and cheer, are second in interest to the historic mansions in Petersburg itself. Even more famous than the Battersea house already mentioned is "East Hill" or "Bollingbrook," the site of the colonial home of the Bollings. This house was twice the headquarters of the British during the Revolution. All the inmates had to take refuge in the cellar during the shelling by LaFayette, and one cannon-ball passed through the house and killed the cook. Here Arnold, with his Saratoga limp, dandled the children, and here General Phillips, lying on his death-bed, complained that the Americans would not even let him die in peace. From this home Cornwallis wrote in boastful vein of LaFayette, that "the boy" could not escape him now.

THE CASTLES

Two famous wooden "castles," in the city were built by Peter Jones the Second, grandson of Peter Jones, the trader and both are now occupied as residences. The first is "Folly Castle" on Washington street, built in 1763 and now occupied by Mr. Munt. This house was originally named from the folly of its then childless owner in building so large a house. Davis street, which bordered the estate, was formerly called Folly street.

The second of the "castles" is "Stirling Castle" on High street, now the residence of Mrs. Spotswood. This was originally the country house of Peter Jones the Second, but after his death his daughter had the house moved to Petersburg and erected on the spot where it now stands. Two other wooden mansions of somewhat similar style have an interesting history. One is the Bennet-Shore mansion at the corner of Adams and Marshall streets, now the Orr home. The original house, built more than a century ago, was an exact copy of the Shore home known as "Violet Bank," built a few years earlier but later destroyed by fire. On Adams street behind the Orr house is the old Johnson-Wyatt mansion, now occupied by Mr. Barham, where the body of Calhoun lay in state.

Another attractive old-time mansion of local interest is the West Hill house, with its solid basement and quaint dormer windows. This

house was built by the Bollings for the steward of their estate, and it faced their long line of tobacco warehouses that stood on West Hill.

THE RESIDENCY

Prison Hill Mansion on Tabb street has for years been one of the interesting sights of the city, but it is still somewhat a puzzle. So far as may be learned, this handsome two-story wooden mansion, with a lofty stone and brick basement, was formerly used as a residency or official home by some agent of the crown in colonial days. It stood in the midst of spacious grounds extending from the High School building on the south to the creek on the north. The two stone pillars of the entrance gates still stand at the end of Marshall street. A winding driveway led to the front of the house, and two curving staircases led to the porch of the mansion, which was perched high above the stone basement, where may still be seen the cells used for the detention of prisoners. This arrangement of a dwelling-house over a prison seems strange today, but the same plan may be seen in the sheriff's house standing in Blandford, which was prison below and residence above.

THE HISTORIANS

The historian John Daly Burk had no home of his own, but boarded at the house of Mrs. Swayle (or Swail) on Old Street, near the old Le Moine house. Burk was a lawyer with an office on Bollingbrook Street near Phoenix. He was a great friend of John Randolph, who aided him in securing materials for his history. His famous quarrel with Coquebert at the time of the Berlin and Milan Decrees occurred in the Powell Tavern on Sycamore Street, where the Rosenstock Stores now stand. He fought the duel in a ravine back of the Normal School and was buried with military honors in an unmarked grave at Cedar Grove, the residence of General Joseph Jones in the southwestern part of the city. This land, later the property of A. G. McIlwaine, was near the Mount Airy Railroad Shops.

This duel was not the only one that interrupted the writing of this Virginia history. Skelton Jones, who began the fourth volume, also fell on the "field of honor" after writing sixty-three pages, and the history was completed by Girardin.

The second Petersburg historian, often called the Virginia *Old Mortality*, was Charles Campbell. He had his residence here, as his

father was the first bookseller of the city. In addition to his excellent *History of Virginia*, Campbell wrote also a *Life of Burk* and many antiquarian essays.

Three other Virginia historians should be mentioned, as they were rectors here. Both William Stith, who wrote a *History of Virginia*, and Bishop William Meade, who wrote *Old Churches and Families of Virginia*, served for a short time as rectors; Stith at Old Blandford in 1739, and Meade at St. Paul's in 1839. A third rector of long service, Phillip Slaughter, wrote the History of Bristol Parish and also of St. George's and St. Mark's Parishes.

THE WARRIORS

Within the city was also the home of Captain McRae, who led the Petersburg volunteers in the War of 1812, and who won for Petersburg from President Madison the title of "The Cockade City of the Union." Here is also the home of Colonel F. H. Archer, who led the Petersburg volunteers in the Mexican war, and also commanded the old men and boys on the ninth of June. On Market Street is also the residence of General Mahone, the hero of the battle of the Crater. It is necessary, however, to go outside the city limits to a farm beyond the Mayfield estate to find the birthplace of the Petersburger most famous in the war annals of America. Here was born General Winfield Scott, hero of the war of 1812 and of the Mexican War and commander-in-chief of the American forces at the opening of the Civil War. General Scott had a law office in Blandford and later in Petersburg, probably on Bollingbrook Street, until he abandoned the law for the army in 1808. That he was not entirely a hero in the eyes of his fellows, however, is shown by the famous toast of a distinguished Petersburger, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, at the Eagle Tavern dinner, given in honor of General Scott after the War of 1812. In the midst of the chorus of praise of the hero of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, Leigh's simple toast was, "Well, Scott, Here's to Luck."

Two Petersburg stories of General Scott may be added: At Vera Cruz after the Mexican War, he was urged to return home in one of the larger vessels provided for the transport of troops, but generously refused to do so, on the ground that he might thus delay the return home of many a brave soldier anxious for a sight of his dear ones. He embarked on the brig *Petersburg*, of 166 tons, and on the voyage yellow fever broke out and Scott caught the fever and narrowly escaped death.

On the other hand may be mentioned the traditions still current, that the general was a pompous man, rather proud of his appearance, and this seems to be borne out by the well authenticated story of the notice in a Petersburg paper that on a certain day General Scott "may be seen at Powell's hotel in the full uniform that he wore in the Mexican War."

CIVIL WAR MANSIONS

Three of the mansions of Petersburg are especially famous in the history of the Civil War. These are the Beasley mansion on High Street interesting as the second headquarters of General Lee; the Seward mansion on Market Street, where occurred the last meeting of Lincoln and Grant before the surrender of Lee; and the Centre Hill mansion, which still shows the effects of the shelling of Battery Number Five, having a cannon-hole in the northern wall and bullet-holes in the attic doors. This was General Hartsuff's headquarters, and it was here that Lincoln, just after the evacuation, made his famous *mot*, "General Grant seems to have attended sufficiently to the matter of rent."

One of the interesting features of this mansion is the underground passage, which led out to Henry Street and was used as an entrance by visitors. The broad passage terminated on Henry street in a pavillion or *porte cochère*, where the visitors dismounted from their carriages, entering the house on the basement level and going upstairs to the parlor floor, in the English rather than the American style. Some fifty feet of this passage may still be entered, and it was lighted from above so as to be quite bright and well ventilated.

THE CENTRE HILL BANQUET

This Centre Hill Mansion, the residence of Mr. Charles Hall Davis, was the fitting scene of a notable aftermath of the Civil War, when it was tendered to the city of Petersburg for the banquet and reception to President Taft on the occasion of the dedication of the Hartmanft Monument at Fort Mahone in honor of the Pennsylvania soldiers of the Civil War. After the parade and dedication ceremonies, an *al fresco* luncheon was served on the Centre Hill lawn to one thousand distinguished guests, seated at a hundred tables of living turf. The speakers' table extended along the fifty-foot south portico, looking out on the lawn, and here, with Governor Swanson as toastmaster, three

notable toasts were given:—"Petersburg" by Hon. William B. McIlwaine; "Virginia" by Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia; and "Pennsylvania" by Governor Edwin S. Stuart of Pennsylvania. The city's guests then passed through the mansion to the north lawn, where President Taft made his eloquent address to twenty thousand people. In the evening a brilliant reception and lawn fete followed, when Admiral Sigsbee spoke on the "American Sailor", and Ambassador Jusserand on the "American Soldier." This Civil War mansion was a most fitting scene for such a reunion of the Blue and Gray, and the ideal setting, the distinguished guests, and the eloquent speakers, made this the most brilliant banquet ever given in Virginia.

FOUR FAMOUS TAVERNS

Four old taverns of Petersburg have a part in history. Probably the oldest was the Golden Ball Tavern on Old Street, where may still be seen a part of the old building at the corner of Market Street, almost opposite Peter Jones's Trading Station. Here the British officers were quartered during the Revolution, and here the first famous city banquet was given to President Washington in 1791. This visit is also notable for the reason that at Petersburg Washington told his only recorded untruth, in fixing his time of departure "before eight" and leaving at five to avoid the dust of an escort. At this time the Golden Ball Tavern had become Durell's Tavern, and in 1823 it had become Tench's Tavern. It was probably as Tench's Tavern that it had its iron gong struck at noon by an iron negro with an iron mace. Another tavern of Revolutionary fame was the Long Ordinary, a mile west of the center of the city, where were the headquarters of General O'Hara, who later surrendered Cornwallis's sword at Yorktown. The third of the historic taverns was Armistead's, better known later as Powell's Tavern. Washington is said to have spent the night here, and it is probable that it was here that the banquet to Aaron Burr was given in 1805. Burr had killed Hamilton and was far from popular at the time, and this public banquet in his honor seems strange. Probably it was arranged by the effort and influence of Burk, who had been aided by Burr in his escape from the wrath of President Adams at Boston.

As Burk was a frequenter of Powell's Tavern, the Burr banquet probably occurred there. In this connection, it may be added that a

Petersburg lawyer, a famous wit, who was popular as "Jack" Baker, was one of the counsel of Aaron Burr in his trial at Richmond on the charge of treason on account of the projects undertaken during this trip to the south.

The last of the four famous taverns was Niblo's Tavern on Bollingbrook street. Here it was that the LaFayette banquet was given in 1824 and in 1828 the tavern was replaced by Niblo's Hotel, a sixty-five thousand dollar structure still standing, which was built by William Niblo, afterward proprietor of Niblo's Garden in New York.

OTHER TAVERNS

Of secondary interest were several other taverns. Dodson's Tavern on High street is memorable for the fact that here Theodosia Burr made famous cakes during her stay there with her father. Brewer's Tavern stood on the southeast corner of Sycamore and Bollingbrook streets, and on Lombard street was the Double Inn' just off Sycamore. The Virginia Inn stood on a cross street between Lombard and Bollingbrook. There was also Worsham's Tavern on Old Street, afterward the home of J. B. Ege, whose bell gave the first alarm of the fire of 1826; and Weeks' Tavern on Sycamore Street, where Bowman's stores now stand. This tavern was a convenient stopping place for the country people coming into the city through Weeks's Cut, now Wythe street. It was at Hannon's Tavern on Bank street in 1825 that the foundations of the Mechanics' Association were laid.

Third street was the thoroughfare in the olden days and Jack McCray's eating house stood on the corner of Bollingbrook and Second, just opposite the present Stratford. But further down Bollingbrook stood the inn of Petersburg that gives a real eighteenth-century aroma to local history. This was the Coffee House of Zip Roberts that stood behind old Phoenix Hall and gave to the cross street from Bollingbrook to the river the name of Coffeehouse Lane.

THE RACE COURSES

The people of the city seem to have been a gay and worldly folk much given to pleasure, with two theatres, two parks, a racecourse, and only one poor Methodist church in 1799. This first racecourse seems to have been in Gill Field, and there is an interesting record of a race there when the famous horse Brenner went to pieces. Two other

racecourses were established by the man from whom Bates' Spring derives its name. Richard Bates was a contractor who busied himself with the river improvement until the funds were exhausted. Then he ran a lottery and later engaged in the mill business. Failing in these things, he leased Poplar Lawn and established there the second Petersburg racecourse. Still later he established the third and most famous of them all, the Newmarket racecourse, which was known throughout America and where many great races took place.

THE THEATRES

The present Academy of Music is the fourth theatre in the history of the city. Queerly enough, the first definite mention of the first theatre seems to be the account of the Methodist meetings in the Old Theatre on Old street, near Murray's Mill. The account is still extant of the evangelistic meetings of Williams, McRoberts and Jarratt in this Old Theatre in 1773. They preached with fervor to large congregations, but their meetings were interrupted by the bursting in of doors, the throwing of squibs, and the deluging with water from a fire hose. The second theatre was a poor affair, a small wooden building that stood on Fifth Street, behind the old Dunlop place, near the school of Parson Syme. Here the Petersburg Amateur Thespians, in 1803, acted Burk's play of *Bethlem Gabor*, and here the actor Placide and his company are known to have acted in the same year, when they gave the *School for Scandal* at a benefit performance. A second play written for the Petersburg Thespians was *Nolens Volens*, or *The Biter Bit*, by Everard Hill of Blandford. The Thespians were the best young men of the day, John Monro Banister, Townsend Stith, Roger Atkinson Jones, Thomas Bolling Robertson, Benjamin Curtis, Richard N. Thweatt, Edwards, Stainback, and others. Among them was the Petersburg poet, John McCreery, who wrote "The American Star," the rival of "The Star Spangled Banner," and who also wrote with Burk the songs that are said to have given Moore the idea of the Irish Melodies.

The great playhouse of the city, however, was the Petersburg Theatre built probably about 1815 or 1820 on the northwest corner of Bollingbrook and Fifth streets. This theatre was a copy of Covent Garden Theatre in London, with a commodious stage, a large pit, a semi-circle of stalls, and two galleries. Junius Brutus Booth is said to have played here his second engagement in America, his first engage-

ment having been in the Marshall Theatre in Richmond. It was due to the money and efforts of a Britisher named Caldwell that this playhouse was built in such handsome style. Mr. Caldwell was a successful merchant of the city, who owned and named the estate at the head of Sycamore street still called Mount Erin. Most of the famous actors of the second quarter of the century played here, and this is the theatre so often mentioned in the annals of the American stage. It was burned in 1849, however, and there are many interesting facts connected with the hall that succeeded it.

The LaFayette Ball was given in this third Petersburg theatre. The pit was floored over, the stage was hung with pink and roofed with blue, with a palace scene at the end. The top tier of boxes was filled with evergreens, reaching to the vaulted roof. The two lower tiers of boxes were reserved for the gentlemen until LaFayette had made the circle of the ladies in the rotunda, when he retired to his seat of honor and ten cotillion sets were danced at once. This was after the banquet in Niblo's Long Room.

THE HALLS

Phoenix Hall, like a phoenix from the ashes, rose on the site of the famous theatre. This is the first of three memorable halls of Petersburg. As religion advanced, the theatre declined, and these three halls played a notable part in the lecture or lyceum period that followed. The democratic convention of 1858 met in Phoenix Hall to nominate John Letcher, the war governor of Virginia. There is mention of a lecture and panorama of the Crimean war in the following year, and here Blind Tom played in the first year of the Civil war. Phoenix Hall was burned in 1866. It was here that Tyrone Power, gave the plays that made him such a favorite in the city. He came frequently; and it is to his pen—or pencil—that most people attribute the famous lines on Old Blandford Church. Dr. J. H. Claiborne, however, in his "Seventy-five Years in Old Virginia," gives facts that lend color to the belief that they were written by Miss Henning, a daughter of Chief-Justice Henning, who was afterwards Mrs. Schermerhorn.

Thus in Phoenix Hall, both before and during the war, occurred many notable affairs. Here Stephen A. Douglas, spoke about 1860, and William L. Yancey of Alabama also made a famous political speech. On April 2nd, 1864, just one year before the evacuation of the city,

Miss Estelle's Dramatic Company played here *The Carpenter of Rouen*, followed by a fascinating danseuse—admission, three dollars. At this time the stock of the Bank of the City of Petersburg was selling at two hundred dollars.

The second of the memorable halls was the Mechanics' Hall at the corner of Sycamore and Tabb street, built 1839. Here Dr. Kane, on his return from his Arctic expedition, gave a great lecture and panorama and exhibited his Eskimo dogs. The third hall was Library Hall, now the offices of the Electric company, and this was used for many great lectures and concerts. It was either here or at Phoenix Hall that Thackeray gave his lecture on The Four Georges. Here were also given famous local events such as the Kirmess or Mischianza and the Congress of Nations.

PETERSBURG.

ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS.

(To be continued.)



GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XL.

(Concluded)

AS they approached each other more nearly and Bradshawe got a closer survey of the coming horseman, there seemed something about him which promised that he might not be quite so easily dealt with as the Tory captain had at first anticipated.

His drab hat and leather hunting-shirt indicated only the character of a common hunter of the border or frontiersman of the period. But though he carried neither rifle on his shoulder nor pistol at his belt, and while the light cutlass or *couteau de chasse* by his side seemed feebly matched with the heavy sabre of the Tory captain, there was a look of compact strength and vigor—a something of military readiness and precision about the man, which stamped him as one who might often have borne an animated share in the fierce personal struggles of the times; a man to whom, in short, an attack like that meditated by Bradshawe could bring none of the confusing terrors of novelty.

The stranger, who seemed so occupied with his own thoughts as scarcely to notice Bradshawe in the first instance, now eyed him with a curious and almost wild gaze of earnestness as they approached each other.

Bradshawe, on the other side, surveyed the borderer's features with a stern and immoveable gaze, till his own kindling suddenly with a strange gleam of intelligence, he plucked forth his pistol and presented it within a few feet of the other horseman.

"The rebel Balt, by G—d!" he cried. "Dismount or die on the instant."

The back of the woodsman was toward the sun, and his broad-brimmed hat so shaded his features that his assailant could scarcely scan them to advantage; but if the suddenness of the assault did in any way change the evenness of his pulse, not a muscle or a nerve betrayed the weakness.

"I know ye, Lawyer Wat Bradshawe;" said he, calmly, "but I don't know what caper ye'd be at in trying to scare an old neighbor after this fashion—I don't nowadays."

A grim smile played over the harsh features of Bradshawe, as if

even his felon heart could be touched by admiration at finding a foe-man as dauntless as himself.

"Real pluck, by heavens!" he ejaculated. "Balt, you're a pretty fellow, and no mistake; had you trembled the vibration of a hair, I should have shot you dead; but it's a pity to spoil such a true piece of man's flesh if one can help it. Give me that fresh gelding of yours, my old cock, and you shall go free."

"Tormented lightning! Give you Deacon Yates's six-year-old gray? That indeed! And who in all thunder, squire, would lend Uncle Balt another horse, if I gin up this critter for the asking?"

"Pshaw, pshaw! Don't think, old trapper, you can come over me with your mock simplicity. I don't want to make a noise here with my firearms, so save me the trouble of blowing you through by dismounting instantly."

As Bradshawe spoke thus, the pistol, which, ready cocked, he had hitherto kept steadily pointed at the breast of his opponent, suddenly went off. The ball grazed the side of the woodsman with a force which, though it did not materially injure him, yet fairly turned him round in the saddle.

The swords of both were out on the instant, while their horses, plunging with affright, simultaneously galloped along the road in the direction which Balt was travelling. With two such riders, however, they were soon made obedient to the rein. Balt, in fact, had his almost instantly in hand, while Bradshawe's tired steed was easily controlled. But their training had never fitted them for such encounters; and the gleaming of weapons so terrified the animals, that it was almost impossible for their riders to close within striking distance of each other.

Balt, who had the advantage of spurs in forcing his horse forward and keeping his front to his opponent, had twice an opportunity of plunging his sword into the back of Bradshawe, as the ploughman's nag of the latter reared and wheeled each time their blades clashed above his head; and it is probable that the wish to make prisoner of Bradshawe, rather than any humane scruple upon the part of the worthy woodsman, alone prevented his using the unchivalrous advantage.

But now Balt, if he would keep his life, must not again forego such vantage. A third horseman gallops out from the wood, and urges

forward to the aid of the hard-pressed Bradshawe; and shrewdly does the Tory captain require such aid; for his horse, backed against a bank where the road has been worn down or excavated a foot or more in depth, stands with his hind legs planted in a deep rut, and, unable to wheel or turn, must needs confront the stouter and more active steed of the opposing horseman, whose fierce and rapid blows are with the greatest difficulty parried by his rider. But the third combatant is now within a few yards of the woodsman, who, as he hears the savage cry of this new assailant behind him, wheels so quickly that he passes his sword through the man in the same instant that a pistol-shot from the other takes effect in the body of his charger.

"Oh! captain, the d—d rebel has done for me," cried Bettys, tumbling from his horse in the same moment that Balt gained his feet unhurt by the fall of his own charger, and sprang forward to grasp the bit of Bradshawe's horse; but that doughty champion had already extricated himself from the ground where he fought to such disadvantage. He met the attempt of Balt with one furious thrust, which happily failed in its effect; and, seeing a teamster approaching in the distance, darted into the woods, and was soon lost to the eyes of his dismounted opponent.

"Are you much hurt, Mr. Bettys?" said Balt, not unkindly, as he now recognised the wounded man while approaching him.

"Hurt?" groaned Bettys. "I'm used up completely. That cursed iron has done for me in this world, Uncle Balt."

"And I fear," said the woodsman, gravely, "you've done for yourself in the other."

"No! by Heaven," said the stout royalist; "there's not a rebel life that I grieve for having shortened.—No! as a true man, there's but one deed that sticks in my gizzard to answer for, and that, old man, is a trick I played long before Joe Bettys thought of devoting himself to the King's lawful rights—God save him."

"Pray God to save yourself, rayther, while your hand's in at praying, poor benighted critter," said Balt, in a tone of commiseration, even while an indignant flush reddened his swarthy brow. "Let every man paddle his own canoe his own way is always my say, Mr. Bettys; but you had better lighten yours a little while making a portage from this life to launch upon eternity."

"Yet I meant it not—I meant it not," said the wounded man, unheeding Balt. "Wild Wat swore it was but a catch to serve for a season; that he would make an honest woman of her afterward. But this infernal story—that boy too—oh—"

Balt, with wonderful quickness, seemed instantly to light upon and follow out the train of thought which the broken words of the wounded man thus partially betrayed; and yet his aptitude in seizing them is hardly strange, when we remember that it was the full pre-occupation of his thoughts with the affairs of Alida which enabled Bradshawe to take him at disadvantage so shortly before. He saw instantly, or believed he saw, that Bettys' revelation referred to her; but, having as yet only the feeblest clew to her real story, it behooved him to be cautious in betraying the extent of what he knew. He did not attempt, therefore, to question the wounded man as to what he had first said, but only to lead him forward in his confession.

"Yes, the boy—the poor boy—and his father—" said he, partly echoing the words of Bettys as he bent over him.

"His father? Yes, Dirk De Roos left mischief enough behind him to punish his memory for that wild business. But we were all gay fellows in those days—" some pleasant memories seemed to come over Bettys as he paused for a moment; but he groaned in spirit as he resumed, "and Fenton, too, Squire Fenton, who took the deposition of the squaw—they're gone, both of them—they are both gone now, and I—I too am going—where—where—"

The loss of blood here seemed to weaken Bettys so suddenly that he could say no more. The approaching wagoner had by this time reached the spot; and when Balt had lifted the fainting form of the wounded Tory into his wagon, and bound up his wounds as well as he was able, the teamster willingly consented to carry Bettys to the near-house on the borders of the forest.

In a few moments afterward, Balt, having caught Bettys' horse, which was cropping the herbage near, threw himself into the saddle, made the best of his way back to Schenectady, got a fresh nag, and hurried with all speed to the Hawksnest.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

(To be Continued)

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XVIII

MAY-JUNE, 1914

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Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1905, at the Post Office at Poughkeepsie,
N. Y. Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

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THE BRITISH CABINET: THE AMERICAN CABINET.

A COMPARISON.

FROM Anglo-Saxon times and the Witan to twentieth-century Parliament and Congress, and from Tudor and Stuart and the Privy Council to British and American Cabinets, there are several eras of political history. From Witan to Parliament and Congress, terrestrial civilization has taken a vast stride forward towards its higher goals, and modern science, although still groping energetically in the dark, begins to see the welcome light of dawn. Culture, customs, and society—social life—have changed again and again; war and the “divine right” of kings have waned and waxed, and then waned once more. Nations have risen and declined; great men—good and bad, great women have been born and have died; and our world with every century has gradually developed in the direction of Christian righteousness and fraternity. From rural life man has largely turned to city life, from simplicity to complexity, from individuality to unity. Man’s idea and form of government have changed greatly, from despotism to republicanism, from political slavery to political liberty. His government is now, more and more, “of the people, by the people, for the people”; more and more in the direction of popular vote and popular election. Since the times when Anglo-Saxons and Danes successively invaded Great Britain, the British form of government has developed slowly from simple laws and procedures to many modern laws and procedures, each century adding its legal and constitutional advantages to those that preceded it. The Constitution of Great Britain and the Constitution of the United States are the respective political backbones of these great nations; but under them have arisen or been born certain institutions to assist the work and execution of government. These consist of groups of men who are elected, are appointed, or who receive by inheritance their individual public and national office.

At first the Witan; at last Parliament! The Witan-assembly and the old Anglo-Saxons. The Anglo-Saxons divided among themselves, and then, in 828, the kingdom of all-England united under Egbert of Wessex. From Egbert to the Danes, from the Danes to the Normans, from the Normans to Magna Charta at Runnymede. How interesting a history; what rapid changes and slow development! But already the seeds of Great Britain's future judicial and legislative systems had been planted. During the Norman period the *Curia Regis* was the official council of the king. That Norman council passed away; but it was indeed necessary for monarchs, like lesser individuals, occasionally to ask the advice of others, and so from the time of Edward I there existed what was known as the Standing Council of the king. This Standing Council was the later famous Privy or Private Council; but was not called by that name until after the reign of Henry VI. Meanwhile, the cause of popular government in England was slowly advancing, Simon De Montfort, in 1265, having called the first representative Parliament—the remote ancestor of the present House of Commons. But the cause advanced very gradually, being retarded by the undeveloped spirit of the times and the “divine right” of kings. Most of the reigns of Tudor or Stuart were decidedly inimical to the life of such popular government, although Elizabeth was grand in her patriotism and love for Old England. But the defeat and exile of James II the coming of William III, and the inactivity of Anne and the first George were exceedingly beneficial to the welfare of the “common people”; and, moreover, the world, as a rule, was escaping from the chains of personal and political slavery that had closely bound it during the dark and ignorant centuries.

The Standing Council of the king became the Privy Council of the Crown. This was merely the friends and political advisers of the monarch, and possessed really no power of government at all, save that of the favor of the king. However, it can readily be understood that a shrewd and diplomatic member of the Council might greatly influence the monarch either for his own personal advantage or for the welfare of his country. Of course, during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, the members of this Council agreed for the most part with the will and whim of their Sovereign, although often without doubt the king and his council would be in sincere agreement upon some matter of political moment. The Council was, of course, advantageous and necessary to the political life of the monarchs; but when Charles I became king, he

did not, as a rule, rely so much on all the members of that Council as on the advice and friendship of a favored few. Thus, he established a kind of committee of the Privy Council—an "Inner Privy Council", so to speak, which was soon called the "Cabinet Council", that is, a Council that had its meetings in the king's cabinet or private room. And this "Cabinet" within the Privy Council, from such a simple beginning, is today one of the mighty factors in the government of the British Empire.

Charles's life and reign ended very abruptly in 1649; and, after a long intermission, Charles II returned to England and to the Privy Council. But like his father, the son had some friends and advisers in the Council that he liked and trusted more than others, and, accordingly, the "Inner Privy Council" or "Cabinet Council" of Charles I was continued; and its political existence was emphasized and developed. In fact, Charles II rather ignored the larger Council, usually discussing important national matters with the few trusted friends that constituted his "Cabinet". This Cabinet Council was, of course, a most unpopular one, being called by different names, such as "Cabal", "Junto", and so on. In 1679, Sir William Temple suggested a plan to reform it, but his plan proved a failure. As all know, James II was the next monarch, and, as we also know, was obliged to leave in 1688. In 1689, William III—the silent, stern man, who was an excellent ruler until his death in 1702. He decided it was better to have a Whig Ministry than the usual Tory administration; and, as a result, he appointed the so-called "Whig Junto". Thus, it will be seen that Parliament had been developing in England; and that with the kingship of William another step—a long step—was taken in the direction of popular government and liberty.

William appointed a Whig ministry; and he placed it not only on a parliamentary basis but also required strict party unity among its members. The "Inner Cabinet" of Charles II had by no means died, it was still the chief political adviser of the reigning king. Of course, since this Cabinet—this small committee of the discarded Privy Council—contained all the leading advisers of the monarch, it was composed of what may now be termed the king's ministers, all however still subject to that king's will and whim. When William the Third appointed Lord Somers, Admiral Russell, and others as his leading ministers, these ministers became at the same time members of the Cabinet. In other

words, the ministry was the Cabinet and the Cabinet was the ministry. As yet, however, its ruling member was the king himself, and both he and his successor, Queen Anne, presided in person over the meetings of the Cabinet.

Thus, under William III the modern Cabinet of Great Britain was begun and established. In 1708, there was another Whig ministry that resembled the former Whig Junto; and the idea of government by a Cabinet depending upon party majority in Parliament first took clear and definite form during this Whig ministry in the reign of Queen Anne. The British Cabinet was now rapidly developing. Queen Anne was neither aggressive nor energetic enough to check its forward progress, and her successor, George I, was just the kind of inactive monarch to permit the Cabinet to take a firm and final place among the political institutions of Great Britain. Besides, Walpole was George's great and trusted minister, and King George—since he knew little of English history and even less of the English language—was very content to stay away from all meetings of the Cabinet. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary to have some one else preside over the Cabinet, and Townshend and afterwards Sunderland took the place of the king. As a result, the royal authority was superseded in the Cabinet by the authority of its own members. The English Kings lost with the reign of George I a political position of great power and prestige.

When Walpole began his administration in 1721, the various members in his Cabinet were all considered as equals—there was really no such thing as a first or prime minister. It is true that the term "first minister" had been applied to men like Marlborough and Godolphin, and that Townshend and Sunderland are sometimes referred to by modern writers as "prime ministers"; but such was not the prevailing opinion at that time. Indeed, the idea was an unpopular one, and even Walpole—the first of England's great Prime Ministers—was careful to disclaim any intention of assuming such a title. Yet it was he who created the office of Prime Minister, and he did this mostly through his own remarkable political ability. This creation of a leader or Premier in the Cabinet necessarily added to its unity and independence, and this peculiar Governmental institution grew stronger through the reign of George II meeting, however, a steady and stubborn opposition from George III.

George III viewed the increasing and independent power of the Cabinet with great disfavor and royal jealousy, and fought with all his influence against it. He endeavored to restrict and diminish its strong and steady growth, to regain the lost prerogative of presiding over its meetings, and to destroy both party government and Cabinet government. But he failed in these political attempts, and his later insanity ended the last serious and determined war against the power of the Cabinet. None of his successors was able or minded to attack the existence of this ministerial body; and the final struggle of the Crown to resist the will of the Cabinet was by Queen Victoria in 1839. This ended in her submission; and by 1841 the Cabinet of the British Empire was at last fully and satisfactorily established.

In its development and progress through the centuries, this most powerful branch of the Council has passed through many changes, one, the elimination of its so-called "honorary members", only the efficient and active members remaining. Formerly, the Cabinet contained such well-known and influential personages as the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Lord Chief Justice, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Archbishop of Canterbury; but none of these is now a member. However, of late, the tendency seems to be to increase the number of members, in spite of the fact that one of the greatest of its prime Ministers believed in limiting that number to twelve.

But the fact should not be lost sight of that the Cabinet is still, as it were, a part of the large Privy Council, which is constitutionally considered as the "Chief Council of the State". The members of the Privy Council are appointed and removed directly by the Crown; and new ministers are always sworn of this larger Council, and still remain in its membership although driven out of office by a majority-vote of the House of Commons. But the Cabinet has entirely superseded the Council politically; and it would be only at some great crisis that the whole Privy Council might assemble. The Cabinet, unlike the Council, is dependent upon the will of the Commons; and its entire membership may suddenly and almost unexpectedly be changed from the party in power to that of the party in opposition.

Until the American Revolution, the history and territory of the later thirteen United States were mostly English, although, of course, some of them had been settled and first organized by other nations. At the

time of the Revolution, however, all this territory was a dependency, and therefore, it was only natural that when the fathers of the new independent Republic began to cogitate concerning their Federal laws and constitution, these laws and this constitution should finally reflect much of the laws and constitution of England. Although separated now forever politically from the land of their forefathers, most of them still held great respect and admiration for the British form of government which had worked so well through the past centuries. Accordingly, with the exceptions necessary to a free and independent Republic, many of the American laws and much of the American Constitution are based upon a firm English foundation.

The result of the conflict between England and her subjects turned finally in their favor; but it was even more difficult, owing to the natural jealousies of these different states, to reach an agreement upon a strong constitution and a strong central government. The so-called "Articles of Confederation" proved to be neither strong nor central enough, and the exigencies of the situation compelled the thirteen states to compromise. Even then, the final adjustment of the new Constitution was somewhat slow and difficult, and, following its ratification by the several states, the respective jealousies of these united sections were still smouldering, although the presidential election of Washington was both popular and unanimous..

In the midst of this state-jealousy and national uncertainty, Washington was inaugurated the first of our twenty-seven presidents, and, with his usual good judgment and foresight, began to organize and develop the new government. The Constitution, despite all dismal forebodings, proved to be a remarkable and excellent document, and the people's first representatives to the Congress were such an able and patriotic class that the government was a great success from its inception. As in the case of the English kings, the new President was in need of good advisers and assistants; but the new Constitution had not provided for executive departments; it had left the President as the sole executive. Of course, especially in a growing nation, all of the executive work would have been too much for any one man, so Congress at its first meeting passed acts establishing departments of State, Treasury and War, and at the same time created heads for these departments, calling those heads "secretaries". The authority for these acts is given by the Con-

stitution which reads; "The Congress shall have power: to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing power, and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof."

Since our Constitution further provides that: "And he (the President) shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law; but the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments", Washington soon appointed the three secretaries of State, Treasury and War. These three secretaries—respectively, Jefferson, Hamilton and Knox—and the attorney-general, Randolph, constituted what might be called Washington's first Cabinet—the first national Cabinet of the United States. But it was a new nation and a new government, so this first body comprising these "heads of departments" was in reality only the official adviser of the President. But the President, from that passage in the Constitution that reads—"he (the President) may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices"—did from time to time call upon these three secretaries for their written advice, and, from this passage in the Constitution, and this custom originated by Washington, there has developed and grown, naturally enough, the Cabinet of the American President.

This small Cabinet, however, was soon increased in numbers; the country was steadily growing, and the government was becoming perfected. Congress created the Navy department in 1798; and the Post-Office department was given its place in the Cabinet in 1829, although it had been in existence for some 35 years. In 1849 the department of the Interior was created; in 1889 the department of Agriculture; and in 1903 the department of Commerce and Labor. Thus, it is seen that our modern Cabinet consists of the President and the nine heads or secretaries of the principal departments. Of these ten members, the President is, of course, supreme, and the Secretary of State, owing partly

to his department being the first established by Congress and partly to the former dignity associated with "foreign affairs", is the President's chief general. As is well known, Congress, in 1886, announced the respective order of seven of the Cabinet members in succession to the presidency, in case of the deaths of both the President and the Vice-President. This seems to fix the order of their governmental status. The "succession" is, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the Interior.

From 1789 to this day, there have occurred great changes in the prestige and complexity of the Cabinet, and, doubtless, this political, governmental institution will be further changed in size and organization as the century advances. Unlike the British Cabinet and Council, it has existed only a comparatively short time; and its growth and development have perhaps been more simple and natural than those of the older body. It has had, moreover, almost no opposition to its existence—no George III has endeavored to destroy its political influence. The American Cabinet has, however, not any more real legal existence than that of the British Cabinet; the former is a state and political institution, created by necessity, just as the latter is a state and political institution, created by necessity. The kings of England had to have their trusted loyal advisers exactly as the presidents of the United States have had to have theirs. In the first case, however, the monarch lost his position in the Cabinet while the American president has always retained his. But the growing power of the Prime Minister made it necessary to have faithful and wise political advisers, and the Cabinet was continued, serving the Premier just as well as it had served his predecessor—the King.

Between the British and the American Cabinet, in respect to age and tradition, there can be no comparison. One extends back to the times of the Norman dynasty; the other is merely the creation of a president—George Washington. The *Curia Regis*, the Standing Council, the Privy Council, and the present Cabinet Council describe briefly the long and famous history of the Premier's political advisory body. The days of Washington to the days of Wilson include the short and simple history of the American Cabinet. However, in that short period, the American Cabinet has watched and guided its Republic, from a small and struggling country to a nation second to none upon earth. In that

short period, it has advised, as a rule, wisely and well; although, as in the case of the British Cabinet, it has made mistakes in judgment, and its discussions have not always been even-tempered and harmonious.

Alike in both Cabinets, the President and the Premier are supreme—absolutely so. Both appoint the secretaries and ministers that constitute the Cabinet; both can dismiss them. No secretary or minister who could not finally agree with the President or Premier upon the vital problems of the party in power would remain long in the Cabinet. Were he to commit some serious mistake in political or personal prudence, he would be more or less gently invited to resign; and, in England, if he should refuse after being censured by the House of Commons, he can be impeached by that body at the bar of the House of Lords. Naturally, both Cabinets contain only members devoted to the interests of some one political party, and when once thoroughly agreed upon a line of action, each Cabinet would act as an harmonious unit. In England, the Prime Minister, and with us, the President are present to preside over the deliberations of these bodies; but the English monarch has absolutely no part in their councils, it having become a kind of tradition that no sovereign shall attend meetings of the Cabinet.

Comparisons between our President and the British Premier are not wholly satisfactory; but each is an executive and energetic force, and each is at the real head of his government. Of course, the social and royal head of the British Empire is its reigning Sovereign; but almost all important political power has now passed out of his hands. The Premier or Prime Minister, on the other hand, is not only all-powerful in the Cabinet but is also the leader of his party in the House of which he is a member. Moreover, he acts as the representative of the Cabinet when it is necessary to communicate with the Crown, is acquainted with every important state matter, and has the responsibility of disposing of almost all the royal patronage. He chooses the other members of the Cabinet, and although he himself is designated for his office by the Crown, this apparently very important prerogative of the British monarch is more a matter of form than of any political power. The people really control the appointment of the Premier, for they elect the Commons, and the man capable of controlling the most votes in that body is "sent for" by the Sovereign and entrusted with the formation of the Cabinet. He is then the chief adviser of the Crown, not as a member of the Cabinet, however, but as a member of the Privy Council.

Thus, it is seen that although the Premier is very influential—being, as it were, at the head of the Kingdom's political government, he can hardly be called the "President of the British Empire" and he does not possess the American President's power and dignity. It is true that neither President nor Premier is elected directly by the people; but the Premier is dependent upon the will of a legislative body while the President is utterly independent of both the Senate and the House of Representatives. Such a mere matter as an opposition majority-vote in the Commons expressing a "want of confidence" in the party in power is sufficient cause for a minister to resign and dismiss his Cabinet. In other words, the Premier holds an uncertain, subordinate office while that of the President is fixed by the law of the Constitution and he can only be removed by death or impeachment. It is also true that the President has the disposal of much political patronage, that he is both President and leader of his particular party, and that he appoints and can dismiss his Cabinet; but the Chief Magistrate of the United States is really at the head of his nation, and he is not, as the Prime Minister, second to any man in his country.

Moreover, the President is a legal and highly constitutional ruler, fully recognized from the very beginning of the Republic's history, while the Premier has only lately been so recognized. Not until December 2, 1905 was he legally acknowledged, but upon that date, by royal warrant, the precedence of the Prime Minister was established. As he stands today, only the princes of royal blood, the Lord High Chancellor, and the two Archbishops rank above him. It is perhaps not known to everyone that the British Premier, as Premier, receives no compensation for his public services; whereas the President of the United States has an annual payment of \$75,000 (£15,000); but the Prime Minister usually holds other positions in the Cabinet besides his own, such as the First Lordship of the Treasury and the Chancellorship or the Exchequer, and these high offices have a regular stipend. The tenure of office for a newly chosen Prime Minister is very uncertain, depending wholly upon how long a time he can control the majority vote of the Commons—there being, therefore, no set limit to the length of any one ministry; but no Premier of today would resign because of an adverse vote in the House of Lords or indeed if he were defeated in a trifling matter in the Commons. But were such a Premier beaten by the Opposition on a vote respecting some vital political matter,—a matter, for example, relative to some

great national question which the Minister and his party were supporting—he would resign and dismiss his Cabinet, although, as is the case in the United States, he might again be returned to power to preside over another Cabinet in the near future.

However, it is evident that Premiers and Cabinets can change rather often, even in the space of four years, while Presidents and their Cabinets do not, as a rule, change more than once in four years, and sometimes but once—excepting, of course, individual resignations—in eight years. The reason for this is the absolutely fixed term of the presidency—four years, and the possibility of re-election. Thus it will be seen that the American Secretary of State, the next highest office in the Cabinet below that of the President, might remain in that office eight or even more years, in fact as long as his party and political friends were in power. Since Lord North, in 1782, obeyed a “want of confidence” vote by resigning, the succeeding ministers and ministries have been in the habit of following his example, with the result that there have been many sudden and frequent changes in the political heads of the British government. On the other hand, many of the Premiers and their Cabinets have remained in power for a long term of years, and it must be admitted that from the ministry of Walpole to that of Asquith the number of Prime Ministers has not been at all excessive. A total of some fifty Premiers from 1721 to 1913, compared with some twenty-eight Presidents from 1789 to 1913 is one Prime Minister only a trifle more frequently than one President, so that perhaps at the end of this present century the number of British Premiers and American Presidents may be just equal. Of course, the question of a President’s or a Premier’s death has to be considered, as such an occurrence might change wholly or in part the membership of a Cabinet; but in America, since the Vice-President and the Cabinet are of the same political party as the President, such a presidential change would not be likely at first to cause any dismissal or resignation among these associated heads of departments.

To compare the President with the King is perhaps as unsatisfactory as to compare the President with the Premier. The President is the active, executive head of his country; the King is the passive, regal representative of his nation. But whereas the President is responsible to the people whose electors chose him, the King is not responsible to anyone. The Sovereign of England was not elected by the people, he in-

herited his throne from his fathers. The expression that the "Kings can do no wrong" is correct from the standpoint of freedom from responsibility. Yet some one has to be held answerable for the political acts of the British monarch, and that some one is the man whom the King sends for to form a Cabinet. And not only the Prime Minister but also the whole Cabinet that he selects is responsible to the House of Commons—to the people. Therefore, since the Premier and his Cabinet are thus answerable for the political acts of their Sovereign, they have to protect themselves, as it were, by requiring their King to submit his political acts to them for their approval. If the monarch should prove obstinate and refuse to do this, the Premier and his Cabinet would resign in a body, thus freeing themselves from all responsibility. But the modern British monarch has no idea of being so obstinate. He has accustomed himself to the unwritten laws and traditions by which he is unalterably surrounded, and he permits his Cabinet respectfully to "advise" him, knowing all the time that his Cabinet will do just as it pleases! However, the worry and responsibility are wholly upon the part of the Premier and the other advisers, the King being in no way answerable for the mistakes of his ministers. The reckoning of the Cabinet is with the Commons; but the different departments of the Cabinet are represented not only in the House of Commons but also in the Lords. Thus, in case of political attack upon the ministry in either House, there is present some efficient spokesman to defend the acts and integrity of the party in power.

The President and the Premier, therefore, are both responsible to the people; the President directly, the Premier to the popular House of Commons. Both, accordingly, have to be politically wise and cautious; but the President really stands alone, while the Premier and his Cabinet are a unit. The President's Cabinet are merely advisers, he can follow their advice or he can disregard it. The Premier's Cabinet consists of other advisers to the Crown—he being their chief—and the British Cabinet is jointly responsible, all its members together, for political mistakes. Formerly, the royal advisers were individually responsible; but today this individual responsibility has become changed to a united responsibility of the whole Cabinet. In other words, the British Cabinet consists of heads of departments, party associates of its leader, and advisers to the Crown, while the American Cabinet consists merely of heads of departments and party associates of the President. In a way, although

the Premier is supreme, all the members of his Council are equals; but in the case of the American Cabinet the President has no equal. In the American Cabinet, all its members except the President are simply heads of departments who meet when their Chief summons them, to advise him respecting their individual departments and also respecting future political acts and possibilities.

But neither the President nor any member of his Cabinet can also be a member of the Senate or of the House of Representatives, the two legislative bodies that correspond respectively to the House of Lords and the Commons. This has been often discussed; but the membership of the Cabinet in Congress has so far never been permitted. In the United Kingdom, however, not only the Premier is a most influential member of Parliament but his associates are also prominent members. In our Senate and House of Representatives there are always political leaders to defend the President and the administration in power in case of an attack in either body. In Parliament the members of the Cabinet are personally in the House of Lords or the House of Commons, ready to meet such an attack directly. When the Premier nominates his Cabinet, he includes several noblemen among its members, so that it may also be represented in the House of Lords. As a rule, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Chancellor and the Foreign Secretaries have been peers, while the other associates of the Cabinet are usually members of the House of Commons.

Respecting the individual membership and specific positions of the British Cabinet, these always include the Prime Minister, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Lord High Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the five Secretaries of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the First Lord of the Admiralty. In addition, other members are nominated, so that the present Cabinet of the British Empire contains the membership stated above, as well as the Secretary for Scotland, the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Postmaster General, the four Presidents of Committees of the Council, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the First Commissioner of Works. In regard to these individual positions, that of the First Lord of the Treasury is usually held by the Premier; the Lord High Chancellor is the law adviser of the Ministry; the Lord President of the Council means the Lord President of the Privy Council, and both this office and that of the Lord Privy Seal are chiefly honor-

ary; the five Secretaries of State are those in charge of Home Affairs, Foreign Affairs, Colonies, War, and India; the Chancellor of the Exchequer is really the national treasurer; the First Lord of the Admiralty has the oversight of the navy; the Presidents of the Committees of the Council are respectively at the head of the Board of Trade, the Local Government Board, the Board of Agriculture, and the Board of Education; while the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster is an "open position" which is usually filled by some statesman of ability in order still further to strengthen the Cabinet. Of course, Cabinets vary in numbers with administrations; but the British Cabinet of these modern days includes from sixteen to twenty members.

Our Cabinet, on the other hand, has an absolutely fixed membership—the President and his ten advisers. As has been stated, these advisers are respectively at the heads of the departments of State, Treasury, War, Post-Office, Navy, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, and also include the Attorney-General. The compensation for each of these ten members is \$12,000 (£2400), while that for the members of the British Cabinet varies from \$50,000 (£10,000) for the Lord High Chancellor to \$10,000 (£2000). The Secretary of State is what may be termed the "right-hand man" of the President, just as the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the chief lieutenant of the Premier. But the Secretary of State is relatively a more powerful and influential position than that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In a way the American Secretary of State is to the President as the British Premier is to the Crown. Officially the Secretary of State possesses great influence and dignity; but his office is not nearly as influential and honored as that of the British Premier.

Thus, it is seen that the British Cabinet of today contains twenty-one members, and the American Cabinet only eleven. The British Cabinet is presided over by the Premier, the American Cabinet by the President. The British Cabinet is responsible, as a unit, to the House of Commons for its own acts in the name of its Sovereign; but the American President, not the Cabinet as a unit, is answerable directly to the people of the United States. The Premier is not as powerful and influential, taken all in all, as the President, for not only has the President the official right to prevent any Act of Congress from becoming law—the right of veto but he is socially and politically the ruler of a Republic just as great as the British Empire, his term of office is rigidly fixed

by the Constitution, and he has, like the Premier, the appointment of high officials and justices. It is true that certain restrictions surround the presidential office; but with a friendly Congress and a diplomatic Chief Magistrate the power and influence of the President are very great. As would be expected, the President is really the Cabinet although the Cabinet is his official family and his adviser, for unlike the British Premier the President has always been in status far above the other members of this political body—these heads of departments have never been considered as his peer. Since the President cannot be removed except by death or impeachment, the tenure of his Cabinet is more certain and secure than that of the other Cabinet. But both Cabinets are strong and powerful; both bear the same name; both consist of political advisers and heads of departments; and neither Cabinet has really a legal standing, its deliberations are secret, and no records are kept of any of its proceedings.

Such is a brief and rather incomplete comparison of the two greatest Cabinets upon earth. Other Cabinets there are; but in the past and in the present the British and the American have been preeminent. Their work and the character of their membership have both been of a high order; and remain of a high order today. The very greatest men of the United Kingdom and of the United States have at some time belonged to one or the other of these bodies; and it is considered a high honor in either country to be "nominated for the Cabinet". It is both interesting and instructive, therefore, to compare the following lists of the fifty Premiers and the twenty-seven Presidents from the time of the first British Cabinet and the first American Cabinet until this present day:

BRITISH CABINETS (Premiers).

- (1) Sir Robert Walpole (1721-42): George I, II.
- (2) John, Lord Carteret (1742-44): George II.
- (3) Henry Pelham (1744-54): George II.
- (4) Duke of Newcastle (1754-56): George II.
- (5) William Pitt, Duke of Newcastle (1756-62): George II, III.
- (6) Earl of Bute (1762-3): George III.
- (7) George Grenville (1763-5): George III.

AMERICAN CABINETS (Presidents).

BRITISH CABINETS (Premiers)

- (8) Marquess of Rockingham (1765-66): George III.
- (9) William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1766-67): George III.
- (10) Duke of Grafton (1767-70): George III.
- (11) Lord North (1770-82): George III.
- (12) Marquess of Rockingham (1782): George III.
- (13) Earl of Shelburne (1782-83): George III.
- (14) Lord North (1783): George III.
- (15) William Pitt (1783-1801): George III.
- (16) H. Addington (1801-4): George III.
- (17) William Pitt (1804-6): George III.
- (18) Lord Grenville (1806-7): George III.
- (19) Duke of Portland (1807-9): George III.
- (20) Spencer Perceval (1809-12): George III.
- (21) Earl of Liverpool (1812-27): George III, IV.
- (22) G. Canning (1827): George IV.
- (23) Viscount Goderich (1827-8): George IV.
- (24) Duke of Wellington (1828-30): George IV.
- (25) Earl Grey (1830-4): William IV.
- (26) Viscount Melbourne (1834): William IV.
- (27) Sir Robert Peel (1834-35): William IV.
- (28) Viscount Melbourne (1835-41): William IV, Victoria.
- (29) Sir Robert Peel (1841-46): Victoria.
- (30) Lord John Russell (1846-52): Victoria.
- (31) Earl of Derby (1852): Victoria.
- (32) Earl of Aberdeen (1852-55): Victoria.
- (33) Viscount Palmerston (1855-58): Victoria.
- (34) Earl of Derby (1858-59): Victoria.
- (35) Viscount Palmerston (1859-65): Victoria.
- (36) Earl Russell (1865-66): Victoria.
- (37) Earl of Derby (1866-68): Victoria.
- (38) Benjamin Disraeli (1868): Victoria.
- (39) William E. Gladstone (1868-74): Victoria.
- (40) Benjamin Disraeli (1874-80): Victoria.

AMERICAN CABINETS (Presidents)

- (1) George Washington (1789-97):
- (2) John Adams (1797-1801).
- (3) Thomas Jefferson (1801-09).
- (4) James Madison (1809-1817).
- (5) James Monroe (1817-25).
- (6) John Quincy Adams (1825-29).
- (7) Andrew Jackson (1829-37).
- (8) Martin Van Buren (1837-41).
- (9) William H. Harrison (1841).
- (10) John Tyler (1841-45).
- (11) James K. Polk (1845-9).
- (12) Zachary Taylor (1849-50).
- (13) Millard Fillmore (1850-53).
- (14) Franklin Pierce (1853-57).
- (15) James Buchanan (1857-61).
- (16) Abraham Lincoln (1861-65).
- (17) Andrew Johnson (1865-69).
- (18) Ulysses S. Grant (1869-77).
- (19) Rutherford B. Hayes (1877-81).

BRITISH CABINETS (Premiers)

AMERICAN CABINETS (Presidents)

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|---|------------------------------------|
| (41) William E. Gladstone (1880-85): Victoria. } | (20) James A. Garfield (1881). |
| (42) Marquess of Salisbury (1885-86): Victoria. } | (21) Chester A. Arthur (1881-85). |
| (43) William E. Gladstone (1886): Victoria. } | (22) Grover Cleveland (1885-89). |
| (44) Marquess of Salisbury (1886-92): Victoria. } | (23) Benjamin Harrison (1889-93). |
| (45) William E. Gladstone (1892-94): Victoria. } | (22) Grover Cleveland (1893-97). |
| (46) Earl of Rosebery (1894-95): Victoria. } | |
| (47) Marquess of Salisbury (1895-1902): Victoria, Edward VII. } | (24) William McKinley (1897-1901). |
| (48) A. J. Balfour (1902-5): Edward VII. } | (25) Theodore Roosevelt (1901-09). |
| (49) Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman (1905-8): Edward VII. } | (26) William H. Taft (1909-13). |
| (50) Herbert Henry Asquith (1908-): Edward VII, George V. } | (27) Woodrow Wilson (1913-—). |

DOVER, N. H.

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

THREE CENTURIES OF AN OLD VIRGINIA TOWN—

PETERSBURG AND THE APPOMATTOX

(Concluded)

OLD HOTELS

AS the halls succeeded the theatres, so the hotels succeeded the taverns and inns. Niblo's hotel, now the Stratford, was for many years notable as the Bollingbrook, where many of the prominent men of the second quarter of the century were guests, and where almost all of the southern leaders were familiar figures during the siege of Petersburg. The Fourth of July oration was often delivered from the balcony of this hotel, in the period after the popularity of Hector's Spring and before the Poplar Lawn was used for this purpose.

One of the most dramatic incidents in the history of Petersburg took place just at the corner where this hotel stands. Here was erected the only Secession pole ever raised in Petersburg, bearing the Secession flag called the Bonnie Blue Flag, a blue flag with a single white star. That night a crowd of one hundred men pulled down the pole and destroyed the flag, one man being killed in the *mêlée*. For Petersburg was a strong Union city, sending Union delegates to the Virginia convention whose votes were not cast for secession until President Lincoln published his call for troops.

Some say that this Secession pole was further down Bollingbrook Street, at the Library Hall corner, but all agree it was within a block or two of the Hotel.

An interesting war time story is told in connection with the Longstreet banquet given in Bollingbrook hotel during the siege. A gallant Petersburg private, fond of fighting and of good cheer but impatient of the routine of camp, had that day "run the block" and come into the city. At the banquet, this prince of good fellows was seated at the right hand of General Longstreet and opposite his corps commander, General A. P. Hill. During the dinner, a detail of soldiers appeared at the door, sent to arrest the private, and he was saved only by the prompt action of General Hill, either by writing a pass for him, as some say, or by making him a member of his staff on the spot, as others claim.

This was the wellknown "Dick" May, of the same family as the John May who ventured with Johnson among the Indians in 1790.

Powell's Hotel, on Sycamore Street succeeded Powell's Tavern in 1843, and was a popular resort until it was destroyed by fire. It was succeeded in turn by the great Iron Front building, where provisions were contributed for the soldiers during the war, by the Christian Association Buildings, and by the present stores. So often has this area been burned over in the last half-century.

Of like local interest with these hotels and of about the same date was Jarratt's Hotel, built on the site of Moss's Tavern, where the A. C. L. upper station now stands. Here was the terminus of the old Petersburg railroad, chartered in 1830, one of the first railroads in the country, and for many years this was a famous hostelry. Alexander H. Stephens, as a congressman before the war, used to stop here on his way to and from Washington, and here too President Davis stopped on his way to Richmond to take charge of the Confederate government there. All of these old hotels did a flourishing business, especially for several decades before the civil war. Petersburg was the center of a most prosperous section, and the planters for miles around would come to the city and spend several weeks during the season. For the city had a season then, with all the diversions for which the state has been famous. As mentioned above, one of the handsome theatres of the south was here, and even in the decade before the war, when there were only the three halls, there was no lack of entertainments both amusing and instructive. Phoenix hall had a regular stock company, and only the theatrical stars were imported to take the principal rôles. All these attractions added to the patronage of the hotels.

A FAMOUS PARK

The oldest of the parks in Petersburg was Poplar Lawn, which keeps its beauty but not the charm of its old name, as Central Park. Instead of the beautiful grove of today, however, it was formerly a perfect stretch of greensward, a lawn indeed.

On Poplar Lawn the Petersburg Volunteers were encamped in 1812 before they set out for the Canadian border, and on October 21st, 1812, Benjamin Watkins Leigh here presented them with a flag from the ladies of the city. Here in 1824 came LaFayette and his friends from the banquet at Niblo's Tavern to hear speeches and to listen to the songs

of four hundred school children from Anderson school. It was either here or at Centre Hill that Judge James H. Gholson on Jan. 2nd, 1847, on the part of the ladies of the city, presented a flag to Captain F. H. Archer's company on the eve of their departure for the Mexican War, and the members of the Petersburg bar presented a sword to Captain Archer himself.

The city bought the Lawn for \$15,000 in 1844, and the fourth of July parades began and ended here. In fact, all the military companies of the city used to encamp on Poplar Lawn on the evening of the third, and the parade of the Fourth was followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence and an oration by some distinguished citizen. The Lawn was not only a drilling-ground for soldiers, but also an open-air forum, where in the old days such orators as Henry Clay addressed the people.

The most dramatic day in the history of Poplar Lawn, was the nineteenth of April, 1861, immediately after the secession of Virginia, when six fully-equipped companies were enlisted into the service of the Confederacy, leaving Poplar Lawn the next morning for the defense of Norfolk.

A true story of Poplar Lawn shows the straits to which the city was reduced during the siege. As the Union shells were falling around the hospital on the Lawn, it was necessary to hoist a hospital flag there. No such flag of truce could be found in the city, and for lack of any other yellow cloth, the yellow silk petticoat of a patriotic lady of the city was hoisted on the hospital pole. This petticoat is still preserved.

West End Park, formerly the Fair Grounds, is worthy of mention as the place where the Union soldiers were encamped during Reconstruction times. Not only both the parks and other open spaces, but also almost all the large buildings, especially the tobacco factories and warehouses, were used during the siege either as hospitals or as prisons.

HISTORIC SCHOOLS

Several of the schools of Petersburg are closely connected with its history, and three of them are part of the story of the siege of Petersburg. Earliest of these is "The Academy" incorporated in 1794 and continued until 1835, when all its property was transferred to Anderson

Seminary, named in memory of the Scotchman who left a bequest in 1819 for the education of the poor of the city. The Academy was succeeded by the Petersburg Classical Academy, which was taught by Principal Saunders in the building since used as the public high school on Union Street.

The first academy is memorable both for its early origin and also for a famous teacher. In the early years of the last century, about 1808, John Davis, an Englishman, was a teacher here. He wrote a novel about Pocahontas that was ridiculed by the *Edinburgh Review* in 1806, and also a volume of Travels in America that was praised by the New York *Independent* in 1910, when it was honored with a reprint by Holt.

THE LANCASTERIAN SCHOOL

ANDERSON SEMINARY

New Year's Day, 1821, marked a new era in education in Petersburg, for then the first germ idea of general education arrived from overseas and found fertile soil and favoring conditions in this city. The "plan of education for poor children" reported on that memorable day and adopted by the Common Hall a month later, forms a striking landmark in the history of local education, and marks the beginning of the Anderson Seminary.

David Anderson, a native of Scotland, but long a member of the Common Hall and Chamberlain of the City of Petersburg, left a bequest of some ten thousand dollars for the education of the poor children in "spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic." A special committee of three reported to the Common Hall, January first, 1821, that seventy or eighty children were entitled to this training under the will, that twenty dollars per pupil was the price of such tuition, and that eight dollars per pupil was the price of books and "stationary." Thus the bequest of six hundred dollars per annum seemed insufficient.

"But on the Lancasterian plan," the report continues, "it is understood and believed that one Master can attend an hundred children, in the branches proposed; and carry them forward as rapidly, and perhaps more so, than in the ordinary way of teaching, thus making the fund equal to four times its amount in the common way. This plan has been adopted in most of our cities and large towns and high ecomiums have frequently been passed upon it throughout Europe."

This Lancasterian Plan was the method of teaching evolved by Joseph Lancaster, the new light in education in the opening of the nineteenth century, the Montessori of a hundred years ago. Lancaster's efforts to give the poor the rudiments of instruction without fee had brought a thousand children to his Borough Road school in London, founded 1798, and had aroused public interest in his system. The *Edinburgh Review* called his method "a beautiful and inestimable discovery, a plan now brought very near to perfection." George III encouraged Lancaster, and in 1808 the Royal Lancasterian Institution was founded in England. But Lancaster quarrelled with his trustees, set up his private school at Tooting, became bankrupt, and in 1818 emigrated to America. Here he had a warm reception, giving several courses of lectures in New York and elsewhere, and began to establish his system of schools. Thus Anderson's bequest to the poor children of Petersburg came at the very time when Lancaster's system was being taught in America by Lancaster himself.

This new system, by which Lancaster claimed that it was possible "to teach ten thousand children to read fluently in from three weeks to three months," was one of the two "monitorial" methods of instruction of that day. Bell and Lancaster were the two "rival inventors" of this "mutual" method, which really came from the East. Finally Bell's system was generally adopted in England by the Church of England, while Lancaster's found favor with the Non-conformists. The three main features of Lancaster's plan were the use of older scholars as "monitors" or assistant teachers, the use of a special system of drill, and the use of simple material appliances—"a few little leaves torn out of spellingbooks and pasted on boards, some slates, and a desk spread with sand, on which the children wrote with their fingers." There are extant interesting pictures of the Lancasterian schoolrooms, with the monitors at regular intervals along the walls, each facing a semi-circle of young pupils, and thanks to David Anderson, such a school was founded in Petersburg in 1821.

The very details of the founding of Anderson Seminary, give a bright touch of local color. The six hundred dollar income of the Anderson Fund was combined with the two hundred dollar income of the Literary Fund, total eight hundred, and the Common Hall, 1821, appointed twelve trustees, who were allowed to spend for

the first year six hundred and forty dollars for house and a teacher "who will qualify himself to teach on this Lancasterian plan" and one hundred and sixty for "books, forms, lessons, and stationery for seventy scholars." The teacher, however, was to reserve for himself the privilege of taking other pupils for pay. The great success of the plan is shown by the fact that soon afterward (in 1824), four hundred pupils of the school gathered on Poplar Lawn to sing patriotic songs on the occasion of the visit of General LaFayette, and by the further fact that about a decade later the Petersburg Academy, founded in 1794, was absorbed by the Anderson Seminary, as already stated. Thus Anderson Seminary, nearly a century old, is the link connecting the local public school system of today with the beginnings of the movement for general education in America. It is most fitting that the one monument erected in Blandford churchyard by the "Corporation of Petersburg", is "Sacred to the Memory of David Anderson, a Benefactor of Petersburg and a Friend of Man."

Two private schools for boys of the second half of the last century have an especial interest to the student of local history. On Sycamore Street just above Central Park is the one-story building that was the schoolhouse of Mr. George E. Christian during the Civil War. Here on fateful ninth of June, 1864, the boys of Christian's school were preparing their French lessons, not knowing that their teacher, Prof. Staubly, lay dead on the Rives farm, two miles away, where he had aided in the brave defence that delayed General Kautz and saved the city for nearly a year.

Directly opposite the Park on the same street, at the corner of Fillmore, is the vacant lot where stood after the war the wooden building of McCabe's University School. This building was afterwards bought by the Christian church and removed to Washington street, where it stands today opposite Pine Street. The University School was known throughout the land for a third of a century. Although it was established after the war, it is part of the war history of the city for the reason that its distinguished head-master was the gallant young adjutant of Pegram's Battery and later became the historian of the Battle of the Crater in his eloquent address before the Army of Northern Virginia.

THE SOUTHERN FEMALE COLLEGE

The third school that is a part of the war record of the city is the Southern Female College, whose buildings stand on Sycamore Street, diagonally across from the Central Part. This institution is historic through the fact that it was chartered by the Confederate legislature and carried on its work of training young women during the siege of the city.

On the same memorable ninth of June, 1864, the founder and president of the college, Williams T. Davis, like Prof. Staubly, was in Archer's command in the Rives farm fight in defence of the city, while three of his sons were in other commands. It was probably because of his absence that the college girls were grouped on the front piazza on this June day. At any rate, it is a fact that as Graham's battery of four guns came dashing and swaying up Sycamore street, with the men on the caissons clinging for life as they rushed to drive back Kautz's advance up the New Road, they were cheered by the college girls with a spirit and strength that made the cheer audible above the rumble of the cannon. On went the guns, the two brass howitzers turning into the New Road and the two rifled guns going into position on the crest of the Delectable Heights in time to repel the attack.

Through a long part of the siege, the work of the college was carried on daily, the hours of lecture being arranged so that girls might not go to and fro during the fixed hours of bombardment. The bomb-proof cellar is still to be seen to which the resident students retired during the shelling. The spot in the grounds is still shown where the shell fell during the siege, and the other spot where the silver was buried in anticipation the capture of the city. Finally the danger became so great that the school was removed to Danville, where it was located when the last meeting of the Confederate cabinet was held there. Immediately after the war, the college was again established in its old home in Petersburg.

HISTORIC CHURCHES

Several of the churches of Petersburg should have special mention. St. Paul's Episcopal church, the child of old Bristol Parish church, was first built in 1802 on the site of the present court-house. It was later moved to Sycamore street, opposite Franklin, and when this church was burned in 1853, the present edifice on Union Street was built. The

moving from Blandford was in the time of Parson Syme, to whom a memorial tablet should be placed in Old Blandford. Before the church of 1802 was built, Cameron and Syme preached on alternate Sundays in the Blandford church and in the Petersburg courthouse, but to small congregations, as religion was then at a low ebb in this section. It was in this "new brick church," built 1802-6, that Burk delivered an oration five weeks before his death.

On Union street, where the Roper warehouse now stands, was the most famous historic church building of Petersburg. This primacy was due not only to the fact that this church was the child of the first church of any denomination in Petersburg, the old Methodist church that stood perhaps first on Old and afterward on Market Street at the junction of Friend Street, but especially to the fact that here was held the first General Conference of the Methodist Church, South, after its separation from the (Northern) Methodist church. Thus this old building was the scene of the organization of the large body of "Secessionists" that still maintains a separate existence. At this conference, Bishop Andrews presided, and there was a dramatic moment when Bishop Soule, the general superintendent of the whole Methodist church of the country, announced his allegiance to the Southern branch of the church. The congregation of this church afterward built Washington street Methodist Church, and the Union street became a negro church until it was torn down.

The original building of Tabb street Presbyterian church is now A. P. Hill Camp Hall. A new church was built directly opposite, and when this was burned, the present edifice was built. This church is historic through memorable sermons during the secession times and the building itself, though dignified and beautiful in its combination of classic and Gothic types of architecture, drew a humorous reference from Max O'Rell on his lecture-trip to Petersburg. In "A Frenchman in America," he speaks of it as a Greek temple with a steeple, and compares it to a Roman senator with a toga and a stove-pipe hat. The Second Presbyterian church on Washington street is also historic through the fact that it was built during the Civil war, the tower of the old church on Baltimore Row on High street being used during the late years of the war as a shot tower. Grace Episcopal church, on the other hand, having moved from the brick church on Old street to

worship in the basement of the new church just before hostilities began, was not able to complete the High street building until 1870. The First Baptist church on Washington is memorable as having been built to replace the one struck by lightning and burned in 1865. The first church of the Baptists in the city is now the rear of the Builders Supply Company building, and the second Baptist church built in the city stood at the corner of Market and High streets.

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS

The first courthouse stood on the site of the present clerk's office, and the old wooden building is still preserved across the river in Ett-rick. The handsome courthouse of today is said to have been modelled after the designs of Christopher Wren. It was in the old wooden courthouse that Burk delivered his oration, still extant, on the 4th of March, 1803, to celebrate the election of Jefferson, but it was in the present courthouse that there were stirring events in Reconstruction times, when a Federal officer reversed his decision in one minute, leaving the city on the same night.

The Mechanics' Association building, succeeded by the present steel structure, has already been mentioned as Mechanics' Hall, but it was historic also through the story of the origin of the Association itself. It is the one permanent result of the visit of LaFayette in 1824. The mechanics of the town had gathered to plan the erection of a triumphal arch to LaFayette, when the news came that he would arrive the next day, too soon for their purpose, but the assembled workmen united themselves into a guild that is flourishing today. The Association library and museum deserve mention as among the best antiquarian collections in Virginia. As a benevolent association, it must yield the palm for early historic birth to the Blandford Lodge of Masons, established in 1757 as the third lodge in America.

Interesting sidelights of history are given in the records of the Mechanics' Association. The election of three ministers as honorary members of the Association in 1826 marks the religious revival. These were Rev. Andrew Syme of the Episcopal church, Rev. Benjamin H. Rice of the Presbyterian church, and Rev. Minton Thrift of the Methodist church, who wrote in 1845 an incomplete history of the city. His estate on Sycamore street, between Franklin and Washington, was known as Thrift's Garden. Two other honorary members of

the Association should be mentioned—John Niblo, who was elected in 1828, the year in which Niblo's Hotel was built, and Elihu Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," who was thus honored in 1843, perhaps after lecturing here.

The Exchange building on Bank street represents a futile effort made in 1839 to establish a regular produce exchange here. This enterprise languished with a slight flurry of success in 1858, until it was finally suspended before the war. During the war, this was the home of the Bank of the City of Petersburg, which ended with the war. The only bank that lived through the troublous time was the Petersburg Savings and Insurance Company.

Two other banks on this street occupied respectively the site of the present Academy building and the same building now occupied by Cuthbert Bros. The wide space on the sidewalk in front of this building was left for the guard house that was before the bank in those days. On Bank Street was also the office of Dr. Joseph E. Cox, who perished in the great snow of 1857, hence called Cox's Snow. Mention has already been made of the Library Association building on Bollingbrook street, which was burned in 1878 and afterward rebuilt. This association was chartered in 1853, and its library was a very valuable one.

STORY OF THE STREETS

The history of Petersburg is written in a general way in the names of its streets, although at first sight these names seem a hopeless jumble of nature, biography, mythology, and the Bible. There are, of course, the usual proprietary names of Bolling, Jones, Gill, Tabb, and Shore. In regular order of place and time, however, four marked divisions of streets may be traced, the practical, the patriotic, the classic, and the Biblical.

The early settlers, busy with practical affairs, gave to the streets names that were simple indicants, such as High and Low, River and Market, Sycamore and Oak. As the town spread southward from the river at the time of the revolution and afterward, a furore of patriotism seems to have seized the inhabitants, and thus the next range of streets includes Henry and Franklin, Washington and LaFayette, Adams and Jefferson, Wythe and Marshall, Harrison and Fillmore, Clinton and Webster, with a general flourish in Liberty street. Then as the tide of

patriotic feeling abated in the wrangle of parties and sections, probably near the middle of the last century, the list of national names came to an abrupt close.

However, as the tide of population still spread southward toward that part of the city called by LaFayette "The Delectable Heights," new names had to be found, and probably some alumnus of the old Petersburg Academy, founded in 1794, or some new-fledged graduate of the University of Virginia, founded in 1825, showed his classical knowledge by suggesting to the Petersburg proprietors or powers the names of mythology. Thus the third range of streets bears such names as Mars and Apollo, Mercury and Cupid, and other heathen gods. Probably the religious revival put an end to this honoring of the heathen divinities, as the fourth range of streets, on the very Heights, has entirely orthodox names in St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke and St. John.

Halifax street was the road leading out to Halifax, North Carolina, but for one square it retains its old name of Oak street. One of the quaintest streets in the city has three names in a quarter-mile stretch. This was Back street in the early days, but it was later given the aristocratic English name of Lombard, as fashion moved over from Blandford. After crossing Sycamore street, however, it degenerates into business as Bank, and rises into the residential sections as High. As Blandford, once a rival but now a suburb, had preempted the name of Main street, the city named its main thoroughfare Sycamore street from the two sycamores that once stood at the junction with Old street. This street was formerly Sycamore only as far up as Oak street, where its name changed to Walnut, a name fortunately preserved in Walnut Hill across the new viaduct at the head of Sycamore street. In like manner, Phoenix street today preserves the name of Old Phoenix Hall.

This march of Sycamore street southward from the river to the Heights makes an interesting study in the old records. At first the name seems to have had a mere foothold from the Old Market to the foot of the present street, all Sycamore being then known as Walnut Lane. Just as the westward march of the English drove back the Indians, however, so the advance of Sycamore street pushed the name of Walnut further and further South. In its second phase, Sycamore street extended only as far as Back (or Lombard) street, later it ad-

vanced to Powell's Tavern, then it extended up to Weeks's Tavern, and finally it reached The Heights. Thus Sycamore street, after crawling two squares in its infancy, took a boyish hop to Tabb street, a youthful skip to Oak street, and a full man's jump to The Heights.

The Blandford streets also deserve mention. Here too are found, of course, a few proprietary names, such as Burch, Mingea, Poythress, and Taylor, but the two streets parallel with Main are Church street and Little Church street. It is an amusing thought that although these devout names were given, it was necessary to hold a lottery to help pay for the building of the old Blandford church. Main street, like Duke of Gloucester street in Williamsburg, was laid out in princely style. It was ninety feet wide, and at the Courthouse Square it broadened out one hundred feet on each side, making a generous square. There were hospitable homes along these generous streets, the old Haxall House marking perhaps the limit of the fashionable residence section before the exodus to Petersburg about 1800.

CIVIL WAR HISTORY

THE CRATER

A quarter of a mile beyond Blandford is the Crater, the most interesting point in the line of intrenchments thirty-five miles in length which held the hopes of the Confederacy in 1864-65. Petersburg's great war fame rests upon the two facts that here occurred the longest and bloodiest siege in American history and that here occurred the most spectacular single event of the Civil War, the explosion of the Burnside mine. For ten months two armies of the Civil War, the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac, were here pitted in heroic combat. The line of intrenchment is still practically intact through a great part of its length, and at the Crater itself a well-preserved battlefield, scarred and monumented, is spread out like a map.

Thus the Crater battlefield offers wonderful opportunities for the study of an actual battle of the Civil War. The fortifications stand untouched and the Crater itself remains just as it was left when the Union dead were transferred from it to the National cemetery five miles distant. The lines of the two armies were so close together that a stone might be tossed from one into the other. The line of the excavation of the Burnside Pennsylvania miners may still be traced from the Union lines to the point of explosion under the Elliott Salient. The

open fields and the rolling and wooded country still show the line of the covered way by which the Confederate troops advanced to recapture the lines after the explosion. On the Griffith farm itself, where the Crater is located, there is a wonderfully interesting museum of the war relics. Along the road are markers placed by the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, and the fields are dotted with granite monuments and markers erected by the Northern Posts. Especially noticeable are the stately monuments of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, which were unveiled with great ceremony by the governors and veterans of those States.

AROUND THE LINES

In the immediate vicinity of the Crater lie numerous battle-fields, and a drive "around the lines" is both interesting and instructive. Two features of interest are a well-preserved "bomb-proof" that may still be entered, and the underground passage on the Davis farm not far from the two famous forts near the Crater. Fort Mahone (Fort Hell) and Fort Sedgwick (Fort Damnation.).

Roughly speaking, there were four lines of fortifications around Petersburg in the Civil War, two Confederate and two Union. The first Confederate line was built by Captain Dimmock, and this Dimmock line extends from the river at Skipwith and Puddledock all around the city back to the river at the Locks, the batteries being numbered from one to sixty-two. When the Union forces took Battery Number Five, General Beauregard built the second and inner line of Confederate fortifications. The Union line in front of the city thus embraced part of the Dimmock line, but it was extended to the Confederate right until both lines reached for miles to Hatcher's Run. This Union line was thus the third circumvallation. After the Cattle Raid however, when "Rooney" Lee made his raid to the rear and carried off thousands of cattle, General Grant built a fourth line, this time a reverse line facing to the rear so as to prevent an attack from that quarter. This reverse line joined the Main line of fortifications about Fort Fisher, and between them ran Grant's military railroad. A sketch of the entrenched lines shows between thirty and forty forts on these lines of Grant's army.

Of the thirteen battles outside the breastworks here may be mentioned in the order of time, Rives's Salient, Battery Number Five, Avery's Farm, Weldon Railroad, The Crater, Fort Wadsworth, Fort

Stedman, Fort Mahone, Fort Gregg, and Fort Fisher. As a study of masterly attack and defense, neither Yorktown nor Vicksburg may be compared to Petersburg. It is perhaps only in Wellington's Peninsula campaign that such bravery and persistence in attack and such heroic valor and devotion in defense may be found. And the impression that remains with the visitor fifty years after the battles were fought is not one of regret or apology, but rather one of pride that here, where their fathers achieved their independence, two armies, composed of the sons of the same indomitable race, held the world in awe and Fate itself in suspense with their Titanic struggle.

THE CHARM OF PETERSBURG

Thus three centuries of the strategy of war and of the arts of peace have left their varying memorials here, and thus one may strip off the decades and the centuries, layer after layer of time, yet in each layer of time, in each decade or each century, there abides still the unchanging spirit of a sturdy, brave, homogeneous people. The qualities that gave Petersburg vitality and initiative and wealth and leadership in the past, still keep the historic city in the front rank of Virginia communities. The deeds of the fathers have not been a matter of mere pride but of a call and an inspiration to equal deeds. Thus in the midst of the bustle of the active life of today, the city keeps a dignity and beauty that has something of the charm of an elder and a better day.

But this is not the specific charm of the city, for its distinguishing characteristic is yet to be mentioned. Not only does the historic city keep its vitality, after having had an active share in the notable deeds of America and after having been an integral part of the history of the section and of the nation. Not only does it have the dignity and inspiration of a heroic past and the energy and activity of a busy city of wealth and enterprise today. The most striking fact about the city is the unbroken continuity of its historic life, which is the sure guarantee of its continued loyalty to the principles and standards that have contributed to its primacy in the past. Its people are the offspring of the men and women that have made it famous.

If a list were made of the names of the citizens mentioned in this sketch of three hundred years, it would be found that every one of these names is a present and living force in the community of today.

Of what other city in America can this be said?

PETERSBURG.

ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS.

THE OLDEST AMERICANS

RECALLED IN THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY

IT IS only within the last few years that science has made a determined effort to lift the veil that has hidden the romance of the earliest Americans from view. The spade is the key that unlocks all archaeological mysteries, and not until the last four or five years has this humble but effective instrument been busy among the ruins of our Southwest. The restoration of the chief "type" cliff houses of the Mesa Verde, the effective work of exploration among the buried villages and community houses of the Rio Grande Valley, the important work of clearing away the jungle from the ruins of the Mayan city of Quirigua, in Guatemala, and the preliminary exploration of newly discovered cliff ruins in Northwestern Arizona—these are a few of the things that have given new meaning to the study of American archaeology in recent years.

The laws passed by Congress in 1906, giving the Government the right to set aside antiquities for preservation, proved a boon to American archaeology. Previous to the passing of such laws, there was no restraint upon vandalism. The most perfect cliff houses in the world—those of the Mesa Verde in Colorado—were exposed to the ravages of vandalism for twenty years before the women of Colorado interfered and had the buildings included in a national park.

Almost coincidentally with the congressional fiat preserving our antiquities, the School of American Archaeology, which is a branch of the Archaeological Institute of America, opened headquarters at Santa Fé, New Mexico. Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of the school, began a series of notable undertakings in the Southwest and in Central America. The school is fortunately situated, as Santa Fé is close to that archaeological wonderland, the valley of the Rio Grande, where important research work was begun. The Territorial Legislature gave generous support and the school is now picturesquely housed in the venerable Palace of the Governors, which is a show place in itself, associated as it is with the earliest history of the Southwest at the time of the Spanish dominion.

Since 1910 the work of restoring the ancient Mayan city of Quirigua in Guatemala has been carried on by Dr. Hewett. This city is in the midst of a dense, tropical jungle, on one of the plantations of the United Fruit Company. Its existence has been known since 1840, when Frederick Catherwood spent a day at the ruins and made sketches of two of the monuments, including the famous leaning shaft, which has excited the curiosity of scholars the world over. This shaft is twenty-six feet above the ground, with an unknown projection below the surface. It leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular, and by all the laws of physics it should have fallen long ago. It is believed that the monument marks the limit of size of the great shafts which the Mayans were so fond of erecting, and that the builders found it impossible to raise it to a vertical position with the simple means of prying and cribbing at their disposal. The third season of work in clearing away the jungle growth is now about completed, and it will take at least two more seasons to complete the task.

The difficulties to be overcome are enormous. The rapid growth of jungle vegetation is almost past belief. On returning for the second season of work, it was found that a tangle of vegetation twenty-three feet high had sprung up in the plazas which had been left perfectly clear nine months before.

Enough has been found to indicate that Quirigua was one of the principal cities of the Mayan group. It is probably the religious architecture and sculpture that has survived, and twenty of the seventy-four acres in Quirigua Park doubtless constituted the sacred precinct of the city. This precinct is laid out in a series of quadrangles, either wholly or in part surrounded by terraces, some of which were surmounted by temples of sandstone variously termed palaces, temples and pyramids. These structures presented the appearance of rounded mounds of earth, but excavation is bringing to light their architectural beauties. The Great Plaza is almost a quarter of a mile in length, open on three sides. Grouped within it are eleven of the sculptured monuments. Adjoining this plaza is a smaller quadrangle, called the Ceremonial Plaza, which is believed to be the place where the principal religious ceremonies were held. This plaza is surrounded on three sides by massive stairways of red sandstone, rising to a height of from twenty to fifty feet. A large congregation could be assembled on these steps for the purpose of witnessing processions, religious rites, sacrifices or games.

It is interesting to note that, according to Dr. Hewett, the bundle held by one of the heroic figures on a large monument at Quirigua is similar to the medicine bundle of the Omaha Indians—terminating as it does in a serpent's head at either end. On one of the other monuments is a figure grasping a wand or sceptre, which is held across the body in a position which corresponds closely with the position in which the tiponi is held by the snake chief in the snake dance of the Hopi.

The School of American Archaeology has been uncovering wonderful evidences of a prehistoric life in the valley of the Rio Grande, in northern New Mexico. The work on what is known as the Pajarito plateau includes the restoration of the wonderful "cliff city" of Puye and the circular community house of Tyuonyi, and the excavation of a long sweep of talus villages which lined the cliffs of that region. A great ceremonial cavern, which has been restored, offers a feature of exceptional interest.

The cliff ruins extending along the foot of the Puye Mesa are admirable specimens of this most unique form of architecture which abounds in the cañons of the Pajarito country. The cliff dwellers of the Mesa Verde built stone pueblos in great caves in the cliffs, but the Pajaritan dwellings extend along the talus slopes at their juncture with the cliffs. Some of them are merely excavated, cave-like rooms, without any form of construction in front. Others are caverns, with open rooms, like porches, built on in front. Others are houses of stone, from one to three stories high. Rows of holes in the face of the cliffs show where the ceiling beams of the upper stories rested. In some places there are caves scooped in the face of the cliff, which were evidently the rear rooms of these strange, terrace-like structures. The walls of the first floors are always found where the talus meets the vertical cliff, and are generally buried under the débris from the fallen upper stories and the soil-wash from the mesas above. Stairways cut in the face of the cliffs at Puye enabled the village dwellers beneath to ascend to the great community house on top of the mesa, which evidently was used as a place of defence.

Unlike most of the community houses of ancient and modern pueblo dwellers, Tyuonyi seems to have been built according to a general plan, instead of growing by the addition of single suites or rooms to accommodate the growth of the population. This is proven by the circular form of the walls themselves, which form curved lines, showing that the pre-

historic architects had a definite plan in mind when they started this singular citadel. It is estimated that Tyuonyi was at least three stories in height. Like the rectangular house at Puye, it has a central court. The living rooms were entered by means of ladders to the roofs, and by ladders and hatchways in the rooms. The court was entered through a single passageway, which varies from six to seven feet in width. With this passageway closed the inhabitants of Tyuonyi could hold a vastly superior force at bay. An interesting light on the age of this house is shed by Dr. Hewett, who estimates that the soil in the court, which varied from two to six feet in depth, must have been laid by the most gradual atmospheric deposit, as the pueblo is not exposed to drifting sands.

An interesting discovery was made in conducting the work in Frijoles Cañon, relating to the method of burial practised by this ancient people. It was thought that the Pajaritans practised cremation because no burial grounds were found. Exploratory trenches were run in every direction about the community house of Tyuonyi to discover a burial place, if such existed. None was found, but when the scientists had almost concluded to accept the cremation theory, a series of trenches was run through the talus in front of a group of cliff houses. These trenches were run parallel to the wall, and were sunk about two-thirds of the way to the plain. A number of burial places were discovered, all the skeletons being buried separately in the talus and no pottery being found with the remains.

The extent of population in the Pajarito Plateau region can be imagined when it is known that in a district thirty miles long by twenty miles in breadth more than thirty important pueblo ruins, like Puye and Tyuonyi, have been found, and no less than thirty cliff villages containing thousands of rooms. In addition, there have been discovered some twenty-eight minor pueblo ruins and two shrines. The most interesting of these are within walking distance of Tyuonyi. About three hours' march from Tyuonyi is the Pueblo of the Stone Lions, which consists of a single great community house, with the usual outlying cliff dwellings. This spot is famous because of the "Shrine of the Mokatch," which consists of a stone stockade inclosing the stone effigies of a pair of mountain lions. One of the many other archaeological features of exceptional interest in the Pajarito country is the Painted Cave, which has its walls covered with pictographs in colors.

Since the creation of Mesa Verde National Park, which brings all the cliff dwellings of that region under Government protection, the three great cliff dwellings, known as Spruce Tree House, Balcony House and Cliff Palace have been restored.

Today these once melancholy ruins are a revelation. The kivas have been cleaned out, walls have been cunningly rebuilt, and others have been strengthened, and ceremonial plazas have been cleared. In all cases original lines have been maintained, and so cleverly has the new work been blended with the old that after a few seasons, it will be impossible to distinguish the work of the scientists from the work of the cliff people themselves. The cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde were well worth visiting before the restoration, but now they have been made doubly impressive.

New wonders are constantly being discovered in the Southwest. In the least known portion of the Navajo Indian Reservation, in north-eastern Arizona, the Government has set aside a tract known as Navajo National Monument, which includes some tremendously impressive cliff ruins. Dr. Fewkes has made a preliminary exploration of this region, and has recommended the excavation and restoration of two of the great ruins, known as Betatakin and Kietsiel, as "type" ruins to illustrate the prehistoric culture of the aborigines of that section. The ruins of the Navajo National Monument have suffered little from vandalism, owing to their recent discovery and their comparatively inaccessible location. It is believed that they will preserve most valuable data for the future student of prehistoric man in North America.

With such a variety of material to challenge public attention, it is not strange that there has been a noticeable awakening of interest in American archaeology in recent years. Americans have contributed much, both in a monetary and scientific way, to the study of ancient life in the Old World, and now, with the assurance that the discoveries of scientists will be protected from vandalism, attention is being turned to the rich field at home. The spade and trowel are busy in fields where hitherto there has been little more than speculation, and the results are certain to grow more fascinating year by year. Future developments may bring yet richer rewards:

Overland Monthly.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN

INDIAN LEGENDS

XVI.

DEATH OF THE GIANT CANNIBAL

The following story was obtained from the lips of a Chippewa warrior named *Mau-gun-nub*, or Setting-ahead. He told it with as serious an air as if it had been a matter of actual and important history, and was evidently a firm believer in the wonders therein contained.

An Indian village stood upon the borders of the Lake of the Woods. It was a summer day, and a heavy rain storm had passed over the country, when a large Giant or Cannibal suddenly made his appearance in the village. He was as tall as the tallest hemlock, and carried a club in his hand which was longer than the longest canoe. He told the Indians that he had come from a far country in the North; that he was tired and hungry; and that all the wild rice and game in the village must be immediately brought to his feet that he might satisfy his appetite. His orders were obeyed, and when the food was brought, and the inhabitants of the village were collected together to see him enjoy his feast, the Giant told them he was not yet satisfied; whereupon, with one blow of his huge club, he destroyed, with one exception, all the people who had treated him so kindly. The only person who escaped the dreadful blow was a little boy, who happened to be sick in one of the wigwams.

After the Giant had committed his cruel deed, he devoured a number of the dead bodies, and during the night disappeared without discovering the boy. In a few days the boy was well enough to move about, and as he went from one wigwam to another, he thought of his friends who had been so suddenly killed, and was very unhappy. For many seasons did he live alone. While very young his food consisted of such birds as the partridge, but as he grew up to the estate of manhood, he became a successful hunter, and often feasted upon the deer and the buffalo. He became a strong man, but was very lonely, and every time he thought of the Giant who had destroyed his relatives and friends he thirsted for revenge.

Time passed on, and the Chippewa hunter became uneasy and discontented. He fasted for many days, and called upon the Great

Spirit to give him power to discover and destroy the Giant who had done him so much harm. The Great Spirit took pity upon him, heard his prayer, and sent to his assistance a troop of a hundred men, from whose backs grew the most beautiful of wings. They told the hunter that they knew all about the Giant, and would help him to take his life. They said that the Giant was very fond of the meat of the white bear, and that if the hunter would give a bear feast they were certain that the Giant would make his appearance and ask for a portion of the choice food. The time for giving the feast was appointed, and it was to take place in a large natural wigwam, formed by the locked branches of many trees; whereupon the strange people disappeared and the hunter started towards the north after a bear.

The hunter was successful; the appointed time arrived, the feast was ready, and the strange people were on the ground. The dancing and the singing were all over, and the hot bear soup filled the wigwam with a pleasant odor. A heavy tramp was heard in the woods, and in a little time the Giant made his appearance, attracted to the place by the smell of the soup. He came rushing to the wigwam like one who knew not what it was to fear; but when he saw the array of people with wings he became very quiet, and asked the hunter if he might participate in the feast. The hunter told him that he might, on condition that he would go to the mouth of a certain stream that emptied into the lake, and bring therefrom to the wigwam a large rock which he would find there. The Giant was angry at this request, but as he was afraid of the people with wings he dared not disobey. He did as he was bidden, and the thong which he used to hold the rock on his back cut a deep gash in his forehead.

The hunter was not yet satisfied, and he told the Giant that before he could be admitted to the feast he must bring to the wigwam a gill-net that would reach across the widest stream. The Giant departed, and, having obtained a beautiful net from a *mammoth spider* that lived in a cave, he brought it to the hunter. The hunter was well pleased, but not yet fully satisfied. One more thing did he demand from the Giant before he could be admitted to the feast, which was this, that he must make his appearance at the feast wearing a robe made of weasel skins, with the teeth and claws all on. This robe was obtained, the Giant was admitted, and the feast proceeded.

It lasted for several days and nights, and the hunter the strange people, and the Giant danced and caroused together as if they had been the best of friends. The Giant was delighted with the singing of his entertainers, and while he praised them to the skies he did not know that in his bowl of soup the Chippewa hunter, who had not forgotten the death of his friends, had placed a bitter root, which would deprive him of his strength. But such was, indeed, the case. On the last night of the feast the Giant became very tired and stupid, and asked permission to enjoy some sleep. Permission was granted, and in the centre of the great lodge was spread for his accommodation his weasel-skin robe. Upon the stone which he brought from the river did he rest his head, and over him was spread the net he had obtained from the mammoth spider. He then fell into a deep sleep, and the men with wings and the hunter continued the revelry. Each man supplied himself with a war club, and they performed the dance of revenge. They formed a ring around the sleeping Giant, and at a signal made by the hunter they all gave him a severe blow, when the spirit-men disappeared into the air, and the weasel-skin robe suddenly became alive. The little animals feasted upon the Giant with evident satisfaction, and by morning there was nothing left of him but his bones. These did the hunter gather into a heap, and having burnt them to ashes, he threw them into the air, and immediately there came into existence all the beautiful birds which now fill the world. And in this manner was the great Giant of the Chippewas destroyed, and instead of his living to feast upon the flesh of man, his own body, by the wisdom of the Great Spirit, was turned into the birds, which are the animal food of man.

XVII.

THE CHIPPEWA MAGICIAN

This legend, with at least a score of variations, was related to me by a Chippewa hunter named Ka-zhe-osh, or the *Fleet Flyer*. It is excessively romantic, but will most certainly enlist the sympathies of the ladies.

Near the head of the Mississippi is Sandy Lake. In the centre of this lake there is an island, and on this island, in the olden times, stood a Chippewa village. The chief of this village had a daughter, and that daughter had a lover, who was the greatest warrior of his tribe, and a magician. He had the power of turning himself into any kind of animal he pleased, and for this reason he was looked

upon with suspicion by the females of his acquaintance. He lived in a secluded lodge on the outskirts of the village, and none ever disturbed him in his seclusion without express permission; and a greater number of scalps hung from the poles of his lodge than from those of any other in the tribe. The chief's daughter admired him for his noble bearing and his exploits, but she could not reconcile herself to become his wife. She was afraid of the strange power that he possessed, but she loved her father, and had promised him that she would never disobey his commands in regard to choosing her husband, though she trusted that the magician would never be mentioned in that connection.

In view of this state of things the magician made interest with the entire brotherhood of warriors and hunters, and proclaimed his intention of leading them upon the war-path to a distant country. He was unhappy, and hoped to find peace of mind by wandering into strange lands. At an appointed time the party assembled upon a neighboring plain, and they went through the ceremonies of the war-dance. They also shouted a loud war song, with the following burden:—

"We love the whoop of our enemies;
We are going to war,
We are going to war, on the other side of the world."

On witnessing these preparations, the chief of the village became troubled. He well knew that if the old men and the women and children under his charge should be abandoned by the fighting men and hunters of the tribe, they would be visited by much suffering, and he determined to avoid the calamity. But how could this be done? He thought of only one method, which was to give the magician his daughter. He told the daughter, and she promised to obey. He made the proposition to the magician, and it was accepted. It was on certain conditions, however, and these were as follows:—

The magician was first to capture the largest white-fish in the lake, then kill a white deer, and finally win a foot-race of fifteen miles against the swiftest runner in the tribe. All these things the magician promised to do, and he did them all. He turned himself into an otter, and by the assistance of the chief of the otters secured the largest fish that had ever been seen, and appearing in his own form again, deposited it in the lodge of the chief. He also turned himself into a black wolf, and having ranged the forest for a white deer he caught it, and again resuming his

natural form carried it to the lodge where lived his betrothed. In running the race that had been proposed he had one hundred competitors, and at the end of the fifteen miles was stationed the chief's daughter with a belt of wampum in her hand to crown the victor. The magician started upon the race in the form of a man, but before he had run a mile he turned himself into a hawk, and swooping to the side of the maiden, demanded that she should now become an inmate of his lodge. She consented, and the chief gave her to the magician. Before he took her away he called together the men of his tribe who had competed with him for the prize, and complimented them for their great activity in running the race, and condoled with them in their disappointment. He then told the chief that he did not thank him for what he had done, and turning to the daughter he said that as she had cost him so much trouble, she must enter his camp and do all his work for him, even to the end of her days. And ever since that time has it been the lot of all Indian women to act as the servants of their husbands.

CHARLES LANMAN

LETTERS FROM CAMP

II

HOW NEGRO TROOPS ACTED

THE following is the second instalment of the letters written by Colonel Robert Gould Shaw from the front during the Civil War. The final instalment will be printed in July.

He was colonel of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, the first regiment composed of negro troops mustered into the United States service from a free State. Col. Shaw was killed at the head of his regiment in the assault on Fort Wagner. He became colonel of the Fifty-fourth on April 17, 1863.

Near Culpepper Court-House, Va.,
August 12, 1862.

Dearest Mother:

I hope my telegrams and my note to Father reached you, and relieved your anxiety about myself. We have had a hard time. We marched from Little Washington on the 7th inst. On the 9th we left Culpepper, and after the march of four or five miles, Banks' Corps was formed in line of battle, Gordon's Brigade on the extreme right.

The fight didn't begin until four o'clock, though all day there was some artillery firing. The infantry went forward on our left and centre, first. We were posted on an eminence, and had a good view of everything. I don't know how the troops on the left behaved; they were all new troops, and I know that, after having once given way, they were not rallied again. Crawford's Brigade (in our Division), stationed in the centre, fought like tigers, and were dreadfully used up. They advanced through a wood, emerged from it, and crossed an immense field under a very heavy fire from forces far superior in numbers. After they were cut to pieces, our Brigade was ordered up.

We went through the same wood, but more to the right, and came out into the same broad field. I was with the Second Massachusetts, having been ordered to show Colonel Andrews where to go. The first thing I noticed upon coming out of the wood, was the immense number

of bodies lying about the field, and then I saw a long line of rebel battalions drawn up opposite, and almost concealed by the smoke from their pieces. The Second Massachusetts, the Third Wisconsin, and Twenty-seventh Indiana were placed on the edge of the wood, behind a snake fence. The men were ordered to lie down until the enemy came nearer; almost all the officers kept on their feet, though.

Just at this time I saw the last of Harry. I was about opposite to his company, a few paces in the rear, and he called out, "Hullo, Bob!" and came back to where I was. We talked a few minutes together about what was going on, and then he went back to his place, and stood, pulling his moustache and looking over the field, the bullets whistling thick around him. He was perfectly quiet, but looked pretty fierce.

I can't tell you how enraged I feel when I think of his being in Richmond. I have thought several times, when near the rebel lines of letting myself be captured too, but it would be wrong and foolish, because we have very few officers left, and I might never see Harry either. I never knew till now, how much his society had been to me this last year, nor how much I loved him.

After he left me, I was in different parts of the field with General Gordon, who finally sent me back to get some artillery through the woods. It was impossible to do it, because the brush was so thick, and besides, I hadn't been gone five minutes, before the enemy got us under a cross fire, and our Brigade had to retreat. They advanced so close to the Second before the latter gave way, that it was easy to distinguish all their features. I think our regiment lost most at this time; they also inflicted a heavy loss on the regiments opposed to them. So, from what I can gather, I was saved from the hottest fire by being ordered to look for the artillery.

There were four hundred and seventy-four enlisted men taken into action in the Second. Of these, one hundred and twenty were killed and wounded, and thirty-seven missing. They were not under fire more than thirty minutes. Twenty-two officers went in, and eight came out; five were killed, five wounded, four captured, three of whom are thought to be wounded. Harry is said now to have received a slight wound. It can't be much, for a private, who stayed hidden in the woods all night, saw him walking about under a guard, and getting assistance for Major Savage. I don't doubt he stayed to take care of the latter.

ILLNESS IN CAMP

The Major was wounded and taken prisoner. We have heard that he was in a house somewhere inside the rebel lines, and Lieutenant Abbott sent him some money. I wrote a short note to his father to-day. We are very anxious about him, for he may be very uncomfortable, as Harry and Quincy are carried off to Richmond.

We hear to-day that the enemy have retired to some distance. If true, we may soon hear more of our missing. Goodwin, Cary, Choate, and Stephen Perkins were all quite ill, but would not stay away from the fight. Choate was the only one of the four not killed. Goodwin couldn't keep up with the regiment, but I saw him toiling up the hill, at some distance behind, with the assistance of his servant. He hardly reached the front when he was killed.

All our officers behaved nobly. Those who ought to have stayed away, didn't. It was splendid to see those sick fellows walk straight up into the shower of bullets, as if it were so much rain; men, who until this year, had lived lives of perfect ease and luxury. Oh! it is hard to believe that we shall never see them again, after having been constantly together for more than a year. I don't remember a single quarrel of any importance among our officers during all that time.

Yesterday I went over the battlefield with the General. The first man I recognized was Cary. He was lying on his back with his head on a piece of wood. He looked calm and peaceful, as if he were merely sleeping; his face was beautiful, and I could have stood and looked at it a long while. Captain Williams was found next. Then Goodwin, Abbott, and Perkins. They had all probably been killed instantly, while Cary lived until 2 o'clock, P. M. of the next day.

His First Sergeant was shot in the leg, and lay by his side all the time. He says he was very quiet; spoke little, and didn't seem to suffer. We found a dipper with water, which some rebel soldier had brought. They took everything from him after he died, but returned a ring and locket with his wife's miniature to the Sergeant.

His was the only dead body I have ever seen that it was pleasant to look at and it was beautiful. I saw it again in Culpepper late that night. All these five were superior men; every one in the regiment

was their friend. It was a sad day for us, when they were brought in dead, and they cannot be replaced.

The bodies were taken to town, and Lieutenant Francis and I had them packed in charcoal to go to Washington, where they will be put in metallic coffins. I took a lock of hair from each one, to send to their friends. It took almost all night to get them ready for transportation.

GOULD'S MEN AT SEA

Steamer *De Molay*, June 1, 1863.
Off Cape Hatteras.

The more I think of the passage of the Fifty-fourth from Boston, the more wonderful it seems to me. Just remember our own doubts and fears, and other people's sneering and pitying remarks, when we began last winter, and then look at the perfect triumph of last Thursday.

We have gone quietly along, forming the regiment, and at last left Boston amidst a greater enthusiasm than has been seen since the first three-months troops left for the war. Every one I saw, from the Governor's staff (who have always given us rather the cold shoulder) down, had nothing but words of praise for us. Truly, I ought to be thankful for all my happiness, and my success in life so far; and if the raising of coloured troops prove such a benefit to the country, and to the blacks, as many people think it will, I shall thank God a thousand times that I was led to take my share in it.

This steamer is a very slow one, but fortunately perfectly clean and well ventilated. She is entirely free from all disagreeable odours; and the cabin is as comfortable as possible. The weather to-day is perfectly clear, and the sun is getting hot. We have a fine large awning over the quarter-deck, so that we can sit there very pleasantly. You would hardly believe that we have very little trouble in keeping the men's quarters clean, and that the air there is perfectly good.

The men behave very well; in fact, they have so much animal spirits, that nothing can depress them for any length of time. I heard one man saying, "I felt sick, but I jes' kep' a-ramblin' round, and now I'm right well." My three horses are perfectly well, though thin.

I wonder where you now are; whether on the way to Lenox or already there. Remember that the vessel is rolling and pitching in the

most persevering manner, and don't critise my calligraphy too severely. June 3d, 10 A. M.—We passed the blockading fleet off Charleston at seven this morning, and saw the top of Fort Sumter, and the turrets of iron-clads, or at any rate, something that looked like them. We expect to reach Hilton Road at about three this afternoon. O dear! I wish you were with us.

ON FOLLY ISLAND BEACH

Cole's Island (Opposite Folly Island),
July 17th, 4 P. M.

James Island was evacuated last night by our forces. My regiment started first, at 9½ P. M. Not a thing was moved until after dark, and the rebels must have been astonished this morning. Terry went there originally only to create a diversion from Morris Island, and it was useless to stay and risk being driven off, after Morris was taken. It thundered and lightened, and rained hard all night, and it took us from 10 P. M. to 5 A. M. to come four miles. Most of the way we had to march in single file along the narrow paths through the swamps. For nearly half a mile we had to pass over a bridge of one, and in some places, two planks wide, without a railing, and slippery with rain,—mud and water below several feet deep,—and then over a narrow dike so slippery as to make it almost impossible to keep one's feet. It took my regiment alone nearly two hours to pass the bridge and dike. By the time we got over, it was nearly daylight, and the Brigade behind us had a pretty easy time. I never had such an extraordinary walk.

We are now lying on the beach opposite the southern point of Folly Island, and have been here since five this morning. When they can get boats, they will set us across, I suppose.

There is hardly any water to be got here, and the sun and sand are dazzling and roasting us. I shouldn't like you to see me as I am now; I haven't washed my face since day before yesterday. My conscience is perfectly easy about it, though, for it was an impossibility, and every one is in the same condition. Open air dirt, *i. e.*, mud etc., is not like the indoor article.

I have had nothing but crackers and coffee these two days. It seems like old times in the Army of the Potomac.

Goodbye again, darling Annie.

ROB.

COL. ROBERT SHAW AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN

To the Editor of *The Evening Post*:

SIR: The letters of Col. Robert Shaw bring back to me a vivid recollection of the stirring scenes which occurred at the short but desperate battle known as Cedar Mountain.

One thing that has always appealed to me as being wrong was the political appointment of officers of high rank in the Northern army during the Civil War.

Banks personally was a brave and perhaps gallant officer; but no man, however brave or "gallant," should be entrusted with the lives of ten thousand men who is not a professional soldier. No matter what the claims are politically, men who are, as Banks seemed to be, professional politicians should never displace or command the professional soldiers of our country.

Take for instance, the charge of the "Rough Riders" at San Juan. From what I learn from soldiers who were present at that fight, had it not been for the colored regiment going to the aid of the "Rough Riders," the Spaniards would have exterminated them.

Look at Butler "bottled up" at Bermuda Hundred. Banks made a still worse failure in his Red River campaign, and at Fort Gibson his charge on the fortifications at that place resulted in unnecessary loss of life.

Coming off the Cedar Mountain field wounded, I saw Gen. Banks who came near losing his life by the concussion from a shell. I felt so angry I could almost have knocked him from his horse.

It is to me very pathetic and sad, reading how poor Shaw felt.

The bright particular star in Banks's army was Gen. George H. Gordon, of Massachusetts, a classmate of McClellan's. Gordon was the man who saved the day for Banks in his retreat to Winchester. Banks, it has been said, told Gordon to always give him to the full the benefit of his professional knowledge and skill. Such being the case, Gordon should have been the major-general in place of Banks.

TRENTON, N. J.

JAMES H. BAUM,
Banks's Army of the Shenandoah.

THE PROVISIONING OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE REVOLUTION

HISTORIANS of the Revolution never weary of describing the sufferings undergone by the Continental army. As one turns the pages of Fiske or Bancroft, Lecky or Trevelyan, Fisher or Fortescue, he finds the miseries endured by the patriot soldiers at Quebec, at Trenton and Princeton, at Valley Forge and on countless other occasions, set forth in affecting terms. The story of these sufferings, repeatedly depicted not only in history and literature but in art as well, has become almost commonplace, and with it a general impression prevails that while the Continental soldiers were ragged and half-starved, their opponents enjoyed everything but success in abundance. The official records of the British army, however, tell quite a different tale. As one reads the dispatches of commanders-in-chief, the reports of the "commissaries", and the semi-official letters of subordinate officers, in America, he soon realizes that the British troops often endured privations fully as distressing as those of the Americans. While frequently wanting in clothing, ammunition, and camp equipage, in no respect do the red-coats seem to have been so badly off as with respect to their food supply.

The responsibility for provisioning the British forces in America rested with the Treasury Board, and at the outbreak of the war the Lords Commissioners flattered themselves that the army would obtain abundant provisions in the theater of operations. The futility of such hopes soon became manifest. America was too sparsely populated to yield large quantities of provisions in the immediate vicinity of any army; the inhabitants, if not actually hostile, were for the most part indifferent; the roads were few and poor; and the area controlled by the British forces so limited that foraging parties wandering far from the main body were in danger of being cut off by the rebels. Early in the war the Commissary General of Howe's army bluntly summed up the state of affairs, when he informed the Board, "There is no dependence for supplies for the Army from this continent."¹ Throughout the

¹ Treasury, 641118, Commissary General Chamier to John Robinson, 31st March 1776.

struggle, therefore, the British forces drew their provisions mainly from England. Year after year, the Lords Commissioners concluded contracts for the purpose of furnishing a complete daily ration to every British soldier in America. The only provisions obtained in appreciable quantities on this side of the Atlantic were forage and fresh meat. But even these had to be supplemented by shipments from England.

The system by which provisions were supplied to the army was as follows. They were first brought from all parts of Great Britain by the contractors to Cork. Here, after being inspected and sorted out, they were loaded aboard government victuallers bound for various ports in America. Prior to February 1779, the victuallers were hired for the Treasury Board through the agency of the firm of Mure, Son and Atkinson; thereafter, through the agency of the Navy Commissioners. During the former period, they sailed armed and without convoy; during the latter, unarmed and under convoy. The reasons for making Cork the central provision *dépôt* will be apparent. It lay on the route of vessels bound for America, and was the natural outlet of a region from which the contractors drew large quantities of beef, pork, and butter. It was also the recruiting center of southern Ireland. Recruits assembled here could conveniently be embarked aboard victuallers, and thus transported to the seat of the war. The chief provision depots in America were Quebec and Montreal for Canada, New York for the middle colonies, and Charleston and Savannah for the southern. To these ports the victuallers brought the provisions, which were then distributed by the commissariat to the various detachments of the army. Of the boats and wagons employed in this work, some were brought over from England; others were obtained from the inhabitants through hire, purchase, or forcible seizure.

A list of all the various kinds of provisions supplied to the army would be lengthy. Those upon which it chiefly relied were beef, pork, bread, flour, oatmeal, rice, peas, and butter. Of somewhat less importance were cheese, bacon, suet, fish, raisins, salt and molasses. Numerous kinds of vegetables were shipped occasionally, such as potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips, cabbages, and onions. These were intended mainly for the hospitals. Onions, sauer kraut, porter, claret, spruce beer, and malt-vinegar were used as anti-scorbutics. The contractors averred that celery seed boiled in soup, and the seeds of brown mustard when dried, bruised, and eaten with meat were potent antidotes for

scurvy. Turnip, carrot and cabbage seeds were sent out for the soldiers to plant; and during the siege of Boston the authorities informed General Gage, "A good quantity of the small Salled Seed will be sent out, as it will grow, on being sown almost anywhere on a little earth and may be raised by the Soldiers on a little Space by each Mess, in sufficient quantities for their refreshment and use."¹

In addition to the wet provisions already mentioned, were beer (alcoholic) and rum. Of these, the latter was the more important and from its prominence as an article of diet stands in the same category with beef, pork, bread, etc. Enormous quantities were shipped from the West Indies to New York for the use of the troops.

It is difficult to describe the composition of the soldier's ration during the war, since it varied from week to week, if not from day to day, and according as service was by land or by sea. Only examples of it can be given. Although the yearly provision contracts were not all alike, they varied but slightly, and the contract for 1778-1779 may be considered as typical. It provided that seven rations per man were to consist of

"7 lbs of Flour, of the first Quality, made from wholly
Kilndried Wheat
7 lbs of Beef, or in lieu thereof 4 lbs pork
6 oz. of Butter, or in lieu thereof 8 oz. of Cheese
3 Pints of Pease
1/2 lb of Oatmeal"²

It seems doubtful whether provisions were often distributed according to such specifications, owing to the fact that the victuallers arrived irregularly and the amounts of the different provisions in store fluctuated greatly. Garrison orders issued at Three Rivers (Canada) at the beginning of the war regulated the allowance of provisions as follows:

"A compleat Ration for one Man for one day in every Species
Flour or Bread 1-1/2 Pounds
Beef 1 Pound
or Pork 1/2 Pound
Pease 1/4 Pint
Butter 1 Ounce
Rice 1 Ounce

¹ Treasury, 64/106, John Robinson to Gage, 9th September 1775.

² Treasury, 20/48, Minutes, 1778.

Whenever the situation of the Army prevents this Distribution of Provisions, it will be delivered in the following manner which is to be the Compleat Ration,

Flour or Bread 1-1/2 Pounds
 Beef 1-1/2 Pounds
 or Pork 10 Ounces

Should it happen that no provisions except Flour or Bread or Rice can be issued, a Compleat Ration is

Flour or Bread 3 Pounds
 or Rice 1-1/2 Pounds

Whenever fresh Provisions can be procured for the Army the Rations to be the same Allowance. . . .¹

Masters of victuallers were charged to victual every six men at full allowance according to the following table,

	Bread or Flour	Beef	Pork	Butter	Pease	Rice or Oatmeal	Rum
	Pounds	Pounds	Pounds	Pounds	Pints	Pounds	Jills
Sunday	6		6		3		8
Monday	6			3/4	4-1/2		8
Tuesday	6	10-1/2				1-1/2	8
Wednesday	6			3/4	2		8
Thursday	6		6		2		8
Friday	6			3/4	4-1/2		8
Saturday	6	10-1/2				1-1/2	8
Total	42	21	12	2-1/4	16	3	56

When the commanding Officer orders Vinegar to be issued, "a Quart per Week to six Men is the Allowance"² Provisions for a certain colonial garrison were to be rationed as follows,

¹ Treasury, 64/102, Garrison Orders, Three Rivers, 11th June 1776.

² W. O., 60/22, "Rules to be observed by Masters and Commanders of Transport Ships in victualling Land Forces," issued by John Morrison, Deputy Commissary General.

"1 lb good Salt Beef per Man per Day
 1 lb Flour per Man per Day
 6 oz Butter per Man per Week
 1-1/2 [lb] Rice per Man per Week
 1 Pint Teneriffe or other Strong wine per Man per day."¹

Rum was a regular and very important part of the soldier's ration. Before being given to him, it was usually diluted with water. The ordinary allowance was a gill and a half or a gill and a third per diem, except during inclement weather or especially hard duty, when an additional gill was allowed. The troops were occasionally permitted to have small quantities of claret, spruce beer, or porter. In 1775 the Secretary to the Treasury Board wrote to Gage that he was sending 375,000 gallons of porter to Boston. "This quantity", he stated, "is on a calculation of allowing to each man, a Pot of Porter per day, and . . . is to be used at the discretion of the Commander-in-Chief."² In the following year, spruce beer was substituted for porter as more healthful. Like other beverages (excepting rum) it was issued at the discretion of the general in command. Burgoyne allowed each man two quarts in the field and three pints in quarters per day. In 1777 an army brewery for the manufacture of spruce beer was established at New York.

Some conception of the fare of the sick soldier may be gained from the following regulations, drawn up by the Inspector General of Hospitals in North America. Surely there could have been little temptation to malingering:

"Concerning the full and low Diets of the Hosp'l,

FULL DIET

Breakfast

Rice Gruel, or Water Gruel, with Sugar or Butter

Dinner

One Pound of Fresh Meat: Viz: Beef, Mutton, or Veal, with Greens

Supper

Two Ounces of Butter, or Cheese

¹ Treasury, 64/201, John Robinson to the Navy Commissioners, 4th April 1781.

² Treasury, 64/106, John Robinson to Gage, 9th September 1775.

HALF DIET

Dinner

Rice, and Pudding, and half a Pound of Fresh Meat;
four times a week

Breakfast & Supper, as full Diet

LOW DIET

Breakfast, and Supper, Rice or Water Gruel; Milk;
Porridge, Sago or Salop

Dinner

Broth & Pudding

One Pound of bread; each Man per Diem, with three pints of Spruce Beer in Summer and a Quart in Winter

Rice Water for common drink in Fluxes; and Barley in Fevers . . ."¹

Provisions were often indescribably bad Commissary generals frequently complained that the bread was mouldy, the biscuit weevily, the butter rancid, the flour sour, the peas worm-eaten, the beef maggoty. In November 1776, despite repeated complaints to the Treasury Board, the Commissary General at New York asserted that the bread supplied to General Howe's army continued to be "very bad in quality mixt with old bread, musty and much broken."² Surveyors, appointed to examine the cargo of one victualler at New York, reported that it consisted of "very old Bread, Weavile Eaten, full of Maggots, Mouldy, musty & rotten & entirely unfit for men to eat." The cargo of another victualler was found to be composed of "very old Flour of different sorts and very inferior qualities, & in general musty & rotten."³ On one occasion, the Agent Victualler at Cork stated that he had been obliged to condemn over five hundred casks of peas, "several Casks promiscuously taken being found all more or less to have live Maggots in them, some quite rotten & those that were the best with a great mixture of Green Pea, which on boiling proves to have no Substance and leaves little more than the Husk." He also declared that he had been compelled to reject four hundred barrels, "the Peas of the whole having a live

1 W. O., 28/6, Packet marked, "Hospitals 1778-1781."

2 Treasury, 64/118, Commissary General Chamier to [John Robinson], 9th November 1776.

3 Treasury, 64/118, Surveys of the cargoes of the *Providence*, *Increase* and *Valiant*, victuallers, enclosed in a letter from Commissary General Chamier to John Robinson, 20th April 1777.

Worm & being otherwise of a very inferior Quality.”¹ A private on board a troop transport bound to America graphically described the fare of his unhappy fellow soldiers as follows, “Pork and pease were the chief of their diet. The pork seemed to be four or five years old. It was streaked with black towards the outside and was yellow farther in with a little white in the middle. The salt beef was in much the same condition. The ship biscuit was full of maggots.... The biscuit was so hard that they sometimes broke it up with a cannon-ball, and the story ran that it had been taken from the French in the Seven Years War and lain in Portsmouth ever since.... Sometimes they had groats and barley, or, by way of a treat a pudding made of flour mixed half with salt water and half with fresh water, and with old mutton fat.”²

The records abound with reports and statements like the foregoing. Those quoted will convey some impression of the kind of food the British soldier in America was expected to subsist on.³

Provisions were deficient, however, not only in quality but also in quantity. Their scarcity was the subject of many alarming letters from generals in America; and it is noteworthy that the insufficiency was felt not only at points inland, where communications were difficult and likely to be cut, but at points along the coast, where communication with Cork was direct and almost unhindered. For example, General Howe wrote to the Treasury Board from Boston in December 1775, “I am in great Pain from the small Quantity of Provisions now in Store”.⁴ In the same month, he informed Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State for the Colonies, “The small Quantities of Provisions in Store ... fill me with Alarms.”⁵ Five months later (May 1776), after he had evacuated Boston and gone to Halifax, he wrote to Dartmouth’s suc-

1 Treasury, 64/200, John Marsh to the Navy Commissioners, 2nd January 1780.

2 Seume, *Mein Leben*, quoted in translation in Lowell, *The Hessians in the Revolution*, p. 56.

3 The contractors were paid the very best price for the very worst stores—in fact, they worked off on the Army their unsalable flour! Then the meat—Barré himself, being in Ireland last summer, in the very heat of the dog-days, saw great droves of hogs going to slaughter, killed, immediately salted, and packed for the army in America. He had the curiosity to ask the coopers whether this meat would keep—they said it *might*, for the voyage; but must be opened and consumed at once on arrival—and even then would be barely eatable. Marks: “England and America” Vol. I. P. 455.

4 Treasury, 1/518, Howe to John Robinson, 1st December 1775.

5 C. O., 5/93, Howe to Dartmouth, 14th December 1775.

cessor, Lord Germain, "I tremble when I think of our present State of Provisions, having now Meat for no more than thirteen Days in Store."¹ Similar statements emanated from General Clinton at New York. In September 1778 he wrote to Germain, "You will perceive how low we are in a Stock of that very essential Article [food] notwithstanding the arrival of Six Ships lately from Cork."² Conditions had not improved by winter: "Your Lordship will be startled", he wrote in December, "when I inform you that this Army has now but a fortnight's Flour left. . . . Our Meat, with the Assistance of Catle purchased here, will last about forty days beyond Xmas, and a Bread composed of Peas, Indian Corn and Oatmeal can be furnished for about the same time. After that I know not how we shall subsist."³ Similar extracts could be given from Clinton's correspondence for 1779. By October 1780, his patience at having the army constantly menaced by a shortage of provisions seems to have been well-nigh exhausted. "Your Lordship well knows", he wrote to Germain, "how often this Army has been on the Eve of being reduced to the greatest distress for Want of Provisions . . . The same melancholy Prospect (notwithstanding the many Representations that have been made heretofore on this Subject) again appears in a very alarming Degree. It becomes therefore highly necessary for me to represent to your Lordship, as the Commissary General has repeatedly done to the Treasury Board, that unless some Measures are speedily adopted to supply us more effectually than we have hitherto been, I have the greatest Reason to apprehend that the most fatal Consequences will ensue. We have not as yet received one ounce of this Years Supply."⁴ Such passages are not exceptional. They could be multiplied from the correspondence not only of the generals aforementioned but of Cornwallis, Prevost, and Haldimand. It is no exaggeration to affirm that the British forces in America were oftentimes on the verge of starvation.

This state of affairs was due to a variety of causes. The very fact that so many provisions had to be condemned as absolutely inedible diminished the supply. Much food was damaged or destroyed by vermin, much through careless stowage aboard the victuallers, much

1 C. O., 5/93, Howe to Germain, 7th May 1776.

2 C. O., 5/96, Clinton to Germain, 15th September 1778.

3 C. O., 5/97, Clinton to Germain, 15th December 1778.

4 C. O., 5/100, Clinton to Germain, 31st October 1780.

through being packed in bags and barrels too flimsy to sustain the rough usage of a campaign. The Commissary General at New York declared that "the bags that contained the Bread & part of those with the Pease were so thin and Rotten they wd. Scarce bear Removing from the vessels in which they came without much Waste."¹

Provisions were stolen by inhabitants hired to transport them inland. The Commissary General in Canada complained that he was compelled to employ Canadians, "whose propensity for pilfering is such that [it] obliges me to send Conductors to protect the provisions. . . . Notwithstanding all my efforts to protect it, I have had the Mortification to see the Butter taken out of Firkins and Stones etc., put in lieu to compleat ye Weight; and so dextrously headed that the best Eye could not percieve the deception, which theft has not been confined to Butter only but at large, without exception of Species; and losses sustained is—sic—very considerable."² Victuallers were lost at sea or captured by the enemy. Some were delayed by storms and contrary winds; others by labor troubles at Cork, where in 1776 and 1777 hands engaged to load and man them struck for higher wages. There was a dearth of sailors and ships for government service; and, despite repeated injunctions, commanders in America failed promptly to unload and send back the victuallers for further supplies. Contractors were tardy in filling orders; and resorted to many frauds in order to cheat the government, such as mixing sand with the flour or sending over barrels of rum or flour short in weight. The shortage would sometimes be slyly concealed by weighting cask or barrel with stones. Commissaries neglected to send accurate and punctual returns of the numbers of men to be victualled, so that the Treasury Board in ignorance of the exact amount of provisions required often shipped too few. Many a victualler just on the point of sailing was boarded by a navy press gang, which forcibly abducted part of the crew, and thereby delayed her until the men seized were replaced. This practice, together with the reluctance of the Lords of the Admiralty promptly to furnish convoys for the victuallers, lead to much bitter correspondence between the Treasury and the Admiralty Boards. In short, there was a fatal ab-

¹ Treasury, 64/118, Commissary General Chamier to [John Robinson,] 11th August 1776.

² Treasury, 64/102, Commissary General Day to John Robinson, 20th June 1777.

sence of friendly co-operation between the various departments concerned with the provisioning for the army.

In conclusion, the question naturally arises as to what extent the ill-provisioning of the British forces in America was responsible for their ill-success. If the famous saying be true that an army moves on its stomach, one might conclude that their failure was due, in part at least, to the fact that they were poorly fed. This view is undoubtedly sustained by the correspondence of generals in the war. But the fact is that the ill-supply of provisions was but one segment in a vast circle of mismanagement. Evidence could be brought to show that the troops were equally ill-supplied with respect to shoes, clothing, tents, wagons, hospital stores, guns and ammunition. In a word, the failure of British arms in America may be ascribed not merely to faulty strategy and to indifferent generalship but also to the inefficient administration of the army.

YALE UNIVERSITY

EDWARD E. CURTIS

THE FIRST OF THE SUBMARINES.

BUSHNELL'S "AMERICAN TURTLE", 1776

A new fear has seized Great Britain. The fear of the Zeppelin has been replaced by the fear of the torpedo. The sinking of three British cruisers, one after another, silently but for the three explosions, has brought home suddenly to the world the terrible menace in naval warfare of this unseen foe.

Who first conceived of this engine of destruction, which works so swiftly and in the dark? If you turn to the article "Saybrook" in the encyclopaedia, you will find this sentence:

"Saybrook was the home of David Bushnell (1742-1824), who devised in 1776 a submarine torpedo and a tortoise-shaped diving boat the 'American Turtle,' which were tried without success against the British in the war of American Independence."

Little attention has been paid to the "Father of Submarine Warfare". But the fact that he earned the right to that title is amply attested. In 1869 Lieut.-Commander John S. Barnes, of the United States navy, published a volume entitled "Submarine Warfare, Offensive and Defensive," in which he wrote:

"To David Bushnell, of Connecticut, is justly attributed the idea of attacking a ship by applying to its submerged parts a magazine of powder, which, when exploded by devices contrived for the purpose, should disable or destroy her. He may also be said to have originated a plan for submarine navigation, in pursuance of which he constructed the first submarine boat capable of locomotion, of which there is any accurate record in history. In its application as a means of warfare, he must have entire credit for originality."

It so happens that a book which came off the press on the very day of the British disaster contains a full account of the life and work of the obscure inventor. This book is "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men," by Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of Yale University. Mr. Stokes's book contains a chapter on Bushnell, who was a member of the class of 1775 at Yale.

"He was born at Saybrook, Connecticut, where his father was a farmer of small means," says Bushnell's biographer. "His college preparation was cared for by his pastor, a Yale graduate (the Rev. John Devotion), who was an excellent classical scholar and an ardent patriot. He was nearly thirty when he entered Yale. There are few references to him in the minutes of his debating club—Linonia—and they throw no light on his development. He was one of the subscribers to the purchase of Rollin's "Ancient History" for the society's library.

"The records for the summer of his graduation state that there were 'no anniversary exercises this year on account of the publick difficulties arising from the controversy between Great Brittain and the Colonies; but love and benevolence abound among all the members of the Fellowship club'. As President Stiles records in his diary that most of the candidate for the Master's degree in 1778 paid him twelve dollars as a 'gratuity', and as Bushnell is down as paying 'nothing', it may be assumed that his circumstances during student days were very modest. In his freshman year he conceived the idea of the modern torpedo, which he perfected shortly before graduation."

A most interesting reference to the machine is found in a letter written to Ezra Stiles, afterwards president, by Tutor Lewis, when Bushnell was a senior. This letter, quoted by Mr. Stokes, is preserved in Stiles' Diary for August 15, 1775, in this form, the Latin being probably used to make it less likely that the knowledge of the invention would become known to the enemy, in case the letter should fall into unfriendly hands:

Last Eveng. I recd a Letter from Mr. Tutor Lewis of Yale College. Speaking of Mr. Bushnel a Student there he says: "Hic Homo est Machinæ Inventor, quæ ad Naves Bostoniæ portu Pulveris pyrii Explosione destruendas, nunc est fabricata & fere perfecta. Machina ita est formata, ut 20 aut amplius pedes sub undas celeriter transeat, & Pulveris pyrii 2000 lb. portare et Navis Carinæ infigere possit. Statim vel post Minuta decem vel Semi-horam, secundum operatoris Voluntatem, Horologium totam Massam inflammabit."

It was therefore on the Yale campus, and probably in Bushnell's room, that the torpedo was invented. Timothy Dwight, the year before he became president, wrote:

See Bushnell's strong, creative genius, fraught
 With all th' assembled powers of skilful thought,
 His mystic vessel plunge beneath the waves,
 And glide thro' dark retreats, and coral caves!

"The year after graduation was spent at Saybrook," Mr. Stokes continues, "constructing the 'American Turtle,' which was ready for use late the following spring, thanks to some help from the Governor and Council, to whom he explained 'his machine for blowing up ships'. We are fortunate to have had preserved in some correspondence between two well-known Yale graduates—Dr. Benjamin Gale and Silas Deane—an exact description of this interesting small vessel, destined to be the prototype of the great submarine fleets of the world. It is also the first description, except for the brief Latin reference above, and so seems worthy of reproduction at length "

Dr. Gale wrote in November, 1775:

I now sit down to give you a succinct but imperfect account of its structure, which is so complicated that it is impossible to give a perfect idea of it.

The body, when standing upright in the position in which it is navigated, has the nearest resemblance to the two upper shells of a tortoise joined together. In length, it doth not exceed $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the stem to the higher part of the rudder; the height not exceeding 6 feet. The person who navigates it enters at the top. It has a brass top or cover, which receives the person's head as he sits on a seat, and is fastened on the inside by screws. In this brass head is fixed eight glasses, viz., two before, two on each side, one behind, and one to look forward. In the same brass head are fixed two brass tubes, to admit fresh air when requisite, and a ventilator at the side to free the machine from the air rendered unfit for respiration.

On the inside is fixed a barometer, by which he can tell the depth he is under water; a compass, by which he knows the course he steers. In the barometer and on the needles of the compass is fixed fox-fire, i. e., wood that gives light in the dark. His ballast consists of about 900 wt. of lead which he carries at the bottom and on the outside of the machine, part of which is so fixed as he can let run down to the bottom, and serves as an anchor, by which he can ride *ad libitum*. He has a sounding lead fixed at the bow, by which he can take the depth of water under him; and to bring the machine into a perfect equilibrium with the water, he can admit so much water as is necessary, and has a forcing pump by which he can free the machine at pleasure, and can rise above water, and again immerge, as occasion requires.

In the bow he has a pair of oars fixed like the two opposite arms of a windmill, with which he can row forward, and turning them the opposite way row the machine backward; another pair fixed upon the same model, with which he can row the machine round, either to the right or left; and a third, by which he can row the machine either up or down; all of which are turned by foot, like a spinning wheel. The rudder by which he steers, he manages by hand, within board. All these shafts which pass through the machine are so curiously fixed as not to admit any water to incommode the machine. The magazine for powder is carried on the hinder part of the machine, without board, and so contrived, that when he comes under the side of the ship,

he rubs down the side until he comes to the keel, and a hook so fixed as that when it touches the keel it raises a spring which frees the magazine from the machine and fastens it to the side of the ship; at the same time it draws a pin, which sets the watch-work agoing, which, at a given time, springs the lock and the explosion occurs.

Three magazines are prepared; the first, the explosion takes place in twelve, the second in eight, the third in six hours after being fixed to the ship. He proposes to fix these three before the first explosion takes place.

Such was the brilliant invention. But unfortunately the actual success of the machine was not up to its promise or its merits. In the summer of 1776 it was taken to New York to operate against a British man-of-war lying in the harbor. This was the first use of a torpedo in naval history, and Bushnell was the first to use the word to describe his own machine.

The ship selected as the object of attack was commanded by Lord Howe, the admiral of the British fleet, and it is probable that the attempt would have succeeded had it not been for two unfortunate occurrences: the illness of the skilled operator, necessitating the hurried training of a substitute, and the fact that the latter was unable to find on the enemy's ship any wooden surface or copper which could be pierced, and as the screw, which was to fasten the detachable magazine to the submerged portion of the hull, would not penetrate iron, he had to give up the undertaking.

Gen. Putnam, and others who witnessed the attempt, could see that the torpedo was perfectly navigable and dirigible, and were convinced that, had Sergeant Ezra Lee only moved a few feet along the ship away from the iron bar, which he encountered near the rudder, the fifty-gun *Eagle* would have been wrecked by the torpedo's magazine of one hundred and fifty pounds of powder. On his return to shore, Lee cast off this latter in mid harbor, in his desire to escape danger by greater speed. In due time the onlookers saw a tremendous explosion of water—the clock-work control having done its duty perfectly.

"Of the many other exploits of Bushnell in the war, two deserve special mention," Mr. Stokes adds. "In August, 1777, he floated a machine guided by a line against some British shipping near New London. It was intended to destroy the frigate *Cerberus*. This it failed to do, but it demolished the next ship, killing several of its crew. This was the first successful use of torpedoes in history. No wonder that Commodore Symons, of the British navy, officially reporting the

incident, stated that the 'ingenuity of these people is singular in their secret modes of mischief!'

"The next operation is less important, but much more famous. Bushnell fixed several kegs filled with powder under water in the Delaware River, to drift down and injure the enemy's ships at Philadelphia. Only one boat was destroyed, but the occurrence caused the British great alarm, as depicted in one of the most popular of Revolutionary songs, Francis Hopkinson's 'The Battle of the Kegs.' "

In 1779 Bushnell was appointed captain-lieutenant of the newly organized corps of sappers and miners. He was later promoted to a full captaincy, and served until the end of the war, taking part, among many events, in the great victory at Yorktown. The invention and experiments, for which he was very inadequately paid by the State, exhausted his slender resources, so he went abroad to try his fortunes there. After several years in France he returned to America, and, being unmarried, began life anew as "Dr. Bush," known as a teacher and doctor in and near Warrenton, Ga. The last years are shrouded in considerable uncertainty. It is clear, however, that he acquired some property, that he was interested in education, and that he was highly respected in the community.

What Putnam wrote to Washington in May, 1779, when Bushnell was captured by the British near Norwalk, seems to have been prophetic of this little-recognized inventor: "As the last-mentioned gentleman, who was there in his unremitted endeavors to destroy the enemy's shipping, is personally known to very few people, it is possible he may not be discovered by his real name or character, and may be considered of less consequence than he actually is." It is gratifying, in view of this lack of general knowledge, to find that the Commander-in-chief appreciated his services, saying that he was "a man of great mechanical powers, fertile in inventions and master of execution."

Evening Post, N. Y.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE REBELLION

CHAPTER XI

MC CLELLAN'S CAMPAIGN ON THE PENINSULA

MC CLELLAN'S inactivity in command of the Army of the Potomac and the defences of Washington, and his refusal to attack the rebel army at Manassas, induced the President to issue an imperative order that his forces should move. He then determined to change his base and advance on Richmond from the Rappahannock River. Subsequently he determined to make his basis the York River, the condition being made by the President that he should leave a sufficient force to ensure the defence of Washington. General McDowell was detailed in command of a force of 30,000 men to protect Washington.

McClellan's forces were then sent to Fortress Monroe, by way of the Chespeaake, and he landed at Fort Monroe his first division of about 20,000 men under General Heintzelman. Gradually McClellan's forces advanced and took up a position on the York River, at a point about six or eight miles from Yorktown, known as Ship Point, which had the advantage of an excellent harbor. All the additions to his army were landed at Ship Point, and there encamped to advance on Yorktown, then in command of Magruder and understood to be very heavily fortified. McClellan remained on board a transport at Georgetown for a fortnight after his troops had been sent down, and, as subsequently proved, he remained there, demanding of the Administration that General Wool should report to him on his arrival in the Department of Virginia.

Although McClellan was commander-in-chief of the Army, he was inferior in rank, by date of commission, to Major-General Wool, and not only duty but etiquette demanded that he should report to General Wool, as ranking officer, when he came into his department. This was strictly a mere matter of vanity on the part of General McClellan, and embarrassed the Administration greatly, so much so that the First Assistant Secretary of War, Thomas A. Scott, came to Fortress Monroe with a view to reconciling these counter demands of McClellan and Wool. General Wool, with his usual sagacity and shrewdness, and

having no confidence whatever in McClellan's military abilities, was insensible to the demand, and said to me, in confidence, that if General McClellan came into his department and did not report to him, he would put him under arrest.

Appreciating the jealousies that existed in the army, and the serious scandal that might result, I obtained leave of absence from General Wool, and went to Washington. There I called upon our two Senators from the State of New York, Ira Harris and John A. King, and also on two or three members of the House who were on the Military Committee, and confidentially explained to them the condition of affairs. They were exceedingly indignant at this demand of McClellan's, and took me to the President. I explained the matter to the President, and suggested to him that General Wool was a man who had rendered great service to his country, was the oldest officer in the army, a Democrat, but intensely loyal; that the people of the North had great confidence in him, and that any act to degrade him would certainly be resented. The President was very non-committal. He said that we must at once go and see the Secretary of War. He gave us a letter to the Secretary of War requesting him to see us immediately.

Before going to the War Department, I told these gentlemen that I had no business to go there, as there was a general order that if any officer appeared in Washington except under orders, he was liable to arrest.

"Now," I said to them, "If the Secretary is quick enough to see this, and suggest that I am subject to arrest, what am I to do?"

They said they would see that I was not troubled on that score.

"Very well," I said, "I am willing to risk anything for the sake of the army."

On arriving at the War Department, we found that, unfortunately, it was what was called "Congressional Day"—Saturday—a day on which the Secretary of War received members of Congress who were soliciting him for appointments, promotions, and all sorts of things. The Secretary was naturally of an excitable, irritable nature, and it was a very bad day for us to see him on the mission we were about. We were accorded precedence over all other callers, and were escorted into his private room.

The Secretary asked the object of our call. The gentlemen with me stated that General Wool was embarrassed to understand what were the desires of the War Office in reference to his command and to General McClellan's command. In great irritation, Secretary Stanton turned to me and said:

"Can General Wool read English?"

"Mr. Secretary," I said, "as your correspondence with the General has been rather extensive, it is hardly necessary for me to reply to that question."

"Are you a bearer of despatches?" he asked.

"No, I am not, sir," I replied.

"What business have you in Washington or at the War Department, then?" he demanded.

"I am here on leave of absence," I said.

In that case," he replied, "you are violating orders, and are under arrest. Reports yourself at once to the Adjutant-General."

The gentlemen with me interposed in my behalf, saying that they had induced me to come, although I had protested that I had no right to be there.

Secretary Stanton said severely: "It is this constant interference with the army by members of Congress that is demoralizing the service to a great degree. If members of Congress would interfere less with the army, the discipline would be very much better and the results very different."

I left the room, and reported to the Adjutant-General, under arrest. My quarters were at Willard's Hotel. Adjutant-General Townsend said he was very much surprised to see me there under such circumstances, and asked what the trouble was. While I was talking with him an orderly came in and requested me to return to the Secretary of War. I returned with him, and the Secretary asked me:

"What more have you to say, sir?"

"Nothing more, Mr. Secretary," I said, "my lips are sealed under arrest."

"You are relieved from arrest, then, Colonel," he said.

Then I told him all the circumstances and conditions. I said that General Wool took the position that he had not any right to degrade his rank by reporting to his junior officer.

"Just as certain as McClellan goes down there and does not report to him," I said, "General Wool will put him under arrest. Not only that, but he will be justified by any trial by court-martial. General Wool says this is very unnecessary, and he will not be humiliated or degraded. He recognizes the right to be relieved of his command, and if another officer, an inferior in rank, is appointed to relieve him that would settle the situation. But if an imperative order comes for him to report to McClellan, he will resign from the service."

"General Wool has no better friend in this country than I am," said Secretary Stanton, "but if he resigns I will accept his resignation, but I won't relieve him of his command. I am not going to trust the armies of the United States and the key of the Union under the control of any one man."

The conference then terminated, except that as we left the Secretary said:

"When do you return, sir?"

I was ill at the time, and I said: "I am on leave of absence, and am going to New York; but as General Wool is going to be relieved, I shall tender my resignation. My service is a personal service rather than anything else."

"I want you to dine with me this evening," said Secretary Stanton.

"I will do so with the greatest pleasure, Mr. Secretary," I said, "but I should like to go to my family in New York."

The Secretary then said: "Your resignation will not be accepted. The department cannot afford to lose an officer by resigning who is serving his country under the conditions that you are."

In all my subsequent relations with Mr. Stanton, although his imperative manner was of a kind that begat irritation, he treated me with the greatest consideration and kindness.

The result of the negotiation was that the Secretary undoubtedly saw the President and told him that McClellan's demand was simply absurd, and an imperative order was issued to McClellan the very next day to join his command on the Peninsula and report to General Wool, which he did. He simply reported, breakfasted with us, and moved on to his command. His army had been kept for ten days inactive, solely to gratify McClellan's vanity.

Then followed the terrible series of disasters of McClellan's campaign on the Peninsula. Although he had command of a largely superior force to that of the rebels, he was practically beaten in every engagement; and finally, as is a record of history, he was compelled to abandon the Peninsula.

McClellan's forces—about 120,000 men—invested Yorktown, remaining in front of the city some eight or ten days, erecting works, without, except on one occasion, ever feeling of the enemy. The lines of investment extended from the York River to the James River, entirely across the Peninsula.

LEGRAND B. CANNON

(To be continued)

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

COMPLAINT OF MAJOR BENJAMIN CHURCH AGAINST CAPTAIN JOHN ALDEN

(It was Church who killed King Philip. Alden commanded a brigantine in an expedition against French and Indians in 1696, and Church accuses him of great cruelty, refusal to obey orders, and profane language. Church's letters are extremely rare.)

The Information & Complaint of Major Church:

Against Cap^t John Alden Commander of y^e Briganteen Indeavor in ye late Expedition Eastward in his magestie's Service Against y^e french & Indian Enemy.

first y^e s^d Alden did Refuse to lett y^e major have things needfull for y^e Expedition, as — & y^e Coat & denied him severall times y^e use of s^d Coat upon Any occasion

Going to Saganocto did deny & Refuse to obey y^e major Going to Land there with very Insulting & dominearing Language either to pilate (*pilot*) or Carry the Briggatoon up y^e Harbour when Required

further abussing y^e officers & Souldiers Imbargned by y^e major's order in ye Said briggatoon, with Corrupt Language & blows Cutting them and wounding them with his Cuttlash and with Resolution Constantly disowning (*sic*) y^e major to have any power by sea still & att all times would say to y^e major he satt in y^e Cabbin by sufferance from him, & when hee pleased would turn him out & did then with no provocation thrust out Cap^t Allyn with violence which Struck his head about ye door, which much hurt him, y^e s^d Allyn Intreated his patience but y^e s^d Alden pursued him with fury & threw him down in y^e (*steerage*?) with his head a-thwart a Great Gun which had lik'd to kill him, & y^e same Evening Run att Cap^t Brakett violently & said hee would turn him out also. Brakett said itt was his lodging & (*he*) would not go out. Alden laid violent hands on him but Cap^t Brakett shunned (?) him & got not much harm when y^e major Required them to bee quiott & not make such a disturbance in y^e ship y^e s^d Alden bade y^e major hold his tongue or els hee

would serve (?) him soe, for hee had nothing to doo there—
which Carriage and Constant persisting in that strain hath
made my life verie uncomfortable & will be a discouragement
for the future If these abuses are not Reprehended & Redressed

Boston, Oct^o 30th, 1696.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

WASHINGTON'S LETTER ON THE DEFENCE OF RED BANK

TO BRIG.-GEN. FORMAN OF N. J.

Head Quarters near White Marsh, Pa.,
Oct. 21, 1777

The Enemy yesterday morning threw a body of troops across the Delaware, with intentions no doubt either to storm or invest Red Bank. As the Works there are strong, it is improbable they will hazard the loss of men, that would be likely to attend an assault, but will, I imagine, endeavor by a Blockade, to Oblige the garrison to Surrender. On this supposition, I am to request in the most earnest manner, that you will use your utmost Exertions, immediately to collect as large a body of Militia as you possibly can, and hasten them to the relief of that post. It is to be apprehended its supply of Stores and provisions may not be as ample as could be wished, this makes it necessary you should lose not a moment's time to give it all the succour you can. I have written to General Newcomb on the same subject. You need not be told, that should that post fall into the Enemy's hands, we not only suffer the immediate loss of the Garrison, its Cannon and Stores, but all our endeavours after that should happen, to defend the Obstructions on the River would be fruitless. To you no arguments need be used either to explain the importance of their Objects, or to Stimulate your Zeal for its preservation.

What I have here said is in the supposition that the Danger to the Salt Works which induced you to go down that way, is not so great as to require the whole force you may be able to get together, to guard against it. I do not mean to neglect the precautions necessary for their security, they are too much importance, but as the Defence of Red-bank is an object of the greatest moment. I would wish you to do as

much as you possibly can towards it, consistent with a proper degree of attention to the Salt-works.

If circumstances are not such as to make your presence essentially necessary there, I would wish you to command the Body of Militia you may be able to spare for Red-bank.

LETTER OF MARTHA WASHINGTON TO MRS. FRANCES WASHINGTON

Philadelphia, Feb'y 10, 1793

(This letter is accompanied by a letter from John Burkhardt, giving a history (a very scaly one) of how he came in possession of it. He says it was found near the Washington Mansion, Mount Vernon, by a member of his company (Co. F., 146 Indiana Vols.), and presented to him.)

Since my last, your letter of the 25th January is come to hand. I am sincerely sorry to hear that the poor Major's Complaints continue. The allwise disposer of events only can relieve him, and I trust he will in his good time deliver him from his great distresses and difficulties. I am sorry Dear Little Charles is not well, the Season of the year is bad for all complaints the weather being so very warm; it is happy for you that Maria and Fayette keep well; indeed My Dear Fanny I am very glad to hear from you and am pleased that kind providence has enabled you to support yourself under your great affliction. I can with the greatest truth assure you that the President and myself feel very sincerely for you in your heavy affliction, and will take pleasure in doing every thing we can to make your troubles as light to you as we can. Thank God we are all well,—if Patty Dandridge can be useful to you I hope she will stay with you. I will, my dear Fanny, have you a bonnet and cloak made and sent by the first opportunity; at this time there is no Vessel hear for Richmond, but I expect there will soon be, as the River is free from ice, which is a very uncommon thing at this season of the year. My love to the Major and a kiss to the Children in which the President joins me. My love to your Brothers and sisters and to Patty Dandridge, tell her that her brother is very well; Nelly and Washington* send their love to you and Children, and that you may be enabled to keep your health is the prayer of your most Affectionate.

*Nelly Custis and George Washington Parke Custis.

HAMILTON TO CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON

New York, Aug. 7, 1800

(This is a very remarkable political letter, in which he reviews the chances of the Federal and Anti-Federal parties and mentions as his choice for President, General Pinckney, denounces Aaron Burr in good round terms, and has little praise for John Adams.)

DEAR SIR—

In the present critical State of public Affairs, it is desirable that the influential friends of the Government in different States should communicate with each other and give mutual information. With this view I shall now offer you a short sketch of the State of things North of Maryland according to the advice I have received—and in return shall beg you, for the substance of your information concerning the more Southern Quarters particularly the State of Maryland.

In New Hampshire there is no doubt of Federal Electors—but there is a decided partiality to Mr. Adams and a pretty general satisfaction with his conduct and administration, I took pains to supply Governor Gilman, whose influence is very preponderating, of the defects and errors of Mr Adams and of the danger that no candidate could be carried in by the mere Federal strength; consequently of the expediency & necessity of unanimously voting for General Pinckney (who in the *South* might get some Antifederal votes) as the best means of excluding Mr Jefferson, The Governor appeared convinced of the soundness of these views and gave me to expect that he would second the plan

Yet I do not count upon New Hampshire for more than two things—an unanimous vote for Mr Adams and no vote for any antifederalist.

In Massachusetts almost all the leaders of the first class are dissatisfied with Mr Adams, & enter heartily with the policy of supporting General Pinckney—But most of the leaders of the second class are warmly attached to Mr Adams and fearful of jeopardizing his election by promoting that of General Pinckney, And the mass of the people are well affected to him & to his administration

Yet I have very good hopes, by the exertions of the principal Federalists, that Massachusetts will unanimously vote for Adams & Pinckney

Rhode Island is in a state somewhat uncertain, Scisms have grown up from personal rivalry which have been improved by the

Antifederalists to strengthen their interests, Governor Fenner expresses a hope that there will be two Antifederal Electors, our friends reject the idea as wholly improbable.

But I am not perfectly convinced that they know the ground, In any event however I believe Mr Adams will have a unanimous vote, I think nothing can be relied upon as to General Pinckney.

Connecticut will, I doubt not, unanimously vote for General Pinckney; but being very much displeased with Mr Adams, it will require the explicit advice of certain Gentlemen to induce them to vote for him—No Antif—has any chance there.

About *Vermont* I am not as yet accurately informed; but I believe Adams & Pinckney will both have all the votes

In New York all the votes will certainly be for Jefferson & Burr.

New Jersey does not stand as well as she used to do, The Antif, hope for the votes of this State, But I think they will be disappointed, If the Electors are Federal, *Pinckney* will certainly be voted for and Adams will or will not be as leading friends shall advise.

It is a question whether there will be any Election in Pennsylvania, but I rather suppose there will be one by Districts which didates, according to my calculation.

Everybody take it for granted that Delaware will give all federal Electors; who will certainly vote for General Pinckney & for Adams, or not as they shall be advised

Hence you will perceive that our prospects are not brilliant—and that there is too much probability that *Jefferson* or *Burr* will be President. The latter is intriguing with all his might in New Jersey, Rhode Island & Vermont. There is a probability of some success to his intrigue—He counts positively on the unanimous support of the Antifederalists & that by some adventitious aid from our quarter, he will overstep his friend Jefferson. If he does he will certainly attempt to reform the Government *à la Bonaparte*—He is as unprincipled and dangerous a man as any country can hold

As between Pinckney & Adams I give a decided preference to the first. If you have not heard enough to induce you to agree in this opin-

ion, I will upon your request enter into my reasons. Mr Adams has governed & must govern from *impulse* and *caprice*, and the influence of the two most mischievous of Passions for a Politician, to an extreme that to be pourtrayed would present a caricature—Vanity and Jealousy, He has already disorganized and in a great measure prostrated the Federal Party, under his auspices the Government can scarcely fail to decline & with him the federal party will be disgraced, This is my anticipation on mature reflection

Will not Maryland vote by her Legislature? I am aware of strong objections to the measure; but if it be true as I suppose that our Opponents are at Revolution & employ all means to secure success the contest must be very unequal if we *not only* refrain from *unconstitutional* and *criminal* measures, but even from such as may offend against the *routine of strict decorum*.

With my great esteem & regard I have the honor to be Dr Sir
Your Obed. Servant
A. HAMILTON

CHARLES PETTIT TO GEN. GREENE

Pettit was a leading citizen of Philadelphia, and in 1778 assistant Quartermaster General of the Army—a great admirer of Greene, whom he refused to succeed as Quartermaster General.

Philadelphia, Oct. 5, 1780

“I cannot say that General Arnold’s Treason, so far as respects his turning Tory, & deserting the American cause, was any great surprize to me. The constant & uniform tenor of his conduct in this city looked strongly that way, & the Court he paid to the Tories was too plain & evident & too universal to arise from any other motive than the laying a foundation for joining them at some day or other, but the magnitude of his Treason, and the extent of his plan I must confess startles and amazes me. I could scarcely have conceived that the pride of an ambitious man, and that sense of honour, or at least the pretension to it which every man of station thinks himself bound to wear the appearance of, whether he really feels it or not, would have prevented a man of his situation to rush at once into a villany so atrocious & degrading to human nature. But he seems to have been determined not to be a

little villain, Nothing short of the highest rate could satisfy him, and in this he has shewn his courage tho' his plan has failed, I shall present add but one reflection, upon this affair, and that is, that I consider it as a public benefit, not only that the plot has been so seasonably discovered, but that the attempt has been made. My reasons are numerous & I cannot now delineate them, neither need I as I am confident they will generally occur to your mind. We have seen many instances in the course of the revolution of the favourable interposition of Providence in our behalf; but none that I can recollect have been more conspicuous than this. It is sufficient to command the belief of an infidel. . . . When the intelligence first came from the Southward it pressed hard on the reputation of a certain General, even from his own account of the matter, but when farther explanations came it seemed to kindle into a flame which could not be wholly suppressed, tho' most people seemed desirous of keeping it secret, some for real regard to his fame, others from prudential motives unwilling to be foremost, in attacking so eminent a Character (no matter how raised) and others again thought it might be injurious to the public to unhinge him at so critical a season & under such difficult circumstances as the Southern army & indeed our affairs in general are reduced to—The reasoning also runs probably into smaller branches, but, be that as it may, the matter seemed to cool.

. . . . On making some enquiry about it I find the letters from the Southward have expressed great dissatisfaction, that the No. Carolina Militia particularly are much hurt on the occasion; & charge their disgrace on the Comm. in Chief, and they refuse to serve under him again. . . . Oct 6 I have been obliged to break off till this morning. A member of Congress has just informed me that the Court of Entry is ordered on the Conduct of Gen. Gates, which clearly suspends his command. That Congress have desired Gen'l Washington to appoint a General to that Command; that the Southern Gentlemen particularly seemed desirous that Gen. Greene should be appointed. . . . These orders, it seems, passed in Congress yesterday, and tho' they have not that I can learn pointed out any person to the Gen'l for the command." (He then mentions that General St. Clair was considered for the command:) "But the Southern people are strongly prejudiced against a Caladonian (referring to the Scotch, who were Tories) having an ugly nest of them in their own bowels in No. Carolina."

COL. PETTIT'S INTERESTING LETTER ON GATES, GREENE, ARNOLD AND
ANDRÉ.

Philad., Oct. 10, 1780

In a letter I wrote to you 5 or 6 days since, & left at the D. Q. Master's Office to be forwarded (knowing of no earlier method). I mentioned to you all I could collect respecting the workings in Congress relative to the General to the Southward—The Substance and amount of which was that Genl. Gates was to be recalled & enquiry made into his Conduct, & that His Excellency the Com., in Chief was desired to appoint a general Officer to take his place and also that by the particular desire of the Southern representatives that appointment would probably fall on Genl. Greene. That some of his friends here, so far as this distinction appears honorable, were pleased with it as an act of Justice rather than as a favour, and, considering some late transactions, they think the honour the greater because— I need not say why. But at the same time those friends rather trembled for his fate unless he should be favoured with greater success than circumstances, or rather appearances, at present allow us to expect on the scale of human probability. The General opinion supposes success more probable in the hand of Genl. Greene than any other that has been named, and doubts not he would acquire it if it be attainable by any one, but the prospect in that quarter (I mean chiefly as to our ability & means to furnish supplies) is rather gloomy. This circumstance, however, is in some respects favourable to the person who shall undertake the business. It will lessen the censure in case of failure—and if he succeeds, his success will be the more brilliant. Some one must take the command, and the public good requires it should be him in whose hands success is most likely to happen.

I was at Bloomsbury at the time Arnold's papers were examined—when I returned to Town the bustle had considerably Subsided. Mr. Mease & Mr. West seemed to be principally pointed at, and indeed for a time I heard of no others, I have since heard that Something was said about Col. Mitchell, but I have not been able to learn on what ground, tho' I believe it was some trifling matter as it seemed to die away itself & I fancy had moved but faintly & in a small circle. Since that Majors Franks and Clarkson have been apprehended—the former I have understood was ordered to Camp as being under arrest, or some

how amenable there, the latter was ordered to give bail & I believe committed to Gaol a day, or which I have understood was chiefly owing to what the Ch. Justice deemed insolence & refractoriness. Mr. Segroue was also committed for a time & afterwards discharged, David Franks and Wm. Hamilton are in confinement, & it is said they are under orders to proceed to New York in 14 days (near half of which are expired) w'ch time was allowed them to settle their affairs & prepare for banishment. I do not recollect any other discoveries that have yet been promulged. It is said considerable discoveries are made of persons & things by the papers, but they remain as State Secrets, and I am not in the Cabinet, nor have I sought to be sufficiently to know any thing more about them than what is quite public. But I have not heard that any of our friends are singed by the flames. . . . You mention the death of André, but say not a word of Smith. The character, firmness & manly behaviour of the former, lead us for a moment to lose sight of the enemy and the Spy, in the tender feelings of humanity & sympathy for a fellow creature, and we consider his offence as atrocious rather in a political than a moral view, but as to the latter the considerations are reversed. *He sinned willfully to betray, the other to Serve his Country."*

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT TO COM. JAMES S. PALMER

A highly important historical letter in reference to the attack on the Rebel Fleet in Mobile Bay, which he defeated. With it is the original plan of attack, which the Admiral sent with the letter. We quote it in full, as for this important service he received the thanks of Congress, and the rank of Vice-Admiral was created expressly for him.

U. S. Flagship *Tennessee*
West side Squadron
Off Mobile Bar

July 18th 1864

Commodore:

I send by the *Glasgow* Lieut. Comdr Perkins and — for the Monitors. I have detached Lt. Comdr Perkins for this work. Dyer also volunteered to go anywhere rather than go home at this juncture. I think they will make them efficient, and if it does not I will put others in them here. I expect the *Manhattan* to arrive today. Please express my thanks to Genl Canby or the officers to whom I am indebted for the ammunition, it puts me all right on that point. Coal is the only fear

I have, and, as the breeze was fine yesterday, I am in hope that some will arrive. I will assign ass't Paymaster Wheeler to the Iron Clads. I do not see how I could let you come around as the Rebels say Canby will have as much as he can do to hold his own &c So that I fear to take you away from New Orleans; but if I can I will.

I hope to go in according to programme—14 Vessels 2&2, as at Port Hudson, low steam, Flood tide, in the morning with a light S. W. Wind, Iron Clads on the Eastern Side to attack the *Tennessee* and Gun Boats, to attack Rebel Gun Boats as soon as passed the Forts. Ships run up into deep waters—7 Vessels outside to assist the Army in landing on the Beach and to flank the enemy, 5 or 6 in the Sound to assist the Army to land on Dauphin Island. The signal to land will be the Signal to form line 3rd order of Steaming and run in. Let me know when the Monitors will be ready and I will send the *Tennessee*, and *Bienville* or some other vessel around to tow them. I may send them sooner. I wish you to send Mr Starritt around here in the *Tennessee*.

Very Respectfully

D. G. FARRAGUT

Rear Admiral Comd'g

West Gulf Blockading Squadron

To Commodore

Jas S Palmer, U. S. N.

Comdy 1st Division W. G. B. Squadron

New Orleans

P. S.

Let the men exercise the Guns on board the Monitors daily. I hope we will be able to let you come once I go in, in them, at the last moment. The *Tecumseh* is on her way down to join us also.

Yours

D. G. F.

BREVET BRIG. GEN. A. G. DRAPER TO BEN. PERLEY POORE

An interesting letter in which he claims and tries to prove that the negro troops first entered Richmond.

Head Quarters, near Petersburg, April 29, 1865.

There is considerable dispute as to what troops first entered Richmond. I do not wish to be quoted as a party to the controversy, but the facts are these:

The 36th U. S. C. T. of my Brigade was the first organization to enter Richmond. The Reg't was immediately preceded by about fifty skirmishers of the 24th Corps, who marched with the 36th, for miles, but who as skirmishers properly belonged in front of the heavy infantry and were therefore allowed to remain there without competition. After entering the city limits, my Brigade was ordered to halt, and afterward to file around into the fortifications, while a single white Brigade would enter the City to do guard duty. The 36th formed lines of battle, stacked arms, unfurled their flags, and waited for the other troops to come up. Soon the 22d and 38th of my Brigade joined them. It was at least ten or fifteen minutes before a single white Regiment came in sight, and when they did pass the black troops cheered them lustily, but elicited no response. Every Officer and soldier of the white Brigade will recollect this circumstance, for some of the Officers swore heartily at the presumption of the negroes in out-marching them and entering the city first. At the start, the white troops were two or three miles nearer to Richmond than my Brigade. At the junction of the Esboro and Newmarket roads, Genl Devens claimed the right of way for his troops which had not yet come in sight on the Newmarket Road. Although we could hear their cheering, we gave them all the room they needed by taking the double quick step and maintaining it all the way to Richmond. Now that the war is about to close many regular officers are striving for the best position in the colored troops, and I suppose that pioneer officers in this branch of the service who have organized them, protected them, and fought them, and who have been subjected to insults and persecutions from officers of the Regular and Volunteer white organizations, must now stand aside, or even quit the service to make way for the same officers to obtain promotion.

NOTES BY THE WAY

THE CENTENARY OF LUNDY'S LANE

On the 25th of July there will be an international celebration of the centenary of Lundy's Lane. This battle, one of the fiercest fought of the whole war of 1812, was marked by a gallantry on both sides that makes its anniversary this year a matter of patriotic interest to both countries.

Lundy's Lane is probably that battle of the whole war concerning which the records are most perplexing. Its most important events took place late at night, with the two armies mixed up in a *melee* at times and with opposing lines but ten and twelve yards apart. Flashes from the muskets were the only illumination of this bloodiest battle ever fought on Canadian soil.

Canadian accounts of the battle claim it as a British victory. With unanimity American historians claim it as a victory for their own arms. If the capturing of the British battery and the holding of it against three assaults was the important feature of the contest, then it must be regarded as an American victory. That the American forces were unable to hold the position they had seized and were forced to retire is the Canadian contention on behalf of a British victory. There has been endless controversy on this point and it is likely that the question will be avoided at the celebration this month.

What is of more interest in this year of peace is that the people on both sides of the Niagara river can come to the old battlefield and together honor the men who died for principles that were paramount then. The spirit of the day will be marked when twelve little girls, six from Niagara Falls, Ontario, and six from Niagara Falls, N. Y. scatter flowers on the graves of the heroes of the struggle.

Quebec Chronicle

A MEMORIAL TO ELIJAH KELLOGG

The movement for placing a memorial tablet to Rev. Elijah Kellogg on the wall of a building of Bowdoin College is one that will appeal to thousands of the readers of his stories for boys. Thirty or forty years ago there were few American youths who were not deeply inter-

ested in his series of books on college life and the careers of his young heroes after they left Bowdoin.

His sketches of Professor Cleveland were peculiarly interesting and impressive, and, besides telling his stories well, Mr. Kellogg had the happy faculty of impressing upon the reader the importance of conscientious endeavor and right living without a suggestion of gratuitous lecturing. His boy friends thus received wholesome instruction while following the adventures of Henry Morton, James Trafton and their associates in "The Whispering Pine" and others of the college series. His Elm Island stories likewise appealed to younger readers, and the exploits of the hardy pioneers in the wilderness during the Indian wars furnished another theme which enhanced the author's popularity.

Rev. Elijah Kellogg graduated from Bowdoin in the class of 1840, and it is most fitting that a tablet should occupy a prominent position on a building associated with his name. This honor does not mean that Kellogg is the most famous of Bowdoin's students in literature, for Hawthorne and Longfellow were graduates of the Maine college. Kellogg's work was in a different field, and it was good enough to merit the tribute proposed. Surely the boys of forty years ago will see that the memorial plan succeeds.

Providence Journal

WHERE A MEMORIAL IS NEEDED

If Congress had appropriated money for rebuilding Sullivan's Bridge instead of erecting an arch at Valley Forge it would have been an indefinitely more appropriate and striking commemoration of the immortal encampment. But as it gave the money for the arch, the only chance of getting the bridge seems to rest on individual patriotism. At the recent meeting of the Montgomery Historical Society Colonel William Henry Wetherill offered to be one of twenty persons to contribute \$500 each to acquire the land on each side of the river where the bridge stood, and later to reproduce the bridge. It is a splendid proposition, and we hope the other nineteen patriots with sufficient resources to bring them into intimate relations with Collector Lederer will join him in reproducing the bridge as nearly as our scanty knowledge of it will permit, including the names of General Washington and the four di-

vision commanders at Valley Forge on the five spans. The bridge was intended to be a permanent memorial, but was carried away by ice.

Philadelphia Record

ISAAC SMITH, PATRIOT

The fifteenth chapter in the Massachusetts State Society of the Junior Sons and Daughters of the Revolution is in Melrose. It was formally christened "Captain Isaac Smith Chapter," and takes its name from an ardent patriot of Revolutionary days. Isaac Smith was born in Truro, Mass., in 1744. His parents died when he was a boy and he was sent to Boston and at the age of nine was "bound out" to go to sea. That he made good use of his limited opportunities is evident, for at nineteen he was given command of a vessel and held that position during two years of apprenticeship. He was of more than ordinary character, it was evident, and he must have fallen into good hands for, out of apparently such unfavorable circumstances as were those of his youth, he developed the best characteristics of a gentleman. Naturally, his work during the struggle with the "mother" country was on the sea. In 1779 he appears as commander of the armed vessel, *Friendship*, of six guns and sixty men. The next year, while in charge of the brigantine *Thomas*, he made a prize of the British schooner *Hope*, which was sent to Boston in the fall of 1780. It apparently was while on this vessel that he was imprisoned and taken to Ireland, and when released he with others attempted to carry away with them a boy who was one of their fellow prisoners, but the ruse failed. Captain Smith evidently had been fortunate on the sea, for he had the means with which to purchase a large tract of land in the southeastern part of Malden, on which stood, near the easterly corner of Chelsea and Ferry streets, the house where he resided until his death. Before this he had lived in a house on the Saugus road, now Upham street, in Melrose. Like his neighbor Captain Oakes, he became influential in town affairs, and was chosen representative for six consecutive years. He was esteemed one of the most influential members of the General Court.

Transcript, Boston

THE GETTYSBURG DEAD

Mute testimony to one of the many tragedies of the battle of Gettysburg was found the other day in the wild mountain region, eight

miles west of Gettysburg, when the body of a Confederate soldier, with much of his equipment was discovered under almost a foot of leaf mold, the accumulation of half a century. The discovery was made by Clarence A. Wills while surveying a tract of land seldom traversed, save by hunters. He was first attracted to it when he stepped on the end of the barrel of the old musket. Digging away the leaves he found the hammer and lock and the trade marks showing the English-made gun which was much used in the Confederate army. A belt buckle, part of a canteen, several dozen Confederate minie balls and other equipment were found upon further search and finally a shoe was discovered.

All were close together between two high rocks and would possibly never have been discovered had not the surveyor's line chanced to run over the spot. All the wooden and cloth portions had long since decayed and the body of the man to whom they belonged had long since decomposed where it fell.

A flattened bullet bore testimony to the manner in which he met his death. The two large rocks at which the find was made are on an eminence which commands a view for twenty miles or more and overlooks the route of Lee's retreat after the battle. A large rear guard followed the Confederate Army and is known to have been scattered over the territory where today's discovery was made. Kilpatrick's Union cavalry pursued over this same ground and the theory had by local historians is that the Confederate skirmisher was standing on one of the rocks when struck by a Union bullet, fell between the two and either died immediately or was in such a weakened condition that he was unable to climb out. There have been numerous discoveries of the bodies of buried soldiers on the Gettysburg field but this was the first instance for many years where evidence of a body lying dead on top of the ground has been reported.

Philadelphia Press

TABLET IN HONOR OF BRITISH

A tablet to honor the memory of 250 British soldiers and sailors, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, will be erected presently near the chancel in the Old North Church, from the tower of which were hung the signal lanterns which sent Paul Revere on his memorable ride.

Many of the British wounded were cared for in Boston and a number of them were buried here. A few years ago, a committee from the British Naval and Military Veterans' Association planned to set up a memorial on the Common to the Bunker Hill victims, but as it was difficult to determine their burying-place, the plan was abandoned.

The connection of the Old North Church with the Battle of Bunker Hill was an intimate one, as General Gage is said to have watched it from the church tower; moreover a British battery, stationed in Copp's Hill Burial Ground, only a few hundred feet from the church, threw the hot shot into Charlestown that burned that town to the ground, and after the battle several British officers who were killed were laid in tombs under the church.

The present project has the approval of patriotic societies here, of Bishop Lawrence and of King George.

It is probable that the tablet will be placed in position on Sept. 13, and that it will be near the antique marble bust of Washington.

Transcript, BOSTON.

PATRIOTS' GRAVE MARKED

The memorial committee of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution recently has placed five bronze markers at the burial places of the following-named soldiers of the Revolution in the Westerly Ground, Centre street, West Roxbury: Lemuel Billings, Paul Draper, Henry Whiting, James Herring and Solomon Richards; also in the Old Granary Burying Ground at the tomb of Captain Peter Dolliver. The committee has obtained the names of two more soldiers, Captain Josiah Wheeler, buried in the Common ground, and James Allen, in the South ground, Washington street, South End, for which markers have been purchased and soon will be erected. The society also has recently sent markers for the graves of Enos Reynolds, West Boxford, and Philip Bagley, in Newburyport, both of whom were survivors of the battle of Bunker Hill and were present when the corner stone of the monument was laid in 1825, and also at its completion in 1843.

THE SHARPLESS PORTRAIT

The Wilson Peale portrait of George Washington having just been sold by the Merwin Sales Company of New York, that house announces that they have now had consigned to them a portrait of Washington equally famous, although it cannot compare with the Peale full-length in size. This is the pastel portrait by James Sharples, or Sharpless, of General Washington. The appearance in the auction-room of one of these pastels is something of an event, so few there are in existence and so rarely have they been offered for public sale. The present portrait bears the authentication of having originally been in the possession of Oliver Wolcott, signer of the Declaration of Independence and governor of Connecticut, at whose order it was painted by Sharpless. The history of the pastel is therefore quite satisfactory.

It represents Washington in profile, the hair white and tied in a queue, his head turned to the left, and the frill of the shirt front showing between the lapels of his coat. The paper on which it is painted has been glued on a panel, on the back of which has been inscribed the history of the portrait, namely, that it was formerly in the possession of Governor Wolcott. The pastel is nine by seven inches in size. The various portraits of Washington being known as the "Stuart," "Peale," "Savage" and other types originating with the artist who painted them, that of "Sharpless" is also a type, varying from the others in a manner sufficient to distinguish it, although if one calls to mind the Houdon bust, an idea can be obtained of the present portrait. A few other similar portraits are known, one being very appropriately hung in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

James Sharples, or Sharpless as he is often called, in his pastel drawings towards the close of the eighteenth century, introduced what was practically a new art in this country. Pastel drawing, or the art of drawing in colored crayons in resemblance of a finished painting, had its origin in Italy about 1700. Carried into France soon afterwards it immediately became a popular mode of artistic expression and a succession of great painters brought it to perfection. Chardin worked in it first with only one or two colored crayons, mainly red or black. François Boucher experimented with various colors with great success; Greuze, Perronneau and Drouais step by step improving in its use, until pastel painting reached its highest point with La Tour, since which

it declined and then practically disappeared. The work of the above named eighteenth century pastellists now commands values sometimes in excess of paintings executed by them. As decorative objects they have long been considered unequalled, and the gay insouciance of the French women of the period could have come down to us through no better medium than the soft brilliancy of their delicate coloring.

James Sharpless was contemporary with La Tour, and his use of a brilliant blue in his backgrounds and its occasional introduction in the subject shows an affinity with the Frenchman's work. It is possible that, though an Englishman, he had studied La Tour and received impressions from that painter's work in pastel. This is further borne out by the fact that Sharpless spent some years in France as a prisoner of war, and when released had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with that branch of art. The date of the painter's birth is uncertain but it was probably about 1750. He came of a Roman Catholic family and was sent to France in his youth to be educated for the church, but on his return to England showed little inclination for that profession. He much preferred to study art under George Romney, and he had attained such proficiency that between the ages of thirty and thirty-five he had exhibited fourteen paintings at the Royal Academy (between 1779 and 1785). He married about this time and decided to try his fortunes in America. On the voyage from England, however, the ship was taken by the French and the crew and passengers landed in France as prisoners of war. For nearly ten years, from 1785 to 1794, nothing is known of Sharpless, but the latter year found him in America, and still practising his profession.

In 1796 Sharpless was engaged to make a pastel of General Washington for the first time. The portrait was approved by the general and his family, and Washington ordered from Sharpless portraits in the same medium of Mrs. Washington and the members of the Custis family, which when finished were hung in the music room at Mount Vernon. This portrait of Washington is presumably the one that appeared in the executor's inventory of his estate as "Small likeness of General Washington, \$100," but no record can be found of pastels by Sharpless of other members of the family. The success which immediately followed his commission from Washington secured Sharpless the patronage of many families in his circle of friends, and Sharpless traveled through the settled States painting pastel portraits of a number of

prominent personages which are still in existence. The portrait of one of those who sat to him, Chancellor Robert R. Livingston, was exhibited in New York at the time of the Hudson-Fulton Exposition.

To be independent of hotel life during his travels, Sharpless designed and had built a caravan in which he and his family lived while traveling, enjoying a gypsy existence with frequent breaks during times when he visited the families whose portraits he made. He died in 1811 and was buried in New York, leaving a widow, two sons and a daughter. The elder son, Felix, was also an artist and continued the profession in America, but disappeared while painting in Virginia, having supposedly committed suicide. The rest of the family returned to England, where they continued to paint in both pastel and miniature. A miniature of General Washington by Mrs. Sharpless is now in the National Portrait Gallery in London. The younger son, James, died in 1839, his death having been preceded the previous year by that of the daughter. Mrs. Sharpless lived until 1849 and in her will left a bequest of more than \$25,000 to found an Academy of Art in Bristol. This resulted in the founding of the Bristol Academy, wherein are exhibited a large number of works by all the members of this gifted family.

HIGH PRICES FOR AUTOGRAPHS

POE'S "MARGINALIA" LETTER SOLD

The Nelson sale, at New York, in April brought a total of \$13,108. Among the items which brought high prices were a letter of Edgar Allan Poe, written in January, 1849, offering "Marginalia" to the Southern Literary Messenger, sold for \$315; and the features of the sale, the George Washington letters, brought as follows; A one-page letter, May, 1787, announcing his election as President of the Constitutional Convention, brought \$325; another written in September, 1799, on relieving himself of some of the cares of his estate, brought \$250; a one-page folio letter of September, 1780, ordering the troops to be on the alert as the treason of General Arnold showed that the enemy would have full information of the defences of West Point, went for \$150; a document of one page, folio, making arrangements for the care of his personal affairs on his departure to take command of the army, \$125; a letter of about January, 1759, relating to the preparing of Mt. Vernon for the reception of himself and his bride, sold for \$100.

ELIOT LETTERS SOLD

The finest items of the collection were undoubtedly the four letters of John Eliot, "Apostle to the Indians," which sold for \$2695. With the exception of a document sold in Philadelphia about a year ago, these seem to be the only autographs of John Eliot sold at public auction of which there is any record. A letter of Benjamin Franklin written in 1749, bearing his wax seal in perfect preservation, sold for \$50, and a superb letter of Silas Deane, six pages, written in 1779 to General Nathaniel Greene, defending himself against the attack made on him, went to an Albany collector for \$70.

One letter in the sale was of most important historical interest—this was a document, not in the hand of Benedict Arnold, but signed by him—written immediately after he had captured Richmond as a British officer, offering to restore the property he had seized on condition that the inhabitants paid for half its value. As Arnold had always been accused of having confiscated the property and wilfully burned it, the historic importance of the document is evident. It sold for \$190.

A high price was paid —\$205—for two letters of General Grant, written in 1864 and 1865 on war matters, and the same buyer paid \$79 for a cheque written and signed by Abraham Lincoln in 1860, which is probably a record for a document of this character. Two pages from Lincoln's "Sum-Book" when a boy of fifteen, written between 1824 and 1826 and containing a verse of doggerel, went for \$125.

"CAPTAIN SCOTT" OF ENOS' DETACHMENT

"Captain Scott," 1775: I would be very grateful for suggestions as to the identification of an officer of this name who commanded a company in the expedition to Quebec under Benedict Arnold in September-December, 1775. His Christian name has eluded every effort I have made to fix it unmistakably. He was in the rear division with Lieutenant Colonel Roger Enos and retreated early in the march with two other companies commanded by Captain Thomas Williams and Samuel McCobb. Washington placed Enos and these three captains under arrest on their return to Cambridge and they were put on trial for deserting their posts in the expedition, but the court-martial

acquitted them of this charge. Aside from the merits of this phase of it, I am desirous of completing a list of the personnel of this remarkable military movement and desire the aid of anyone who has knowledge of this Captain Scott or any clues which would lead to his identity.

The only positive statement about him comes in an incidental reference to this Quebec expedition in the History of Northampton, Mass., where he is referred to as of Peterborough, N. H. The authority for the statement is unknown, but it may be assumed as having some basis, and not made out of whole cloth. There were two William Scotts in 1775, both of Peterborough, N. H., one a captain, the other a lieutenant in the captain's company. The historian of Peterborough advises me that the former was born in Ireland, 1743, and the latter in Townsend, Mass., in 1742, apparently unrelated. The official roster of the Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors in the Revolution, vol. xiii., 929, gives their records as follows:

Scott, William, Peterborough, N. H., captain of a company of Minute-men, Colonel Paul Dudley Sargent's regiment, which marched April 20, 1775, (with credit of three days' service); also captain Colonel Sargent's (twenty-eighth) regiment; muster roll dated Aug. 1, 1775; engaged April 23, 1775 service three months, sixteen days; also company returns dated Oct. 6, 1775 (name crossed out on return).

Scott, William, Peterborough, lieutenant, Captain William Scott's company of Minute-men (here follows same described service as above, then continues): reported a prisoner at Boston (name crossed out on return).

It would seem that the above official record made it possible for one or the other to be the "Captain" Scott I seek, especially as the name is "crossed out" on the muster roll, showing absence on the date of the return, Oct. 6, 1775, when Arnold and his troops were half way up the Kennebec. This might be left as the probable "Captain" Scott except for the positive denials made to me by the historian of Peterborough that either of these William Scotts was on that expedition. For one of them he makes out an alibi which must be accepted, viz: The second William, who was wounded at Bunker Hill, taken a prisoner, sent to Halifax and did not obtain his freedom for over a year. This is corroborated by documentary evidence, contemporary newspapers and

other family records, and he must be eliminated. It accounts for his name being scratched through with a pen mark on the roll of the company in October, 1775. He was in Boston in prison.

For the other Captain William Scott the same authority enters a general denial that he is the man sought, as "the family" have no knowledge of it. That he was absent, his name "crossed out" in October, 1775, is shown by the roll which I have examined. The expedition left Newburyport, Sept. 19, and the rear division under Enos had completed their retreat to Cambridge on Nov. 25, covering an absence of only two months. Whatever the merits or demerits of their action, they left their comrades to struggle along to their goal, Quebec, across the St. Lawrence, and undoubtedly few would care to list this defection as a part of their military record and would prefer that it were not mentioned. The same Captain Scott later did continuous service, became major in 1777 and brevet lieutenant colonel in 1782, surviving until 1815, when he died in Greenwich, N. Y. His record is an excellent one.

As one local historian describes the Captain Scott of the expedition as "of Peterborough, N. H.," and the roster of his company shows his name erased as not in actual command in October, 1775, it seems as if this Captain William must be "taken on suspicion" unless some one can perfect an alibi for him or offer another person as a likelier name for the vacancy. He is the only company commander not positively known.

C. E. BANKS, M. D.
Milwaukee, Wis.

(See Dr. Banks' article in our February number)

GREYSLAER: A ROMANCE OF THE MOHAWK

CHAPTER XLI

THE TRIAL.

AT this distant day, when we can calmly review all the facts which led to Max Greyslaer's being put upon trial for his life, there would hardly seem to be sufficient evidence against him even to warrant the indictment under which he was tried. It must be recollected, however, that the force of circumstantial evidence is always much enhanced by the state of public opinion at the time it is adduced against a culprit; nor should we, whose minds are wholly unbiassed by the fierce political prejudices which clouded the judgment and warped the opinions of men in those excited times, pass upon their actions without making many charitable allowances for the condition of things which prompted those actions.

The clemency which the noble-hearted Lafayette—who, being then in charge of the northern department of the army of the United States, had his headquarters at Albany—the clemency which this right-minded leader and statesman exercised toward Walter Bradshawe, by ameliorating the rigors of his confinement, and even (if tradition may be believed) permitting him to be present at his *levees*, afford sufficient proof how public opinion may be perverted in favor of a criminal by the subtle arts and indefatigable labors of a zealous faction working in his behalf. If one so keenly alive to everything that was just and honorable as Lafayette, could be blinded as to the real character and deserts of a detected spy like Bradshawe, is it wonderful that the intrigues of the same faction which reprieved his name from present infamy, should for the time awaken the popular clamor against the besotted admirer of a woman whose fair fame was already blasted by its association with that of an Indian paramour?

How far the grand jury which returned the indictment against Greyslaer were influenced by that clamor, and what underhand share the great portion of its members may have had in first raising it, we shall not now say. Those men, with their deeds, whether of good or evil, have all passed away from the earth; it is not our duty to sit in

judgment upon them here, nor is it necessary for us to examine into the feelings and principles, whether honest or otherwise, by which those deeds were actuated.

Something is due, however, to the leading Whigs of Albany, who allowed the issue of life and death to be joined under the circumstances which we have detailed. Something to extenuate the cold indifference with which they appear to have permitted the proceedings to be hurried forward, and the life and character of one of their own members, not wholly unknown for his patriotic services, to be thus jeopardized: and, happily, their conduct upon the occasion is so easily explained, that a very few words will possess the reader of every thing we have to say upon the subject.

The horrid crime of assassination was in those days of civil discord but too common, while each party, as is well known, attempted to throw the stigma of encouraging such enormities upon the other. The life of General Schuyler, of Councillor Taylor, and of several other Whig dignitaries of the province of New York had been repeatedly attempted; and when the outrage was charged upon the Tory leaders, their reply was ever that these were only retaliatory measures for similar cruelties practised by the Patriot party; though the cold-blooded murder of a gallant and regretted British officer by a wild bush-fighter on the northern frontier was the only instance of this depravity that is now on record against the Republicans. Still, as the Whigs had always claimed to be zealous supporters of all the laws which flow from a free constitution, they were galled by this charge of their opponents; and the desire to wipe off the imputation from themselves, and fix the stigma where alone it should attach, rendered them doubly earnest in seeking to bring an offender of their own party to justice. They were eager to prove to the country that they were warring against *despotism* and not against *law*; and that wherever the Whig party were sufficiently in the ascendency to regulate the operation of the laws, they should be enforced with the most impartial rigor against all offenders. In the present instance, these rigid upholders of justice, as old Balt the hunter used afterward to say, "*stood so straight that they rayther slanted backwards.*"

The appearance of Greyslaer upon the eventful morning of his trial was remembered long afterward by more than one of the many

females who crowded the court-room on the occasion; but when long years and the intervention of many a stirring theme among the subsequent scenes of the Revolution had made his story nearly forgotten the antiquated dame who flourished at that day would still describe to her youthful hearers the exact appearance of "young Major Max" as his form emerged from the crowd, which gave way on either side, while he strode forward to take his place in the prisoner's box.

The gray travelling suit in which he came to Albany, and which now he wore, offering no military attraction to dazzle the eye, the first appearance of the prisoner disappointed many a fair gazer, who had fully expected to see the victim of justice decked out with all the insignia of his rank as a major in the Continental army. But his closely-fitting riding-dress revealed the full proportions of his tall and manly figure far better, perhaps, than would the loose habiliments, whose broad skirts and deep flaps give such an air of travestie to the unsoldier-like uniforms of that soldierly day. And the most critical of the giddy lookers-on acknowledged that it would be a pity that the dark brown locks which floated loosely upon the shoulders of the handsome culprit should have been cued up and powdered after the fashion which our Revolutionary heroes copied from the military costume of the great Frederic. But however these trifling traditional details may interest some, we are dwelling perhaps too minutely upon them, when matters of such thrilling moment press so nearly upon our attention.

Before the preliminary forms of the trial were entered upon, it was observed by the officers of the court that the prisoner at the bar seemed wholly unprovided with counsel; and the presiding judge, glancing toward an eminent advocate, seemed about to suggest to Major Greyslaer that his defence had better be intrusted to a more experienced person than himself. Greyslaer rose, thanked him for his half-uttered courtesy, and signified that he had already resisted the persuasions of the few friends who were present to adopt the course which was so kindly intimated; but that he was determined that no means but his own should be used to extricate him from the painful situation in which he was placed. His story was a plain one; and when once told, he should throw himself upon God and his country for an honorable acquittal.

The words were few, and the tone in which the prisoner spoke was so low that nothing but the profound silence of the place and the clear,

silvery utterance of the speaker, permitted them to be audible. Yet they were heard in the remotest corner of that crowded court; and the impression upon the audience was singularly striking, considering the commonplace purport which those few words conveyed.

There is, however, about some men a character of refinement that carries a charm with it in their slightest actions. It is not that mere absence of all vulgarity, which may be allowed to constitute the negative gentleman, but a positive spiritual influence, which impresses, more or less, even the coarsest natures with which they are brought in contact.

Max Greyslaer was one of the fortunate few who have possessed this rare gift of nature, and its exercise availed him now; for ere he resumed his seat, every one present felt, as by instinct, that it was impossible for that man to be guilty of the brutal crime of murder!

The trial proceeded. The jury were impanelled without delay, for there was no one to challenge them in behalf of the prisoner; and he seemed strangely indifferent as to the preliminary steps of his trial. The distinguished gentleman who at that time filled the office of attorney-general for the State of New-York, was absent upon official duty in another district. But his place was supplied by one of the ablest members of the Albany bar, who though he had no professional advocate to oppose him, opened his cause with a degree of cautiousness which proved his respect for the forensic talents of the prisoner at the bar. His exordium, indeed, which was conceived with great address, consisted chiefly of a complimentary tribute to those talents; and he dwelt so happily upon the mental accomplishments of the gentleman against whom a most unpleasant public duty had now arrayed his own feeble powers, that Greyslaer was not only made to appear a sort of intellectual giant, who could cleave his way through any meshes of the law, but the patriotic character, the valuable military services, and all the endearing personal qualities of the prisoner, which might have enlisted public sympathy in his favor, were lost sight of in the bright but icy renown which was thrown around his mental abilities.

In a word the prisoner was made to appear as a man who needed neither aid, counsel, nor sympathy from any one present; and the jury were adroitly put on their guard against the skilful defence of one so able that nothing but the excellence of his cause would have induced the

speaker, with all the professional experience of a life passed chiefly in the courts of criminal law, to cope with him. He (the counsel for the prosecution) would, in fact, have called for some assistance in his own most difficult task, in order that the majesty of the laws might be asserted by some more eloquent servant of the people than himself, but that some of his most eminent brethren at the bar, upon whom the chiefly relied, were absent from the city; and though the evidence against the prisoner was so plain that he who runs may read, still his duty was so very painful that he felt he might not set forth that evidence with the same force and circumspection that might attend his efforts under less anxious circumstances.

Having succeeded thus in effecting a complete revolution as to the different grounds occupied by himself and the unfortunate Max, the wily lawyer entered more boldly into his subject. And if Greyslaer, who as yet had hardly surmised the drift of his discourse, blushed at the compliments which had been paid to his understanding, he now reddened with indignation as the cunning tongue of detraction became busy with his character; but his ire instantly gave way to contempt when the popular pleader came to a part of his speech in which, with an ill-judged reliance upon the sordid prejudices of his hearers, he had the audacity to attempt rousing their political feelings by painting the young soldier as by birth and feeling an *aristocrat*, the son and representative of a courtier colonel, who in his lifetime had always acted with the patrician party in the colony. The allusion, which formed the climax of a well-turned period, brought Greyslaer instantly to his feet; and he stretched out his arm as if about to interrupt the speaker. But his look of proud resentment changed suddenly into one of utter scorn as he glanced around the court. His equanimity at once returned to him; and he resumed his place, uttering only, in a calm voice, the words, "You may go on, sir."

The shrewd lawyer became fully aware of his mistake from the suppressed murmur which pervaded the room before he could resume. He had, by these few last words, undone all that he had previously effected. He had caused every one present to remember who and what the prisoner was up to the very moment when he stood here upon trial for his life.

The experienced advocate did not, however, attempt to eat his words, or flounder back to the safe ground he had so incautiously left, but hurried on to the next branch of the subject as quickly as possible; and now came the most torturing moment for Greyslaer. The speaker dropped his voice to tones of mystic solemnity; and almost whispering, as if he feared the very walls might echo the hideous tale he had to tell if spoken louder, thrilled the ears of all present with the relation of the monstrous loves of Alida and Isaac Brant, even as the foul lips of Bradshawe had first retailed the scandal.

The cold drops stood upon the brow of Greyslaer; and as the low, impassioned, and most eloquent tones of the speaker crept into his ears, he listened shuddering. Fain would he have shut up his senses against the sounds that were distilled like blistering dew upon them, but his faculty of hearing seemed at once sharpened and fixed with the same involuntary intenseness which rivets the gaze of the spell-bound bird upon its serpent-charmer. And when the speaker again paused, he drew the long breath which the chest of the dreamer will heave when some horrid fiction of the night uncoils itself from his labouring fancy.

The advocate ventured then to return once more to the character of the prisoner himself ere he closed this most unhappy history. He now, though, only spoke of him as the luckless victim of an artful and most abandoned woman. But he had not come there, he said, to deplore the degradation which, amid the unguarded passions of youth, might overtake a mind of virtue's richest and noblest promise. The public weal, alas! imposed upon him, and upon the intelligent gentlemen who composed the jury before him, a far sterner duty—a duty which, painful as it was, must still be rigidly, impartially fulfilled. And no matter what accidents of fortune may have surrounded the prisoner—no matter what pleading associations connected with his youth and his name, might interpose themselves—no matter what sorrowful regrets must mingle with the righteous verdict the evidence would compel them to give in, they were answerable alike to God and their country for that which they should this day record as *the truth*.

The testimony, as we have already detailed it, was then entered into; and as the reader is in possession of the evidence it need not be recapitulated here.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN

(To be Continued)

INDEXED

VOL. XVIII

No. 1

THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

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JANUARY, 1914

WILLIAM ABBATT
20 LIBERTY ST., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
AND
410 EAST 32D STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Published Monthly

\$5.00 a Year

50 Cents a Number

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DEC 1 7 1915

DEC -8 1915

JUL 19 '16

MAR 3 '17

MAR 13 '17

APR -7 '17

~~DEC 1 6 1917~~

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